

THE  
HISTORY  
Of the RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE  
*De la MANCHA.*

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Written in *Spanish* by  
*Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.*

Translated from the Original by  
several Hands :

And publish'd by *Peter Motteux.*

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Adorn'd with Sculptures.  
*The Third Edition.*

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*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*

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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *Sam. Buckley* at the *Dolphin*  
in *Little Britain*, 1712.





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To the Honourable  
HENRY THYNNE, *Esq* ;

S I R,

**D**edications, like all Romances, are generally the same ; and 'tis as difficult now for an Author to find a new Compliment to his Patron, as to make a Knight-Er- rant court his Mistress without more Rivals in his Words than in his Love. This Consideration, Sir, has engag'd me to seek some Person whose peculiar and distinguishable Vertues might afford me a Subject to say Something new. I found Honour and Generosity

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## *The Dedication.*

rosity in one Gentleman; Candor, Affability, and strict Morality in another: Some were noted for their Wit, and others remarkable for their Learning and Judgment. But these and other esteemable Qualifications have separately engag'd the Addresses of most Authors already. I was therefore oblig'd, as the newest Subject could find, to pitch on a Person who had all these Perfections together.

Here I had a great Obstacle to my Undertaking: For, where other Authors can recommend their Dedications to the World by surprizing Discoveries, making Vertue shine where the Publick could never find it; my poor Epi  
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## *The Dedication.*

He must want all these Advantages. Your Merit is so universally acknowledged, that should I enlarge in its Praise, I can say no more than is own'd by all those who have the Happiness of knowing You. Men cannot say I flatter, least they accuse themselves of Adulation; and I am secure from the Censure of the World, since, tho' it differs in most Things, it always agrees in your Commendation. You have frequently met *Cervantes* in your Travels, and convers'd with him in some of those foreign Languages of which you are Master. 'Tis upon the Presumption of this Acquaintance abroad, Sir, that he humbly begs your Countenance at home. For

## *The Dedication.*

you have not only Delicacy of Taste to discover and relish his most hidden Beauties, but a generous Humanity to excuse his Faults. Those two noble Qualifications, as well as a thousand others, were in Perfection intail'd on you by your Noble Father. He already sees you in Possession of that rich Inheritance of Vertue, which flows down in a plentiful Stream, without impoverishing the inexhaustible Fountain; while, retir'd from the Hurry and Business of the World, he enjoys that Philosophical Happiness which is the pleasing Result of his Noble Actions and steady Course of Life, bless'd in so just a Representative of his great Abilities.

This

## *The Dedication.*

y of This Piece, Sir, has had the  
his Fortune to be very happily patro-  
ene. niz'd in other Languages ; yet  
his Don *Quixote* in his present Circum-  
nali. stances is bound in Gratitude to  
sand own the greatest Veneration to  
ail'd the Name of an *English* Noble-  
He man. If he finds as kind and ge-  
n of nerous Entertainement here as his  
true, Translator has met with, he need  
iful not repent his changing Climates ;  
ing and, if his Faults are not unpar-  
ile, donable, he doubts not of a kind  
ifi. Reception. The Favours of the  
hat Generous *English* always outstrip  
a is Merit, and 'tis the Character of  
fo- the Nobility to be kind to Stran-  
of gers. Those Favours I have re-  
n- ceived from you, Sir, the World  
will judge of by their being yours :



## *The Dedication.*

To say that you have conferr'd them, implies they have been Great. Your own Generosity, not my Acknowledgments, must be the Estimate of your Bounty ; which *Cervantes* pleads for his Entertainment at *Long-Leat*, that Delicious Seat of your Noble Family. Be pleas'd to let him amuse you there some Moments, till you oblige the Town with your Return, and condescend once more to honour me with that improving Converse, which at your Leisure has been the greatest Happiness of,

S I R, 5 MA 59

Your Most Humble and  
Most Devoted Servant,

*P. Motteux.*



## An Account of the Author.

**I**F ever any Writer deserv'd to have his Memory preserv'd entire to future Ages, 'tis certainly *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, since none has diverted, I had almost said instructed, Posterity more than he has done by his Works: Yet, either out of Envy or Ingratitude, he has been so far from meeting with that Justice from the Historians his Contemporaries, that they make not the least Mention of the Time, nor are they agreed about the Place of his Nativity. Some say that it was at *Seville*, and that is only conjectur'd from a Passage in one of his Prefaces, where he says, that when he was a Youth he had seen several of the Plays of *Lopez de Rueda*, a famous Writer of Comedies in that City. In Opposition to which, one Signior *Tomajos* affirms, that he was a Native of *Esquivias*, a Town near *Toledo*. But this is undoubted, that he was a Gentleman, and, not unlikely, descended from the Noble Family of the *Cervantes* of *Seville*.

In this Uncertainty we leave the Account of his Birth, and come to speak something of his Person; which we are the better enabled to do from a particular Description that he give of himself in the Preface to his Novels. The Occasion is upon his expressing his Aversion to the Writing

ii      *An Account of the Author.*

Writing of Prefaces, which makes him, agreeably enough wish, since some of his had not had the good Fortune to please; that, to save him the Trouble for the Future, some one of those Friends, whom his Circumstances (as he's pleas'd to say) more than his Wit, had gain'd him, wou'd get his Picture engrav'd, to be plac'd in the Frontispiece of his Book, with the following Account of the Author, to satisfy the Curiosity of those Readers that had a Mind to know what kind of Man he was.

He tells us, That he was sharp-visag'd; his Hair brown; his Fore-head, in spite of Age, free from Wrinkles; his Eyes brisk; his Nose somewhat rising, but not ill-siz'd; his Beard gray, and his Mustachios large; his Mouth little; his Teeth ill-rang'd, and not above six in Number; his Complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy; his Body neither too fat nor too lean; somewhat thick in the Shoulders, and not very light of Foot.

He adds, "That he had been many Years a Soldier, five a Captive; and from thence had learnt to bear Afflictions patiently; That at the Battel of *Lepanto* he lost his Left-Hand by the Shot of a Harquebuss; a Maim, which how unsightly soever it might appear to others, yet was look'd on by him as the greatest Grace and Ornament, since got in the Noblest and most Memorable Action that ever pass'd Ages had seen, or future e'er could hope to see; fighting under the Victorious Banners of the Son of that Thunder-bolt of War, *Charles V.* of Happy Memory.

For the other Passages of his Life, we are only given to understand, That he was for some time Secretary to the Duke of *Alva*, and that after-

afterwards, he retir'd to *Madrid*; where, for his Maintenance, he apply'd himself to Writing, and then compos'd most of those admirable Pieces, which we now enjoy; being principally favour'd and supported by the Generosity of the *Conde de Lemos*, and the Archbishop of *Toledo*; to the first of which Great Men, he has address'd most of his Labours.

Since therefore for Want of further Memoirs, we can give no larger History of the Fortunes and Actions of *Cervantes*, we must be oblig'd, in what remains, to consider him only as an Author, and so give what Account we can of his Works.

The first Book then, which we find that he publish'd, was his *Galatea*, a Kind of Pastoral Romance mix'd with a great deal of Poetry; upon which, we shall only pass the same Judgment that his Friend the Barber does, on his finding it in the Library of *Don Quixote*; "That there is something in it that shews a happy Invention, something propos'd, but nothing concluded; the Second Part being wanting to make it compleat.

The next is the First Part of his Incomparable *Don Quixote*, which is too well known to need any Character. The principal Design of which is to ridicule by the finest Satyr in the World, the Humour of Knight-Errantry, and the Romantick Notions of Love and Honour; which at that time reign'd in the *Spanish* Nation. How well he has succeeded all *Europe* is agreed, since every Nation has taken care to make it their own by their Translations.

Some are of the Opinion, that upon our Author's being neglectfully treated by the Duke of *Lerma*, first Minister to *K. Philip the Third*, a strange

strange imperious, haughty Man, and one who had no Value for Men of Learning; he in Revenge, made this Satyr, which, as they pretend, is chiefly aim'd at that Minister. Which thing cannot be true, if, as according to others, he wrote it in *Barbary*, to while away some of the melancholy Hours of his Captivity; besides, that the Humour, which is there laugh'd at, was then so general in *Spain*, that 'tis probable, no particular Person is intended. This, however, is certain, That that Noble Duke and his Management are reflected on, in those Verses which are ascrib'd to *Urganda la Disconocida*; where though he leaves out the last Syllable or two of every Word in every Line, yet it is no hard Matter to guess who is meant in that short Poem; which from thence you may judge to be altogether unfit to be either imitated or translated.

The First Edition of this Part was in 1605; and while he was very gravely and leisurely meditating and preparing the Continuation, which was impatiently expected, there comes out at *Tarragona* in 1614, a Second Part of the History of Don *Quixote*, by *Alonço Fernandez de Avellaneda* of *Tordesillas*. Our Author was extremely concern'd at this Proceeding, and the more too, because this Writer was not content to invade his Design, and rob him, as 'tis said, of some of his Copy, but miserably abuses poor *Cervantes* in his Preface; which our Author, upon the Publishing the Year after the genuine Continuation of Don *Quixote*, complains of, and up and down in that Book, gives him some Repehensions, which, however, handsome they are, are but too gentle for so great an Injury; but it must be confess'd indeed, that having to do with a Priest, and one that belong'd to the Inquisition, as that *Plagiary* did, it might

## *An Account of the Author.*

v

might not be safe for him to carry his Resentment higher.

Between the Publishing of the two Parts of his *Don Quixote*, he printed his *Novelas Exemplares*. The Reason of his calling these *Novels* so, is, as he acquaints us, because his other *Novels* had been tax'd as more Satyrical than Exemplary; which Fault resolving to amend, he has in every one of These propos'd some Vertue or other for Imitation. Of these it must be justly said, that in the Original they do not disgrace the Author of *Don Quixote*; with this further Commendation, which *Cervantes* himself gives them, that they were entirely his own Invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or translated from other Languages, as all those were that his Country-men had publish'd before him.

In 1615, he Printed a Collection of Comedies and Interludes, eight of each; being such as he chose to make Publick out of a much greater Number. Before these, is a very good Account of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish Drama* to his own Time; to the Advancement of which, (not without a great deal of Justice) he makes no Scruple to pretend that he had contributed, by the Plays that he had written, which were not fewer than Thirty at least.

The last of all his Works, that we have, is the History of the Troubles of *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda*; to which he had but just put his last Hand, and in a very affectionate and grateful Address dedicated it to his Great Patron, the *Conde de Lemos*; upon his departing this World, or, to use his own Expression, setting his Foot in the Stirrup on his Journey to another, being then Old, and with the Fate of most of the Wittiest Men that ever liv'd, very Poor. There are two other Pieces of his,



his, which he informs us he had written: The one call'd *El Viage del Parnaso*, in Imitation of a Poem of that Title of *Cesar Caporali*, being a Satyr on the *Spanish*, as *Caporali's* is on the *Italian* Poets. This is printed, but not arriv'd to us; but for the other, which he calls *Las Semanas del Jardin*, and the Second Part of the *Galatea*, 'tis probable, they were never perfectly finish'd; since but a few Days before our Author's Death, in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *Perfiles*, he promises his Patron, that, if Heaven would grant him a little longer Time to live, he should see them both; but alas! he was then on the Point of Expiring, and, 'tis likely, not able to be as good as his Word, Dying soon after at *Madrid* in the Year 1616.

It may be expected, that to conclude, we shou'd give our Author's Character, but we choose rather to let his Works do that; since they will, more effectually than any Thing that we can say, convince all that read them, That he was a Master of all those great and rare Qualities which are requir'd in an accomplish'd Writer, a perfect Gentleman, and a truly good Man.

THE

THE  
Author's Preface  
TO THE  
READER.

**Y**OU may depend on my bare Word, Reader, without any farther Security, that I cou'd wish this Offspring of my Brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplish'd as your self could desire; but the Mischief on't is, Nature will have its Course: Every Production must resemble its Author, and my barren and unpolish'd Understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond Imagination. You may suppose it the Child of Disturbance, ingendered in some dismal Prison, in the very Seat of Wretchedness, and amidst all Manner of Inconveniences. Rest and Ease, a convenient Place, pleasant Fields and Groves, murmuring Springs, and a sweet Repose of Mind, are Helps that raise the Fancy, and impregnate even the most barren Muses with Conceptions that fill the World with Admiration and Delight. Some Parents are so blinded by a fatherly Fondness, that they mistake the



## *The Author's Preface.*

the very Imperfections of their Children for so many Beauties; and the Folly and Impertinence of the brave Boy, must pass upon their Friends and Acquaintance for Wit and Sense. But I, who am only a Step-Father, disavow the Authority of this modern and prevalent Custom; nor will I earnestly beseech you, with Tears in my Eyes, which is many a poor Author's Case, dear Reader, to pardon or dissemble my Child's Faults; for what Favour can I expect from you, who are neither his Friend nor Relation? You have a Soul of your own, and the Privilege of Free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest He that struts in a gaudy Outside; you are a King by your own Fief, as much as any Monarch in his Throne: You have Liberty and Property, which set you above Favour or Affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this History according to your Humour.

I had a great Mind to have expos'd it as naked as it was born, without the Addition of a Preface, or the numberless Trumpery of commendatory Sonnets, Epigrams, and other Poems that usually usher in the Conceptions of Authors: For I dare boldly say, that tho' I bestow'd some Time in writing the Book, yet it cost me not half so much Labour as this very Preface. I very often took up my Pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my Life think of any thing to the Purpose. Sitting once in a very studious Posture, with my Paper before me, my Pen in my Ear, my El-

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## *The Author's Preface.*

ow on the Table, and my Cheek on my Hand, considering how I should begin; a certain Friend of mine, an ingenious Gentleman, and of a merry Disposition, came in and surpriz'd me. He ask'd me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the Matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my Brain for a Preface to *Don Quixote*, and had made my self so uneasy about it, that I was now resolv'd to trouble my Head no further either with Preface or Book, and even let the Atchievements of that noble Knight remain unpublish'd. For, continu'd I, why shou'd I expose my self to the Lash of rhe old Legislator, the Vulgar? They will say I have spent my youthful Days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey Hairs to the World but a dry insipid Legend not worth a Rush, wanting good Language as well as Invention, barren of Conceits or pointed Wit, and without either Quotations on the Margin, or Annotations at the End, which other Books, tho' never so fabulous and profane, have to set 'em off. Other Authors can pass upon the Publick by stuffing their Books from *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and the whole Company of ancient Philosophers; thus amusing their Readers into a great Opinion of their prodigious reading. *Plutarch* and *Cicero* are slur'd on the Publick for as orthodox Doctors as *St. Thomas*, or any of the Fathers. And then the Method of these Moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of Variety, that they cannot fail to please.

## *The Author's Preface.*

please. In one Line, they will describe you a whining amorous Coxcomb; and the next shall be some dry Scrap of a Homily, with such ingenious Turns as cannot chuse but ravish the Reader. Now I want all these Embellishments and Graces; I have neither marginal Notes nor critical Remarks: I do not so much as know what Authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal Index, as 'tis the Fashion now, methodically strung on the Letters of the Alphabet, beginning with *Aristotle*, and ending with *Xenophon*, or *Zoilus*, or *Zeuxis*; which two are commonly cramm'd into the same Piece, tho' one of them was a famous Painter, and t'other a saucy Critick. I shall want also the pompous Preliminaries of commendatory Verses sent to me by the right honourable my Lord such a one, by the honourable the Lady such a one, or the most ingenious Mr. such a one; tho' I know I might have them at an easy Rate from two or three Brothers of the Quill of my Acquaintance, and better, I'm sure, than the best Quality in *Spain* can compose.

In short, my Friend, said I, the great Don *Quixote* may lie buried in the musty Records of *La Mancha*, till Providence has order'd some better Hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own my self altogether incapable of the Task; besides, I am naturally lazy, and love my Ease too well to take the Pains of turning over Authors for those Things which I can express as well without it. And these are the

## *The Author's Preface.*

the Considerations that made me so thoughtful when you came in. The Gentleman, after a long and loud Fit of laughing, rubbing his Forehead; O' my Conscience, Friend, said he, your Discourse has freed me from a Mistake that has a great While impos'd upon me: I always took you for a Man of Sense, but now I am sufficiently convinc'd to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a Trifle! A Business of so little Difficulty confound a Man of such deep Sense and searching Thought as once you seem'd to be!

I'm sorry, Sir, that your lazy Humour and poor Understanding should need the Advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your Objections and Fears concerning the publishing of the renown'd Don *Quixote*, the Luminary and Mirrour of all Knight-Erantry. Pray Sir, said I, be pleas'd to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my Fears, or solve my Doubts. The first Thing you object, reply'd he, is your Want of commendatory Copies from Persons of Figure and Quality: There is nothing sooner help'd: 'Tis but taking a little Pains in writing them your self, and clapping whose Name you please to 'em; you may father 'em on *Prester John* of the *Indies*, or on the Emperor of *Trebisond*, whom I know to be most celebrated Poets: But suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantick Criticks might snarl, and deny this notorious Truth; why, let them, 'tis no Matter; and tho' they shou'd convict you of Forgery,

### The Author's Preface.

Forgery, you are in no Danger of losing the Hand with which you wrote them.

As to marginal Notes and Quotations from Authors for your History, 'tis but dropping here and there some scatter'd Latin Sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no Pains. For Example, in treating of Liberty and Slavery, clap me in, *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*, and at the same Time make Horace, or some other Author, vouch it in the Margin. If you treat of the Power of Death, come round with this Close, *Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres*. If of loving our Enemies as Heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the least Curiosity, presently turn to the divine Precept, and say, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros*; or if you discourse of bad Thoughts, bring in this Passage, *De corde exeunt cogitationes male*.

If the Uncertainty of Friendship be your Theme, Cato offers you his old Couplet with all his Heart; *Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos: Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris*. And so proceed. These Scraps of Latin will at least gain you the Credit of a great Grammarian, which, I'll assure you, is no small Accomplishment in this Age. As to Annotations or Remarks at the End of your Book, you may safely take this Course. If you have Occasion for a Giant in your Piece, be sure you bring in Goliath, and on this very Goliath (who will not cost you one Farthing) you may spin out a swinging



## The Author's Preface.

Swinging Annotation. You may say, *The Giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom David the Shepherd slew with the thundering Stroke of a Pebble in the Valley of Terebintho*; vide *Kings*, in such a Chapter and such a Verse, where you may find it written. If, not satisfy'd with this, you would appear a great Humanist, and would shew your Knowledge in Geography, take some Occasion to draw the River *Tagus* into your Discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable Remark. The River *Tagus*, say you, was so call'd from a certain King of Spain. It takes its Rise from such a Place, and buries its Waters in the Ocean, kissing first the Walls of the famous City of *Lisbon*; and some are of Opinion that the Sands of this River are Gold, &c. If you have Occasion to talk of Robbers, I can presently give you the History of *Cacus*, for I have it by heart. If you would descant upon Whores or Women of the Town, there is the \* Bishop of *Mondonedo*, who can furnish you with *Lamia*, *Lais* and *Flora*, Courtesans, whose Acquaintance will be very much to your Reputation. *Ovid's Medea* can afford you a good Example of Cruelty. *Calipso* from *Homer*, and *Circe* out of *Virgil*, are famous Instances for Witchcraft or Enchantment. Would you treat of Valiant Commanders? *Julius Cæsar* has writ his Commentaries on Purpose; and *Plutarch* can furnish you with a thousand *Alexanders*. If you would mention Love, and have but three Grains of *Italian*, you may find *Leon the Jew*

*The Author's Preface.*

ready to serve you most abundantly. But if you would keep nearer Home, 'tis but examining *Fonsæca* of Divine Love, which you have here in your Study; and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious Subject. In short, 'tis but quoting these Authors in your Book, and let me alone to make large Annotations, I'll engage to crowd your Margins sufficiently, and scribble you four or five Sheets to boot at the End of your Book. And for the Citation of so many Authors, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature. Find out one of these Books with an alphabetical Index, and without any farther Ceremony, remove it *verbatim* into your own: And though the World won't believe you have Occasion for such Lumber, yet there are Fools enough to be thus drawn into an Opinion of the Work: At least, such a flourishing Train of Attendants will give your Book a fashionable Air, and recommend it to Sale; for few Chapmen will stand to examine it, and compare the Authorities upon the Counter; since they can expect nothing but their Labour for their Pains. But after all, Sir, if I know any Thing of the Matter, you have no Occasion for any of these Things; for your Subject, being a Satyr on Knight Errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither *Aristotle*, *St. Basil*, nor *Cicero*, ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous Extravagancies have nothing to do with the impartial Punctuality of true History, nor do I find any Business you can have either with Astrology



*The Author's Preface.*

Arithmology, Geometry or Logick; and I hope you are too good a Man to mix Sacred things with Profane. Nothing but pure Nature is your Business; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your Picture is the better. You have no need to hunt for Philosophical Sentences, Passages out of Holy Writ, Poetical Fables, Rhetorical Orations, or Miracles of Saints. Do but take Care to express your self in a plain easie Manner, in well chosen, significant, and decent Terms, and to give a harmonious and pleasing Turn to your Periods. Study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible. Let your diverting Stories be express'd in diverting Terms, to kindle At Mirth in the Melancholick, and heighten it in the Gay. Let Mirth and Humour be your superficial Design, tho' laid on a solid Foundation, will to challenge Attention from the Ignorant, and Admiration from the Judicious; to secure your Work from the Contempt of the graver Sort, But and deserve the Praises of Men of Sense; keeping your Eye still fixt on the principal End of your Project, the Fall and Destruction of that monstrous Heap of ill-contriv'd Romances, that which tho' abhorr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater Part of Mankind. Mind this, and your Business is done.

I inclin'd very attentively to my Friend's Discourse, and found it so reasonable, and convincing, that without any Reply, I took his  
Ad-

## The Author's Preface.

Advice, and have told you the Story by Way of Preface; wherein you may see, Gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a Friend, whose seasonable Counsel you are all oblig'd to the Omission of all this pedantick Garniture of the History of the Renowned Don Quixote de Mancha, whose Character among all the Neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste Lover, and the most valiant Knight, that has been known in those Parts these many Years. I will not urge the Service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a Knight's Acquaintance, but only by the Favour of some small Acknowledgment recommending you to the Familiarity of the famous Sancho Pança his Squire, in whom, in my Opinion, you will find united and described all the scatter'd Endowments which the voluminous Foppery of Books of Knight-Errant can afford to one of his Character. And now I take my Leave, entreating you not to forget your humble Servant.

( 1 )

THE

Life and Atchievements

Of the Renowned

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

PART I.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The Quality and Way of Living of the Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

THE  
**A**T a certain Village in *La Mancha*, which I shall not name, there liv'd not long ago one of those old-fashion'd Gentlemen who are never without a Lance upon a  
Vol. I. B Rack,

Rack, an old Target, a lean Horse, and a Grayhound. His Diet consisted more of Beef than Mutton; and with minc'd Meat on most Nights Lentils on *Fridays*, Scraps and Penance on *Saturdays*, and a Pidgeon extraordinary on *Sundays*, he consum'd three Quarters of his Revenue: The rest was laid out in a Plush Coat, Velvet Breeches, with Slippers of the same, for Holidays; and a Suit of the very best home-spun Cloth, which he bestow'd on himself for Working-days. His whole Family was a House-keeper something turn'd of forty, a Niece not twenty, and a Man that serv'd him in the House and in the Field, and could saddle a Horse and handle the Pruning-Hook. The Master himself was nigh fifty Years of Age, of a hale and strong Complexion, lean-body'd, and thin-fac'd, an early Riser, and a Lover of Hunting. Some say his Sirname was *Quixada*, or *Quesada*, (for Authors differ in this Particular;) however we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd *Quixada*; tho' this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the Truth in every Point of this History.

You must know then, that when our Gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the Year round) he pass'd his Time in reading Books of Knight Errantry; which he did with that Application and Delight, that at last he in a Manner wholly left off his Country-Sports, and even the Care of his Estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those Amusements, that he sold many Acres of Arable Land to purchase Books of that Kind, by which Means he collected as many of them as were to be had: But among them all, none pleas'd him like the Works of the famous *Feliciano de Silva*; for the Clearness of his

of the renown'd Don Quixote. 3

his Prose, and those intricate Expressions with which 'tis interlac'd, seem'd to him so many Pearls of Eloquence; especially when he came to read the Challenges, and the amorous Addresses, many of them in this extraordinary Stile; The Reason of your unreasonable Usage of my Reason, does so enfeeble my Reason, that I have Reason to expostulate with your Beauty: And this, ' The sublime Heavens, which with your Divinity divinely fortify you with the Stars, and fix you the Deserver of the Desert that is deserv'd by your Grandeur. These and such like Expressions strangely puzzled the poor Gentleman's Understanding, while he was breaking his Brain to unravel their Meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been rais'd from the Dead for that very Purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful Wounds which Don Bellianis gave and receiv'd, for he consider'd that all the Art of Surgery could never secure his Face and Body from being strangely disfigured with Scars: However he highly commended that Author for concluding his Book with a Promise of giving the remaining Part of the unfinishable Adventure; and many times he had a Desire to put Pen to Paper, and faithfully finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good Success, had not his Thoughts been wholly engross'd in much more important Designs.

He would often dispute with the \* Curate of the

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\* In Spain the Curate is the head Priest in the Parish, and he that has the Cure of Souls: Thus el Cura means the Rector, or, as the Vulgar has it, the Parson; but



#### 4 *The Life and Atchievements*

the Parish, a Man of Learning, that had taken his Degrees at *Ciguenga*, who was the better Knight *Palmerin* of England or *Amadis de Gaul*? But Master *Nicholas*, the † Barber of the same Town, would say that none of 'em could compare with the *Knight of the Sun*; and that if any one came near him, 'twas certainly Don *Galaor* the Brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for he was a Man of a most commodious Temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a puling whining Lover as his Brother, and as for Courage he was not a Jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of Romances, that a Nights he would pore on till 'twas Day, and a Days he would read on till 'twas Night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the Moisture of his Brain was exhausted to that Degree, that at last he lost the Use of his Reason. A World of disorderly Notions, pick'd out of his Books, crowded into his Imagination; and now his Head was full of nothing but Inchantments, Quarrels, Battles, Challenges, Wounds, Complaints, Amours, Torments, and abundance of Stuff and Impossibilities; inso-much that all the Fables and fantastical Tales which he read, seem'd to him now as true as the most authentick Histories. He would say that the *Cid Ruydiaz* was a very brave Knight, but not worthy to stand in Competition with the *Knight of the burning Sword*, who with a sin-

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*the first not being commonly used, and the last seeming too gross, I chuse to make it Curate, those who have read the former Translations being us'd to the Word.*

† The Barber in Country-Towns in Spain is also the Surgeon.

gle Back-stroke had cut in-sunder two fierce and mighty Giants. He liked yet better *Bernardo del Carpio*, who at *Roncevalles* depriv'd of Life the enchanted *Orlando*, having lifted him from the Ground and choak'd him in the Air, as *Hercules* did *Anteus* the Son of the Earth.

As for the Giant *Morgante*, he always spoke very civil things of him; for though he was one of that monstrous Brood who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behav'd himself like a civil and well-bred Person.

But of all Men in the World he admir'd *Rinaldo of Montalban*, and particularly his sallying out of his Castle to rob all he met; and then again when he carry'd away the Idol of *Mahomet*, which was all massy Gold as the History says. But he so hated that Traytor *Galalon*, that for the Pleasure of kicking him handsomely he would have given up his House-keeper, nay and his Niece into the Bargain.

Having thus lost his Understanding, he un-luckily stumbled upon the oddest Fancy that ever enter'd into a Mad-man's Brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, for the Encrease of his Honour, and the Service of the Publick, to turn Knight-Errant, and roam through the whole World, arm'd Cap-a-pee, and mounted on his Steed, in quest of Adventures; that thus imitating those Knight-Errants of whom he had read, and following their Course of Life, redressing all Manner of Grievances, and exposing himself to Danger on all Occasions, at last, after a happy Conclusion of his Enterprizes, he might purchase everlasting Honour and Renown. Transported with these agreeable Delusions, the poor Gentleman already grasp'd in Imagination the Imperial Scepter of



## 6 *The Life and Atchievements*

*Trebisond*, and hurry'd away by his mighty Expectations, he prepares with all Expedition to take the Field.

The first thing he did was to scour a Suit of Armour that had belong'd to his Great-Grandfather, and had lain Time out of Mind carelessly rusting in a Corner: But when he had clean'd and repair'd it as well as he could, he perceiv'd there was a material Piece wanting, for instead of a compleat Helmet there was only a single Head-piece; however his Industry supply'd that Defect, for with some Paste-board he made a kind of Half-Beaver or Vizor, which being fitted to the Head-piece, made it look like an entire Helmet. Then, to know whether it were Cutlass-Proof, he drew his Sword, and try'd its Edge upon the Paste-board Vizor; but with the very first Stroak he unluckily undid in a Moment what he had been a whole Week a doing. Now, though he found he had broke it with so little Difficulty, he was not very well pleased to find he had lost his Labour; and therefore, to secure it from the like Accident, he made it anew, and fenc'd it with thin Plates of Iron, which he fix'd on the Inside of it so artificially, that at last he had Reason to be satisfy'd with the Solidity of the Work; and so, without any further Experiment, he resolv'd it should pass for a full and sufficient Helmet to all Intents and Purposes.

The next Moment he went to view his Horse, whose Bones struck out like the Corners of a Spanish Real, being a worse Jade than *Gonela's*, *quantum pellis & ossa fuit*; however, his Master thought that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus* nor the *Gid's Babieca* could be compared with him. He was four Days considering what Name to give him; for, as he argu'd with himself, there was

no Reason that a Horse bestrid by so famous a Knight, and withal so excellent, should not be distinguished by a particular Name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of Horse he had been before his Master was a Knight-Errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the Owner chang'd his Profession, that the Horse should also change his Title, and be dignify'd with another; a good big Word, such a one as should fill the Mouth, and seem consonant with the Quality and Profession of his Master. And thus, after many Names which he devis'd, reject-ed, chang'd, lik'd, dislik'd, and pitch'd upon again, he concluded to call him \* *Rozinante*; a Name, in his Opinion, lofty, founding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a Word, a Horse before or above all the vulgar Breed of Horses in the World.

When he had thus given his Horse a Name so much to his Satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously ponder'd on the Matter eight whole Days more, at last he determin'd to call himself Don *Quixote*. Whence the Authors of this most authentick History draw this Inference, that his right Name was *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant *Amadis*, not satisfy'd with the bare Appellation of *Amadis*,

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\* *Rozin* commonly means an ordinary Horse; *Ante* is before and formerly. Thus the Word *Rozinante* may imply that he was formerly an ordinary Horse, and also that he is now an Horse that claims the Precedence from all other ordinary Horses.

## 8 *The Life and Atchievements*

added to it the Name of his Country, that it might grow more famous by his Exploits, and so styl'd himself *Amadis de Gaul*; so he, like a true Lover of his native Soil, resolv'd to call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; which Addition, to his Thinking, denoted very plainly his Parentage and Country, and consequently wou'd fix a lasting Honour on that Part of the World.

And now his Armour being scour'd, his Head-Piece improv'd to a Helmet, his Horse and himself new-nam'd, he perceiv'd he wanted nothing but a Lady, on whom he might bestow the Empire of his Heart; for he was sensible that a Knight-Errant without a Mistress, was a Tree without either Fruit or Leaves, and a Body without a Soul. Shou'd I, said he, by good or ill Fortune chance to encounter some Giant, as 'tis common in Knight-Errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the Ground, transfix'd with my Lance, or cleft in two, or in short overcome him and have him at my Mercy, wou'd it not be proper to have some Lady to whom I may send him as a Trophy of my Valour? Then when he comes into her Presence, throwing himself at her Feet, he may thus make his humble Submission; 'Lady, 'I am the Giant *Caraculiambro*, Lord of the Island of *Malindrania*, vanquish'd in single Combat by that never-deserv'dly-enough-extoll'd Knight-Errant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who has commanded me to cast my self most humbly at your Feet, that it may please your Honour to dispose of me according to your Will. Oh how elevated was the Knight with the Conceit of this imaginary Submission of the Giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a Person on whom he might confer the Title of his Mistress! which, 'tis believ'd, happen'd thus: Near the Place where  
he

he liv'd dwelt a good likely Country Lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an Inclination, tho' 'tis believ'd she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her Name was *Aldonça Lorenzo*; and this was she whom he thought he might intitle to the Sovereignty of his Heart: Upon which he studied to find her out a new Name, that might have some Affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a Princess or Lady of Quality: So at last he resolv'd to call her *Dulcinea*, with the Addition of *del Toboso*, from the Place where she was born; a Name, in his Opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devis'd.

## C H A P. II.

*Of Don Quixote's first Sally.*

**T**HESE Preparations being made, he found his Designs ripe for Action, and thought it now a Crime to deny himself any longer to the injur'd World that wanted such a Deliverer; the more when he consider'd what Grievances he was to redress, what Wrongs and Injuries to remove, what Abuses to correct, and what Duties to discharge. So one Morning before Day, in the greatest Heat of July, without acquainting any one with his Design, with all the Secrecy imaginable, he arm'd himself Cap-a-pee, lac'd on his ill-contriv'd Helmet, brac'd on his Target, grasp'd his Lance, mounted *Rozinante*, and at the private Door of his Back-yard sally'd out into the Fields, wonderfully pleas'd to see with how much Ease he had succeeded in the Beginning of his Enterprize. But he had not gone far e'er a terrible Thought alarm'd him, a Thought that had like to have made him renounce his great Undertaking; for now it came into his Mind that the Honour of Knighthood had not yet been conferr'd upon him, and therefore, according to the Laws of Chivalry, he neither could nor ought to appear in Arms against any profess'd Knight: Nay he also consider'd, that tho' he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white Armour, and not to adorn his Shield with any *Devise*, till he had deserv'd one by some extraordinary Demonstration of his Valour.

These



of the renown'd Don Quixote. II

These Thoughts stagger'd his Resolution, but his Folly prevailing more than any Reason, he resolv'd to be dubb'd a Knight by the first he shou'd meet, after the Example of several others, who, as his distracting Romances inform'd him, had formerly done the like. As for the other Difficulty about wearing white Armour, he propos'd to overcome it, by scouring his own at Leisure till it shou'd look whiter than Ermines. And having thus dismiss'd these busy Scruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his Horse's Discretion to go which Way he pleas'd, firmly believing that in this consisted the very Being of Adventures: And as he thus went on, I cannot but believe, said he to himself, that when the History of my famous Atchievements shall be given to the World, the learned Author will begin it in this very Manner, when he comes to give an Account of this my early setting out; Scarce had the ruddy-colour'd *Phœbus* begun to spread the golden Tresses of his lovely Hair over the vast Surface of the earthly Globe, and scarce had those feather'd Poets of the Grove, the pretty painted Birds, tun'd their little Pipes, to sing their early Welcomes in soft melodious Strains to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having left her jealous Husband's Bed, display'd her rosy Graces to mortal Eyes from the Gates and Balconies of the Horizon of *La Mancha*, when the renowned Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, disdain'g soft Repose, forsook the voluptuous Down, and mounting his famous Steed *Roxinante*, enter'd the ancient and celebrated Plains of *Montiel*. This was indeed the very Road he took; and then proceeding, O happy Age, O fortunate Times, cry'd he, decreed to usher in to the World my famous Atchievements, Atchieve-

## 12 *The Life and Atchievements*

chievements worthy to be engraven on Brass, carv'd in Marble, and delineated in some Master-piece of Painting, as Monuments of my Glory, and Examples for Posterity! And thou venerable Sage, wise Inchanter, whatever be thy Name, thou whom Fate has ordain'd to be the Compiler of this rare History, forget not I beseech thee my trusty *Roxinante*, the eternal Companion of all my Adventures. After this, as if he had been really in Love; 'O Princess *Dulcinea*, cry'd he, Lady of this captive Heart, much Sorrow and Woe you have doom'd me to in banishing me thus, and imposing on me your rigorous Commands, never to appear before your beauteous Face! Remember, Lady, that loyal Heart your Slave, who for your Love submits to so many Miseries. To these extravagant Conceits he added a World of others, all in Imitation and in the very Style of those which the reading of Romances had furnish'd him with; and all this while he rode so softly, and the Sun's Heat encreas'd so fast and was so violent, that it would have been sufficient to have melted his Brains had he had any left.

He travell'd almost all that Day without meeting any Adventure worth the Trouble of relating; which put him into a kind of Despair; for he desir'd nothing more, than to encounter immediately some Person on whom he might try the Vigour of his Arm.

Some Authors say, that his first Adventure was that of the Pass call'd *Puerto Lapice*; others, that of the Wind-mills; but all that I could discover of Certainty in this Matter, and that I meet with in the Annals of *La Mancha*, is, that he travell'd all that Day, and towards the Evening, he and his Horse being heartily tir'd, and almost famish'd,

Don

Don Quixote looking about him, in hopes to discover some Castle, or at least some Shepherd's Cottage, there to repose and refresh himself; at last, near the Road which he kept, he espy'd an Inn, as welcome a Sight to his longing Eyes as if he had discover'd a Star directing him to the Gate, nay to the Palace, of his Redemption. Thereupon hast'ning towards the Inn with all the Speed he cou'd, he got thither just at the Close of the Evening. There stood by chance at the Inn-door two young Female-Adventurers, *alias* Common-Wenches, who were going to *Sevil* with some Carriers, that happen'd to take up their Lodging there that very Evening: And, as whatever our Knight-Errant saw, thought, or imagin'd, was all of a romantick Cast, and appear'd to him altogether after the Manner of the Books that had perverted his Imagination, he no sooner saw the Inn but he fancy'd it to be a Castle fenc'd with four Towers, and lofty Pinnacles glittering with Silver, together with a deep Moat, Draw-bridge, and all those other Appurtenances peculiar to such kind of Places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stop'd a while at a Distance from the Gate, expecting that some Dwarf wou'd appear on the Battlements, and sound his Trumpet to give Notice of the Arrival of a Knight; but finding that no Body came, and that *Rozinante* was for making the best of his Way to the Stable, he advanc'd to the Inn-door, where spying the two young Doxies, they seem'd to him two beautiful Damsels, or graceful Ladies, taking the Benefit of the fresh Air at the Gate of the Castle. It happen'd also at the very Moment, that a Swine-herd chanc'd to wind his Horn to get his Hogs together; and Don Quixote presently imagin'd this was the wish'd for Signal which

## 14 *The Life and Achievements*

which some Dwarf gave to notify his Approach; therefore with the greatest Joy in the World he rode up to the Inn. The Wenches, affrighted at the Approach of a Man cas'd in Iron, and arm'd with a Lance and Target, were for running into their Lodging; but Don *Quixote* perceiving their Fear by their Flight, lifted up the Pastboard Beaver of his Helmet, and discovering his wither'd dusty Face, with comely Grace and grave Delivery accosted them in this Manner: ' I beseech ye, Ladies, do not fly, nor fear the least Offence: ' The Order of Knighthood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer Injuries to any one in the Universe, and least of all to Persons of your Ladyships exalted Rank and Merit. The Wenches look'd earnestly upon him, endeavouring to see his Face, which his ill-contriv'd Beaver partly hid; but when they heard themselves thus complimented with the Title of Ladyship, an Honour to which their Condition never had the least Pretence, they could not forbear laughing outright; which Don *Quixote* resented as a great Affront. ' Give me Leave to tell ye, Ladies, cry'd he, that ' Modesty and Civility are very becoming in the fair Sex; whereas Laughter without Ground is ' the highest Piece of Indiscretion: However, added he, ' I do not presume to say this to offend you, or incur your Displeasure; no, Ladies, I assure you I have no other Design but to do you ' Service. This uncommon way of Expression, joyn'd to the Knight's scurvy Figure, encreas'd their Mirth; which incens'd him to that Degree, that this might have carry'd things to an Extremity had not the Inn-keeper luckily appeared at that Juncture. He was a Man whose Burden of Fat inclin'd him to Peace and Quietness, yet when he had observ'd such a strange Disguise of

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humane Shape in his odd Armour and Equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the Wenches Company in their Laughter; but having the Fear of such a warlike Appearance before his Eyes, he resolv'd to give him good Words, and therefore accosted him civilly; Sir Knight, said he, if your Worship be dispos'd to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a Bed, as for all other Accommodations you may be supply'd to your Mind. Don Quixote observing the Humanity of the Governour of the Castle, (for such the Inn-keeper and Inn seem'd to him) Senior *Castillano*, said he, the least thing in the World suffices me, for Arms are the only things I value, and Combat is my Bed of Repose. The Inn-keeper thought he had call'd him \* *Castillano*, as taking him to be one of the true *Castillians*, whereas he was indeed of *Andalusia*, nay of the Neighbourhood of St. *Lucar*, no less thievish than *Cacus*, nor less mischievous than a Truant-Scholar or a Court-Page, and therefore he made him this Reply; At this Rate, Sir Knight, your Bed might be a Pavement, and your Rest to be still awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure you you can hardly miss being kept awake all the Year long in this House, much less one single Night. With that he went and held Don Quixote's Stirrup, who not having broke his Fast that Day, dismounted with no small Trouble or Difficulty. He immediately desir'd the Governour (that is, the Inn-keeper) to have special Care of his Steed, assuring him that there

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\* *Castillano* signifies both a Constable or Governour of a Castle, and an Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Castile in Spain.



## 16 *The Life and Atchievements*

was not a better in the Universe; upon which the Inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said: However, having set him up in the Stable, he came back to the Knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his Armour by the Help of the good-natur'd Wenches, who had already reconcil'd themselves to him; but though they had eas'd him of his Gorset and Back-plate, they could by no Means undo his Gorget, nor take off his ill-contriv'd Beaver, which he had ty'd so fast with green Ribbons that 'twas impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no Means permit that, and so was forc'd to keep on his Helmet all Night, which was one of the most pleasant Sights in the World. And while his Armour was taking off by the two kind Lasses, imagining them to be Persons of Quality, and Ladies of that Castle, he very gratefully made them the following Compliment, [in Imitation of an old Romance.]

*There never was on Earth a Knight  
So waited on by Ladies fair,  
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,  
When first he left his Village dear:  
Damsels i' undress him ran with Speed,  
And Princeesses to dress his Steed.*

O Rozinante! for that is my Horse's Name, Ladies, and mine Don Quixote de la Mancha, I never thought to have discover'd it, till some Feats of Arms atchiev'd by me in your Service had made me better known to your Ladyships; but Necessity forcing me to apply to present Purpose that Passage of the ancient Romance of Sir Lancelot, which I now repeated, has extorted the

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Secret from me before its Time. Yet a Day will come, when you shall command and I obey, and then the Valour of my Arm shall evince the Reality of my Zeal to serve your Ladyships.

The two Females, who were not used to such Rhetorical Speeches, could make no Answer to this, they only ask'd him whether he would eat any thing? That I will with all my Heart, cry'd Don Quixote, whatever it be, for I am of Opinion nothing can come to me more seasonably. Now, as Ill-luck would have it, it happen'd to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the Inn but some Pieces of Fish, which is call'd *Abadexo* in Castile, *Bacalao* in Andalusia, *Curadillo* in some Places, and in others *Truchuela* or Little Trout, though after all 'tis but Poor Jack: So they ask'd him whether he could eat any of that *Truchuela*, because they had no other Fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant small Trout, told them that provided there were more than one, 'twas the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; for continued he, 'tis all one to me whether I am paid a Piece of Eight in one single Piece, or in eight small Reals, which are worth as much: Besides, 'tis probable these *Small Trouts* may be like Veal, which is finer Meat than Beef; or like the Kid, which is better than the Goat. In short, let it be what it will so it comes quickly, for the Weight of Armour and the Fatigue of Travel are not to be supported without recruiting Food. Thereupon they laid the Cloth at the Inn-door, for the Benefit of the fresh Air, and the Land-lord brought him a Piece of that Salt-fish, but ill water'd, and as ill dress'd; and as for the Bread, 'twas as mouldy and brown as the Knight's Armour. But 'twould have made one laugh to have seen him eat; for having his Hel-

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## 18 *The Life and Atchievements*

met on, with his Beaver lifted up, 'twas impossible for him to feed himself without Help, so that one of those Ladies had that Office; but there was no giving him Drink that way, and he must have gone without it, had not the Inn-keeper board'd a Cane, and setting one End of it to his Mouth, pour'd the Wine in at the other; all which the Knight suffer'd patiently, because he would not cut the Ribbons that fasten'd his Helmet.

While he was at Supper, a Sow-gelder happen'd to wind his \* Instrument four or five times as he came near the Inn; which made Don Quixote the more positive of his being in a famous Castle, where he was entertain'd with Musick at Supper, that the *Poor-Jack* was young *Troust*, the Bread of the finest Flower, the Wenches great Ladies, and the Inn-keeper the Governour of the Castle; which made him applaud himself for his Resolution, and his setting out on such an Account. The only thing that vex'd him was, that he was not yet dubb'd a Knight, for he fancy'd he could not lawfully undertake any Adventure till he had receiv'd the Order of Knighthood.

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\* *Silvato de Cannas.*

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

*An Account of the pleasant Method taken by  
Don Quixote to be dubb'd a Knight.*

**D**ON Quixote's Mind being disturb'd with that Thought, out of his short Ordinary he made yet a shorter Supper; and as soon as he had done he call'd his Host, then shut him and himself up in the Stable, and falling at his Feet, I will never rise from this Place, cry'd he, most valourous Knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a Boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your Honour and the Good of Mankind. The Inn-keeper, strangely at a Loss to find his Guest at his Feet, and talking at this Rate, endeavour'd to make him rise, but all in vain, till he had promis'd to grant him what he ask'd. I expected no less from your great Magnificence, Noble Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the Boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to Morrow you will be pleased to bestow the Honour of Knighthood upon me. This Night I will watch my Armour in the Chappel of your Castle, and then in the Morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire, that I may be duly qualify'd to seek out Adventures in every Corner of the Universe, to relieve the Distressed, according to the Laws of Chivalry, and the Inclinations of Knight-Errants like my self. The Inn-keeper, who

who, as I said, was a sharp Fellow, and had already a shrewd Suspicion of the Disorder in his Guest's Understanding, was fully convinc'd of it when he heard him talk after this Manner; and to make Sport that Night, resolv'd to humour him in his Desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his Choice of such an Employment, which was altogether worthy a Knight of the first Order, such as his gallant Deportment discover'd him to be: That he himself had in his Youth followed that honourable Profession, ranging through many Parts of the World in search of Adventures, without so much as forgetting to visit the \* *Percheles* of *Malaga*, the *Isles* of *Riaran*, the *Compass* of *Verul*, the *Quicksilver House* of *Segovia*, the *Olive-Field* of *Valencia*, the *Circle* of *Granada*, the *Wharf* of *St. Lucar*, the *Potro* of *Cordoua*, the *Hedge-Taverns* of *Toledo*, and divers other Places, where he had exercis'd the Nimbleness of his Feet and the Subtilty of his Hands, doing Wrongs in Abundance, soliciting many Widows, undoing some Damsels, bubbling young Heirs, and in a Word, making himself famous in most of the Courts of Judicature in *Spain*; till at length he retir'd to this Castle, where he liv'd on his own Estate and those of others, entertaining all Knights-Errant of what Quality or Condition soever, purely for the great Affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in Recompence of his Good-will. He added, That his Castle at present had no Chapel where the Knight might keep the Vigil of his Arms, it being pull'd down in order to be

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\* These are all Places noted for Rogueries and disorderly Doings.



new built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watched in any other Place in a Case of Necessity; and therefore he might do it that Night in the Court-yard of the Castle; and in the Morning all the necessary Ceremonies should be perform'd, so that he might assure himself he should be dubb'd a Knight, nay as much a Knight as any one in the World could be. He then ask'd Don Quixote whether he had any Money? Not a Cross, reply'd the Knight, for I never read in any History of Chivalry that any Knight-Errant ever carry'd Money about him. You are mistaken, cry'd the Inn-keeper; for admit the Histories are silent in this Matter, the Authors thinking it needless to mention things so evidently necessary as Money and clean Shirts, yet there is no Reason to believe the Knights went without either; and you may rest assur'd that all the Knight-Errants, of whom so many Histories are full, had their Purses well lin'd to supply themselves with Necessaries, and carry'd also with them some Shirts, and a small Box of Salves to heal their Wounds; for they had not the Conveniency of Surgeons to cure 'em every Time they fought in Fields and Desarts, unless they were so happy as to have some Sage or Magician for their Friend to give them present Assistance, sending them some Damsel or Dwarf through the Air in a Cloud, with a small Bottle of Water of so great a Vertue, that they no sooner tasted a Drop of it, but their Wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never receiv'd any. But when they wanted such a Friend in former Ages, the Knights thought themselves oblig'd to take Care, that their Squires should be provided with Money and other Necessaries, as Lint and Salves to dress their Wounds; and

and if those Knights ever happen'd to have no Squires, which was but very seldom, then they carry'd those things behind them in a little Bag, as if it had been something of greater Value, and so neatly fitted to their Saddle that it was hardly seen; for had it not been upon such an Account, the carrying of a Bag was not much allow'd among Knight-Errants. I must therefore advise you, continu'd he, nay I might even charge and command you, as you are shortly to be my Son in Chivalry, never from this Time forwards to ride without Money, nor without the other Necessaries of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it. Don Quixote promis'd to perform very punctually all his Injunctions; and so they dispos'd every thing in order to his watching his Arms in a great Yard that adjoyn'd to the Inn. To which Purpose the Knight, having got them all together, laid 'em in a Horse-trough close by a Well in that Yard; then bracing his Target and grasping his Lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the Horse-trough with a graceful Deportment. In the mean while the Inn-keeper acquainted all those that were in the House with the Extravagancies of his Guest, his watching his Arms, and his Hopes of being made a Knight: They all admir'd very much at so strange a kind of Folly, and went out to observe him at a Distance; where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of Gravity, and sometimes lean on his Lance, with his Eyes all the while fix'd upon his Arms. 'Twas now an undoubted Night, but yet the Moon did shine with such a Brightness, as might almost have vy'd with that of the Planet which lent her; so that the Knight was wholly expos'd to

the Spectators View. While he was thus employ'd, one of the Carriers who lodg'd in the Inn came out to water the Mules, which he could not do without removing the Arms out of the Trough. With that Don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cry'd out to him aloud, O thou, who ever thou art, rash Knight, that prepares to lay thy Hands on the Arms of the most valorous Errant that ever wore a Sword, take Heed; do not audaciously attempt to prophane 'em with a Touch, lest instant Death be the too sure Reward of thy Temerity. But the Carrier never regard'd these dreadful Threats, and laying hold on the Armour by the Straps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone, for Don Quixote no sooner saw this, but lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and addressing his Thoughts, as it seem'd, to his Lady Dulcinea, Assist me, Lady, cry'd he, in this first Opportunity that offers it self to your faithful Slave; nor let your Favour and Protection be deny'd me in this first Trial of my Valour! Repeating such like Ejaculations, he let slip his Target, and lifting up his Lance with both his Hands, he gave the Carrier such a terrible Knock on his inconsiderate Head with his Lance, that he laid him at his Feet in a woful Condition; and had he back'd that Blow with another, the Fellow would certainly have had no Need of a Surgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his Armour, laid it again in the Horse-trough, and then walk'd on backwards and forwards with as great Unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another Carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came also to water his Mules, while the first yet lay on the Ground in a Trance; but as he offer'd to clear the Trough of the Armour,

## 24 *The Life and Atchievements*

mour, Don *Quixote*, without speaking a Word, or imploring any one's Assistance, once more dropp'd his Target, lifted up his Lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the Fellow's Head, that he broke it in three or four Places. His Outcry soon alarm'd and brought thither all the People in the Inn, and the Landlord among the rest; which Don *Quixote* perceiving, Thou Queen of Beauty (cry'd he, bracing on his Shield and drawing his Sword) thou Courage and Vigour of my weaken'd Heart, now is the Time when thou must enliven thy adventurous Slave with the Beams of thy Greatness, while this Moment he is engaging in so terrible an Adventure! With this, in his Opinion, he found himself supply'd with such an Addition of Courage, that had all the Carriers in the World at once attack'd him, he would undoubtedly have fac'd them all. On the other Side, the Carriers, enrag'd to see their Comrades thus us'd, though they were afraid to come near, gave the Knight such a Volley of Stones, that he was forc'd to shelter himself as well as he could under the Covert of his Target, without daring to go far from the Horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his Arms. The Inn-keeper call'd to the Carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and consequently the Law would acquit him though he should kill 'em. Don *Quixote* also made yet more Noise, calling 'em false and treacherous Villains, and the Lord of the Castle base and inhospitable, and a discourteous Knight, for suffering a Knight-Errant to be so abus'd. I would make thee know, cry'd he, what a perfidious Wretch thou art, had I but receiv'd the Order of Knighthood; but for you, base ignominious Rabble! fling on, do your worst;

worst ; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the Reward of your Indiscretion and Insolence. This he spoke with so much Spirit and Undauntedness, that he struck a Terroure into all his Assailants ; so that partly through Fear, and partly through the Inn-keeper's Perswasions, they gave over flinging Stones at him ; and he on his Side permitted the Enemy to carry off their Wounded, and then return'd to the Guard of his Arms as calm and compos'd as before.

The Inn-keeper, who began somewhat to dislike these mad Tricks of his Guest, resolv'd to dispatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky Knighthood, to prevent further Mischiefe: So coming to him, he excus'd himself for the Insolence of those base Scoundrels, as being done without his Privy or Consent ; but their Audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently punished. He added, that he had already told him there was no Chappel in his Castle ; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the Ceremony of Knighthood, which consisted only in the Application of the Sword to the Neck and Shoulders, as he had read in the Register of the Ceremonies of the Order ; and that this might be perform'd as well in a Field as any where else: That he had already fulfill'd the Obligation of watching his Arms, which requir'd no more than a Two-hour's Watch, whereas he had been four Hours upon the Guard. *Don Quixote*, who easily believ'd him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desir'd him to make an End of the Business as soon as possible ; for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attack'd, he believ'd he should not leave a Man alive in the Castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his Sake.



## 26 *The Life and Atchievements*

Upon this the Inn-keeper, lest the Knight should proceed to such Extremities, fetch'd the Book in which he us'd to set down the Carrier's Accounts for Straw and Barley; and having brought with him the two kind Females already mention'd, and a Boy that held a Piece of lighted Candle in his Hand, he order'd Don *Quixote* to kneel: Then reading in his *Manual*, as if he had been repeating some pious Oration, in the Midst of his Devotion he lifted up his Hand, and gave him a good Blow on the Neck, and then a gentle Slap on the Back with the Flat of his Sword, still mumbling some Words between his Teeth in the Tone of a Prayer. After this he order'd one of the Wenches to gird the Sword about the Knight's Waste; which she did with much Solemnity, and I may add Discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every Circumstance of the Ceremony. 'Tis true, the Thoughts of the Knight's late Prowess did not a little contribute to the checking the Expression of her Mirth. As she girded on his Sword, Heav'n, cry'd the kind Lady, make your Worship a lucky Knight, and prosper you where-ever you go. Don *Quixote* desir'd to know her Name, that he might understand to whom he was indebted for the Favour she had bestow'd upon him, and also make her Partaker of the Honour he was to acquire by the Strength of his Arms. To which the Lady answer'd with all Humility that her Name was *Toloso*, a Cobler's Daughter that kept a Stall among the little Shops of *Sancho Panza* at *Toledo*; and that whenever he pleas'd to command her, she would be his humble Servant. Don *Quixote* begg'd of her to do him the Favour to add hereafter the Title of Lady to her Name, and for his Sake to be call'd from that Time the Lady

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*Don Quixot Dubb'd a Knight*



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Lady *Toloso*; which she promis'd to do. Her Companion having buckled on his Spurs, occasion'd the like Conference between them; and when he had ask'd her Name, she told him she went by the Name of *Miller*, being the Daughter of an honest Miller of *Antequera*. Our new Knight entreated her also to stile her self the Lady *Miller*, making her new Offers of Service. These extraordinary Ceremonies (the like never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of Post-haste, Don *Quixote* could not rest till he had taken the Field in quest of Adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his *Rozinante*, and being mounted, he embrac'd the Inn-keeper, and return'd him so many Thanks at so extravagant a Rate, for the high Obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a Knight, that 'tis impossible to give a true Relation of 'em all: To which the Inn-keeper, in haste to get rid of him, return'd as rhetorical, though shorter Answers; and, without stopping his Horse for the Reckoning, was glad with all his Heart to see him go.

## C H A P. IV.

*What befell the Knight after he had left the Inn.*

**A** *Uroa* began to usher in the Morn, when Don *Quixote* sall'y'd out of the Inn, so well pleas'd, so gay, and so over-joy'd to find himself knighted, that he infus'd the same Satisfaction into his Horse, who seem'd ready to burst his Girths for Joy. But calling to mind the Admonitions which the Inn-keeper had given him, concerning the Provision of necessary Accommodation in his Travels, particularly Money and clean Shirts, he resolv'd to return home to furnish himself with them, and likewise get him a Squire, designing to entertain as such a labouring Man his Neighbour, who was poor and had a Charge of Children, but yet very fit for the Office. With this Resolution he took the Road which led to his own Village; and *Rozinante*, that seem'd to know his Will by Instinct, began to carry him a round Trot so briskly, that his Heels seem'd scarcely to touch the Ground. The Knight had not travell'd far, when he fancy'd he heard an effeminate Voice complaining in a Thicket on his right Hand. 'I thank Heav'n, (said he when he heard the Cries,) for favouring me so soon with an Opportunity to perform the Duty of my Profession, and reap the Fruit of my Desires! For these Complaints are certainly the Moans of some distressed Creature, who wants my present Help. Then turning to that

that Side with all the Speed which *Rozinante* could make, he no sooner came into the Wood but he found a Mare ty'd to an Oak, and to another a young Lad about fifteen Years of Age, naked from the Waste upwards. This was he who made such a lamentable Out-cry; and not without Cause, for a lusty Country-fellow was strapping him soundly with a Girdle, at every Stripe putting him in mind of a Proverb, *Keep your Mouth shut and your Eyes open, Sirrah*. Good Master, cry'd the Boy, I'll do so no more, as I hope to be sav'd I'll never do so again! Indeed, Master, hereafter I'll take more Care of your Goods. Don *Quixote* seeing this, cry'd in an angry Tone, 'Discourteous Knight, 'tis an unworthy Act to strike a Person who is not able to defend himself: Come, bestride thy Steed, and take thy Lance, (for the Farmer had something that look'd like one resting upon the same Tree to which his Mare was ty'd) then I'll make thee know thou hast acted the Part of a Coward. The Country-fellow, who gave himself for lost at the Sight of an Apparition in Armour brandishing his Lance at his Face, answer'd him in mild and submissive Words: 'Sir Knight, cry'd he, this Boy whom I am chastising is my Servant, employ'd by me to look after a Flock of Sheep, which I have not far off; but he is so heedless that I lose some of 'em every Day. Now, because I correct him for his Carelessness or his Knavery, he says I do it out of Covetousness to defraud him of his Wages; but upon my Life and Soul he belies me. What! the Lie in my Presence, you saucy Clown, cry'd Don *Quixote*; by the Sun that shines I've a good Mind to run thee through the Body with my Lance. Pay the Boy this Instant without any more Words, or, by the Power that

### 30 *The Life and Achievements*

rules us all, I'll immediately dispatch and annihilate thee: Come, unbind him this Moment. The Country-man hung down his Head, and without any further Reply unbound the Boy; who being ask'd by Don *Quixote* what his Master ow'd him, told him 'twas nine Months Wages, at seven Reals a Month. The Knight having cast it up, found it came to sixty three Reals in all; which he order'd the Farmer to pay the Fellow immediately, unless he intended to lose his Life that very Moment. The poor Country-man trembling for Fear, told him, that, as he was on the Brink of Death, by the Oath he had sworn (by the by he had not yet sworn at all) he did not owe the Lad so much; for there was to be deducted for three Pair of Shooes which he had bought him, and a Real for his being let Blood twice when he was sick. That may be, reply'd Don *Quixote*; but set the Price of the Shooes and the Bleeding, against the Stripes which you have given him without Cause: For if he has us'd the Shooe-leather which you paid for, you have in Return misus'd and impair'd his Skin sufficiently; and if the Surgeon let him bleed when he was sick, you have drawn Blood from him now he is in health; so that he owes you nothing on that Account. The worst is, Sir Knight, cry'd the Farmer, that I have no Money about me; but let *Andrew* go home with me, and I'll pay him every Piece out of hand. What! I go home with him, cry'd the Youngster, the devil-a-bit, Sir! Not I truly, I know better things; for he'd no sooner have me by himself, but he'd flea me alive like another *St. Bartholomew*. He will never dare to do it, reply'd Don *Quixote*; I command him, and that's sufficient to restrain him: Therefore provided he will swear by the Order of Knighthood, which has been conferr'd upon him, that he will  
duly

duly observe this Regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art secure of thy Money. Good Sir, take Hēed what you say, cry'd the Boy; for my Master is no Knight, nor ever was of any Order in his Life: He's *John Haldudo*, the rich Farmer of *Quintinar*. This signifies little, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for there may be Knights among the *Haldudo's*; besides, the brave Man is his own Herald, and every Man the Son of his own Works. That's true, Sir, quoth *Andrew*; but of what Works can this Master of mine be the Son, who denies me my Wages which I have earn'd with the Sweat of my Brows? I do not deny thee to pay thee thy Wages, honest *Andrew*, cry'd the Master; be but so kind as to go along with me, and by all the Orders of Knighthood in the World, I swear, I'll pay thee every Piece, as I said, nay and sweet-scented to boot. ' You may spare your Perfume, said Don *Quixote*, do but pay him in Reals and I am satisfy'd; but be sure you perform your Oath, for if you fail, I my self swear by the same Oath to return and find you out, and punish you, though you should hide your self as close as a Lizard. And if you would be inform'd who 'tis that lays these Injunctions on you, that you may understand how highly it concerns you to observe 'em, know, I am the valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Righter of Wrongs, the Avenger and Redresser of Grievances; and so farewell: But remember what you have promis'd and sworn, as you will answer the Contrary at your Peril. This said, he clapp'd Spurs to *Roxinante*, and quickly left the Master and the Man a good Way behind him.



## 32 *The Life and Atchievements*

The Country-man, who follow'd him with both his Eyes, no sooner perceiv'd that he was pass'd the Wood, and quite out of Sight, but he went back to his Boy *Andrew*. Come, Child, said he, I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that Righter of Wrongs and Redresser of Grievances has order'd me. Ay, quoth *Andrew*, on my Word, you'll do well to fulfill the Commands of that good Knight, whom Heaven grant long to live; for he is so brave a Man, and so just a Judge, that adad if you don't pay me he'll come back and make his Words good. I dare swear as much, answer'd the Master; and to shew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to encrease the Debt, that I may enlarge the Payment. With that he caught the Youngster by the Arm, and ty'd him again to the Tree; where he handled him so unmercifully, that scarce any Signs of Life were left in him. Now call your Righter of Wrongs, Mr. *Andrew*, cry'd the Farmer, and you shall see he'll ne'er be able to undo what I have done; though I fancy 'tis but a Part of what I am to do, for I have a good Mind to flea you alive, as you said I would, you Rascal. However he unty'd him at last, and gave him Leave to go and seek out his Judge, in order to have his Decree put in Execution. *Andrew* went his Ways, not very well pleased you may be sure, yet fully resolved to find out the valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and give him an exact Account of the whole Transaction, that he might pay the Abuse with seven-fold Usury: In short, he crept off sobbing and weeping, while his Master staid behind laughing. And in this Manner was this Wrong redress'd by the valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*.

In the mean Time, being highly pleased with himself and what had happen'd, imagining he had

had given a most fortunate and noble Beginning to his Feats of Arms, as he went on towards his Village, 'O most beautiful of Beauties, said he with a low Voice, '*Dulcinea del Toboso*! well may'st thou deem thy self most happy, since 'twas thy good Fortune to captivate and hold a willing Slave to thy Desires so valorous and renowned a Knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the World knows, had the Order of Knighthood bestowed on him but Yesterday, and this Day redress'd the greatest Wrong and Grievance that ever Injustice could design or Cruelty commit: This Day has he wrested the Scourge out of the Hands of that Tormentor, who so unmercifully treated a tender Infant, without the least Occasion given. Just as he had said this, he found himself at a Place where four Roads met; and this made him presently bethink himself of those Cross-ways which often us'd to put Knight-Errants to a Stand, to consult with themselves which Way they should take; and that he might follow their Example, he stopp'd a while, and after he had seriously reflected on the Matter, he gave *Rozinante* the Reins, subjecting his own Will to that of his Horse, who pursuing his first Intent, took the Way that led to his own Stable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two Miles but he discover'd a great Company of People riding towards him, who prov'd to be Merchants of Toledo, that were going to buy Silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screen'd with his Umbrella, besides four Servants on Horse-back, and three Muleteers on Foot. The Knight no sooner perceiv'd 'em, but he imagin'd this to be some new Adventure; and because he was resolv'd to imitate as much as possible the Passages which

## 34 *The Life and Achievements*

he had read in his Books, he was pleas'd to represent this to himself as such a particular Adventure as he had a singular Desire to meet with ; and so, with a dreadful Grace and Assurance, fixing himself in his Stirrups, couching his Lance, and covering his Breast with his Target, he posted himself in the Middle of the Road, expecting the coming up of the supposed Knight-Errants. As soon as they came within Hearing, with a loud Voice and haughty Tone, ' Hold, cry'd he, Let ' all Mankind stand, nor hope to pass on further, ' unless all Mankind acknowledge and confess, ' that there is not in the Universe a more beautiful ' Damsel, than the Empress of *La Mancha*, the ' peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*. At those Words the Merchants made a Halt, to view the unaccountable Figure of their Opponent ; and easily conjecturing, both by his Expression and Disguise, that the poor Gentleman had lost his Senses, they were willing to understand the Meaning of that strange Confession which he would force from them ; and therefore one of the Company, who lov'd and understood Raillery, having Discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. ' Sir Knight, cry'd he, we do not ' know this worthy Lady you talk of ; but be ' pleased to let us see her, and then if we find her ' possess'd of those matchless Charms of which ' you assert her to be the Mistress, we will freely ' and without the least Compulsion own the Truth ' which you would extort from us. ' Had I ' once shew'd you that Beauty, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ' what Wonder would it be to have you acknowledge so notorious and evident a Truth ? ' The Importance of the thing lies in obliging ' you to believe it, confess it, affirm it, swear it, ' and maintain it without seeing her ; and there-  
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fore make this Acknowledgment this very Moment, or know, 'tis with me you must join in Battel, ye proud and unreasonable Mortals. Come one by one, as the Laws of Chivalry require, or all at once, according to the dishonourable Practice of Men of your Stamp; here I expect you all my single self, and will stand the Encounter, confiding in the Justice of my Cause. Sir Knight, reply'd the Merchant, I beseech you, in the Name of all the Princes here present, that for the Discharge of our Consciences, which will not permit us to affirm a thing we never heard or saw, and which besides tends so much to the Dishonour of the Empresses and Queens of *Alcaria* and *Estremadura*, your Worship will vouchsafe to let us see some Portraiture of that Lady, though 'twere no bigger than a Grain of Wheat; for by a small Sample we may judge of the whole Piece, and by that Means rest secure and satisfy'd, and you contented and appeas'd. Nay, I verily believe that we all find our selves already so inclinable to comply with you, that though her Picture should represent her to be blind of one Eye, and distilling Vermillion and Brimstone at the other, yet to oblige you we should be ready to say in her Favour whatever your Worship desires.' Distill, ye infamous Scoundrels, reply'd Don Quixote, in a burning Rage! Distill, say you? Know, that nothing distills from her but Amber and Civet: Neither is she defective in her Eyes or Shape, but more straight than a *Guadaramian* Spindle. But you shall all severely pay for the horrid Blasphemy which thou hast uttered against the transcendent Beauty of my incomparable Lady. Saying this, with his Lance couch'd, he ran so furiously at the Merchant who had thus provok'd

## 36 *The Life and Achievements*

provok'd him, that had not good Fortune so order'd it that *Rozinante* should stumble and fall in the Midst of his Career, the audacious Trifler had paid dear for his Raillery: But as *Rozinante* fell, he threw down his Master, who roll'd and tumbled a good Way on the Ground without being able to get upon his Legs, though he us'd all his Skill and Strength to effect it; so encumber'd he was with his Lance, Target, Spurs, Helmet, and the Weight of his rusty Armour. However, in this helpless Condition he play'd the Heroe with his Tongue; Stay, cry'd he, Cowards, Rascals, do not fly! 'Tis not through my Fault that I lie here, but through that of my Horse, ye Poltroons!

One of the Grooms, who was none of the best-matur'd Creatures, hearing the overthrown Knight thus insolently treat his Master, could not bear it without returning him an Answer on his Ribs; and therefore coming up to him, as he lay wallowing, he snatch'd his Lance; and having broke it to Pieces, he so belabour'd *Don Quixote's* Sides with one of them, that in spite of his Arms he thresh'd him like a Wheat-sheaf. His Master indeed call'd to him not to lay him on so vigorously, and to let him alone; but the Fellow, whose Hand was in, would not give over Rib-roasting the Knight till he had tir'd out his Passion and himself; and therefore running to the other Pieces of the broken Lance, he fell to't again without ceasing, till he had splinter'd them all on the poor Knight's Iron Inclosure. He on his Side, notwithstanding all this Storm of Bastinadoes, lay all the while bellowing, threatening Heav'n and Earth, and those villanous Ruffians, as he took them to be. At last the Mule-driver was tir'd, and the Merchants pursu'd their Journey, sufficiently furnish'd with Matter of Discourse at the poor Knight's



**Knight's Expence.** When he found himself alone he try'd once more to get on his Feet ; but if he cou'd not do it when he had the Use of all his Limbs, how should he do it now, bruis'd and batter'd as he was ? But yet for all this he esteem'd himself a happy Man, being still perswaded that his Misfortune was one of those Accidents common in Knight-Errantry, and such a one as he cou'd wholly attribute to the Falling of his Horse ; nor could he possibly get up, so sore and mortify'd as his Body was all over.

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**CHAP.**

## C H A P. V.

*A further Account of our Knight's Misfortunes.*

**D**ON *Quixote* perceiving that he was not able to stir, resolv'd to have Recourse to his usual Remedy, which was to bethink himself what Passage in his Books might afford him some Comfort: And presently his Folly brought to his Remembrance the Story of *Baldwin* and the Marquess of *Mantua*, when *Charlot* left the former wounded on the Mountain; a Story learn'd and known by little Children, not unknown to young Men and Women, celebrated and even believ'd by the old; and yet not a Jot more authentick than the Miracles of *Mahomet*. This seem'd to him as if made on Purpose for his present Circumstances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expressing the greatest Pain and Resentment, and breathing out with a languishing Voice the same Complaints which the wounded *Knight of the Wood* is said to have made.

*Alas, where are you, Lady dear,  
That for my Woe you do not moan?  
You little know what ails me here,  
Or are to me disloyal grown!*

Thus he went on with the Lamentations in that Romancetill he came to these Verses,

Oh thou, my Uncle and my Prince,  
Marquess of Mantua, noble Lord! —

When kind Fortune so order'd it, that a Plowman, who liv'd in the same Village, and near his House, happen'd to pass by as he came from the Mill with a Sack of Wheat. The Fellow seeing a Man lie at his full Length on the Ground, ask'd him who he was, and why he made such a sad Complaint? Don Quixote, whose distemper'd Brain presently represented to him the Country-man for the Duke of Mantua, his imaginary Uncle, made him no Answer, but went on with the Romance, giving him an Account of his Misfortunes, and of the Loves of his Wife, and the Emperour's Son, just as the Book relates 'em. The Fellow star'd, much amaz'd to hear a Man talk such unaccountable Stuff; and taking off the Vizard of his Helmet, broken all to Pieces with the Blows bestow'd upon't by the Mule-driver, he wip'd off the Dust that cover'd his Face, and presently knew the Gentleman. Master Quixada! cry'd he, (for so he was properly call'd when he had the right Use of his Senses, and had not yet from a sober Gentleman transform'd himself into a wand'ring Knight) how came you in this Condition? But the other continu'd his Romance, and made no Answers to all the Questions the Country-man put to him, but what follow'd in course in the Book. Which the good Man perceiving, he took off the batter'd Adventurer's Armour as well as he cou'd, and fell a searching for his Wounds; but finding no Sign of any Blood, or any other Hurt, he endeavour'd to set him upon his Legs; and at last, with a great deal of Trouble, he heav'd him upon his Ass, as being the

the more easy and gentle Carriage: He also got all the Knight's Arms together, not leaving behind so much as the Splinters of his Lance; and having ty'd 'em up, and laid 'em on *Rozinante*, which he took by the Bridle, and his Ass by the Halter, he led 'em all towards the Village, and trudg'd a-foot himself very pensive, while he reflected on the Extravagancies which he heard *Don Quixote* utter. Nor was *Don Quixote* himself less melancholy, for he felt himself so bruis'd and mortify'd, that he could hardly sit on the Ass; and now and then he breath'd such grievous Sighs, as seem'd to pierce the very Skies; which mov'd his compassionate Neighbour once more to entreat him to declare to him the Cause of his Grief. But one would have imagin'd the Devil prompted him with Stories that had some Resemblance of his Circumstances; for in that Instant, wholly forgetting *Baldwin*, he bethought himself of the Moor *Abindarraez*, when *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, Alcayde of *Antequera*, took and carried him Prisoner to his Castle; so that when the Husband-man ask'd him again how he did, and what ail'd him? he answer'd Word for Word, as the Prisoner *Abindarraez* replies to *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, in the *Diana* of *George de Monte-Mayor*, where that Adventure is related; applying it so properly to his Purpose, that the Country-man curs'd himself to the Pit of Hell for hearing his strange Nonsense; and being now fully convinc'd that his Neighbour's Brains were turn'd, he made all the Haste he could to the Village, to be rid of his tedious and troublesome Impertinences. *Don Quixote* in the mean Time thus went on: You must know, *Don Rodrigo de Narvaez*, that this beautiful *Xerifa*, of whom I gave you an Account, is at present the most lovely *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for whose Sake I have

have done, still do, and will atchieve the most famous Deeds of Chivalry that ever were, are, or ever shall be seen in the Universe. Good Sir, reply'd the Husband-man, do you not plainly perceive that I am neither *Don Rodrigo de Narvaez*, nor the Marquess of *Mantua*, but only a poor Sinner, *Pedro Alonso* by Name, your Worship's Neighbour? Nor are you *Baldwin* nor *Abindarraez*, but only that worthy Gentleman Senior *Quixada*. I know very well who I am, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and what's more, I know that I may not only be the Persons I have named, but also the Twelve Peers of *France*, nay, and the Nine Worthies all in One; since my Atchievements will out-rival not only the famous Exploits which made any of 'em singly illustrious, but all their mighty Deeds accumulated together.

Thus discoursing, they at last got near their Village about Sun-set; but the Country-man staid at some Distance till 'twas dark, that the distressed Gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own House, which he found in great Confusion. The Curate and the Barber of the Village, both of 'em *Don Quixote's* intimate Acquaintance, happen'd to be there at that Juncture, as also the House-keeper, who was arguing with 'em. What do you think, pray good Doctor *Perez*, said she, (for this was the Curate's Name) what do you think of my Master's Mischance? Neither he, nor his Horse, nor his Target, Lance, nor Armour have been seen these six Days. What shall I do, Wretch that I am? I dare lay my Life, and 'tis as sure as I am a living Creature, that those cursed Books of Errantry, which he us'd to be always poring upon, have set him besides his Senses; for now I remember I have heard him  
often



often mutter to himself, that he had a Mind to turn Knight-Errant, and jaunt up and down the World to find out Adventures. May *Satan* and *Barrabas* e'en take all such Books that have thus crackt the best Head-piece in all *La Mancha*! His Niece said as much, addressing herself to the Barber. You must know, Mr. *Nicholas*, quoth she, (for that was his Name) that many times my Uncle wou'd read you those unconscionable Books of Disventures for eight and forty Hours together; then away he'd throw you his Book, and drawing his Sword, he'd fall a Fencing against the Walls, and when he had tir'd himself with cutting and flashing, he would cry, he had kill'd four Giants as big as any Steeples; and the Sweat which he put himself into, he wou'd say, was the Blood of the Wounds he had receiv'd in the Fight; then wou'd he swallow you a huge Jug of cold Water, and presently he'd be as quiet, and as well as e'er he was in his Life; and he said that this same Water was a sort of precious Drink brought him by the Sage \* *Esquise* a great Magician, and his special Friend. Now 'tis I who am the Cause of all this Mischief, for not giving you timely Notice of my Uncle's Raving, that you might have put a Stop to it, e'er 'twas too late, and have burnt all those excommunicated Books; for there are I don't know how many of 'em that deserve as much to be burn'd as those of the rankest Hereticks. I am of your Mind, said the Curate, and verily to Morrow shall not pass over before I have fairly brought 'em to a Tryal, and condemn'd 'em to the Flames, that they may not minister Occasion

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\* *Alquise.*

to such as wou'd read 'em, to be perverted after the Example of my good Friend. The Countryman, who with Don *Quixote* stood without, listening to all this Discourse, now perfectly understood by this the Cause of his Neighbour's Disorder; and therefore without any more ado, he call'd out aloud, Here ! House ! Open the Gates there, for the Lord *Baldwin*, and the Lord Marquess of *Mantua*, who is coming sadly wounded, and for the Moorish Lord *Abindarraez*, whom the valorous Don *Rodrigo de Norvaez*, Alcayde of *Antequera*, brings Prisoner. At which Words they all got out of Doors, and the one finding it to be her Uncle, and the other to be her Master, and the rest their Friend, who had not yet alighted from the Ass, because indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don *Quixote*, Forbear, said he, for I am sorely hurt, by reason that my Horse fail'd me; carry me to Bed, and if it be possible let the Inchantress *Urganda* be sent for to cure my Wounds. Now in the Name of Mischief, quoth the House-keeper, see whether I did not guess right, on which Foot my Master halted ? Come, get you to bed, I beseech you; and my Life for yours, we'll take care to cure you without sending for that same *Urganda*. A hearty Curse, and the Curse of Curses, I say it again and again a hundred Times, light upon those Books of Chivalry that have put you in this Pickle. Thereupon they carry'd him up to his bed, and search'd for his Wounds, but cou'd find none; and then he told them he was only bruis'd, having had a dreadful Fall from his Horse *Rozinante* while he was fighting ten Giants, the most outrageous and audacious that ever cou'd be found upon the Face of the Earth. How, cry'd the Curate, have we Giants too in  
Combination

## 44 *The Life and Atchievements*

Combination against us? Nay then, may I forfeit my Habit, if I don't burn 'em all by to Morrow Night. Then did they ask the Don a thousand Questions; but to every one he made no other Answer, but that they shou'd give him something to eat, and then leave him to his Repose; a thing which was to him of greater Importance. They comply'd with his Desires, and then the Curate inform'd himself at large in what Condition the Country-man had found him; and having had a full Account of every Particular, as also of the Knight's extravagant Talk, both when the Fellow found him and as he brought him home, this increas'd the Curate's Desire of effecting what he had resolv'd to do the next Mornin'. At which time he call'd upon his Friend, Mr. Nicholas the Barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's House.

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C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

*Of the pleasant and curious Survey which the Curate and the Barber took of the Library of our ingenious Gentleman.*

**T**HE Knight was yet asleep, when the Curate came attended by the Barber, and desir'd his Niece to let him have the Key of the Room where her Uncle kept his Books, the Authors of his Woes; she readily consented, and so in they went and the House-keeper with 'em. There they found above a hundred large Volumes neatly bound, and a good Number of small ones. As soon as the House-keeper had spy'd 'em out, she ran out of the Study, and return'd immediately with a Holy-water-pot and a Sprinkler: Here Doctor, cry'd she, pray sprinkle every Creek and Corner in the Room, lest there shou'd lurk in it some one of the many Sorcerers these Books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the Ill-will we bear 'em in going about to send 'em out of the World. The Curate cou'd not forbear smiling at the old Woman's Simplicity; and desir'd the Barber to reach him the Books one by one, that he might peruse the Title-pages, for perhaps they might find some among 'em that might not deserve to be committed to the Flames. Oh, by no Means, cry'd the Niece, spare none of 'em, they all helpt some how or other to crack my Uncle's Brain. I fancy we had best throw 'em all out at the

## 46 *The Life and Atchievements*

the Window in the Yard, and lay 'em together in a Heap, and then set 'em o'fire, or else carry 'em into the Back-yard, and there make a Pile of 'em and burn 'em, and so the Smoke will offend no Body : The House-keeper joyn'd with her, so eagerly bent they were both upon the Destruction of those poor Innocents ; but the Curate wou'd not condescend to these irregular Proceedings, and resolv'd first to read at least the Title-Pages of every Book.

The first that Mr. *Nicholas* put into his Hands was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four Volumes. There seems to me some Mystery in this Book's being the first taken down (cry'd the Curate, as soon as he had look'd upon't) for I have heard 'tis the first Book of Knight-Errantry that ever was printed in *Spain*, and the Model of all the rest ; and therefore I am of Opinion, that, as the first Teacher and Author of so pernicious a Sect, it ought to be condemn'd to the Fire without Mercy. I beg a Reprieve for him, cry'd the Barber, for I have been told 'tis the best Book that has been written in that Kind ; and therefore as the only good thing of that Sort it may deserve a Pardon : Well then, reply'd the Curate, for this Time let him have it. Let's see that other which lies next to him ? These, said the Barber, are the Exploits of *Esplandian*, the lawfully begotten Son of *Amadis de Gaul*. Verily, said the Curate, the Father's Goodness shall not excuse the Want of it in the Son : Here, good Mistress House-keeper, open that Window and throw it into the Yard, and let it serve as a Foundation to that Pile we are to set a blazing presently. She was not slack in her Obedience, and thus poor Don *Esplandian* was sent headlong into the Yard, there patiently to wait the Time of his fiery Tryal. To the  
next,



next, cry'd the Curate. This, said the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*; and I'm of Opinion that all those that stand on this Side are of the same Family. Then let 'em all be sent packing into the Yard, reply'd the Curate; for rather than lose the Pleasure of burning Queen *Antiquinestra*, and the Shephard *Darinel* with his Eclogues, and the confounded unintelligible Discourses of the Author, I think I should burn my own Father along with 'em, if I met him in the Disguise of a Knight-Errant. I am of your Mind, cry'd the Barber; and I too, said the Niece; nay then, quoth the old Female, let 'em come, and down with 'em all into the Yard. They were deliver'd to her accordingly, and many they were; so that to save her self the Labour of carrying 'em down Stairs, she fairly sent 'em flying out at the Window.

What over-grown Piece of Lumber have we here? cry'd the Curate. *Olivante de Laura*, return'd the Barber. The same Author wrote *The Garden of Flowers*; and to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot well tell which of the two Books has most Truth in it, or, to speak more properly, less Lies: But this I know for certain, that he shall march into the Back-Yard like a nonsensical arrogant Block-head as he is.

The next, cry'd the Barber, is *Florismart of Hyrcania*. How! my Lord *Florismart*, is he here? reply'd the Curate: Nay, then truly he shall e'en follow the rest to the Yard, in spite of his wonderful Birth and incredible Adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid Style deserves no better Usage. Come, toss him into the Yard, and this other too, good Mistress. With all my Heart, quoth the Governess; and straight she was as good as her Word.

Here's

## 48 *The Life and Atchievements*

Here's the noble Don *Platir*, cry'd the Barber :  
'Tis an old Book, reply'd the Curate, and I can  
think of nothing in him that deserves a Grain of  
Pity : Away with him without any more Words ;  
and down he went accordingly.

Another Book was open'd, and it prov'd to be  
*The Knight of the Cross*. The holy Title, cry'd the  
Curate, might in some Measure atone for the  
Badness of the Book ; but then, as the Saying is,  
*The Devil lurks behind the Cross !* To the Flames  
with him.

Then the Barber taking down another Book,  
cry'd here's the *Mirreour of Knighthood*. Oh! I have  
the Honour to know him, reply'd the Curate.  
There you will find the Lord *Rinaldo of Montalban*,  
with his Friends and Companions, all of 'em  
greater Thieves than *Cacius*, together with the  
twelve Peers of *France*, and that faithful Histo-  
rian *Turpin*. Truly, I must needs say, I am only  
for condemning 'em to perpetual Banishment, at  
least because their Story contains something of  
the famous *Boyardo's* Invention ; out of which  
the Christian Poet *Ariosto* also borrow'd his Sub-  
ject : Yet, if I happen to meet with him in this  
bad Company, and speaking in any other Lan-  
guage than his own, I'll shew him no manner  
of Favour ; but if he talks in his own native  
Tongue, I'll treat him with all the Respect ima-  
ginable. I have him at home in *Italian*, said the  
Barber, but I cannot understand him. 'Tis not  
convenient you shou'd, reply'd the Curate ; and  
I cou'd willingly have excus'd the good Captain  
who translated it that Trouble of attempting to  
make him speak *Spanish*, for he has depriv'd him  
of a great deal of his primitive Graces ; a Mis-  
fortune incident to all those who presume to  
translate Verses, since their utmost Wit and In-  
dustry

Industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native Beauties and Genius that shine in the original. For this Reason I am for having not only this Book, but likewise all those which we shall find here treating of *French Affairs*, thrown and deposited in some dry Vault, till we have maturely determin'd what ought to be done with 'em; yet give me Leave to except one *Bernardo del Carpio*, that must be somewhere here among the rest, and another call'd *Roncesvalles*; for whenever I meet with 'em I will certainly deliver 'em up into the Hands of the secular Power. The Barber gave his Approbation to every Particular, well knowing that the Curate was so good a Christian, and so great a Lover of Truth, that he would not have utter'd a Falsity for all the World. Then opening another Volume, he found it to be *Palmerin de Oliva*, and the next to that *Palmerin of England*. Ha! Have I found you, cry'd the Curate! Here, take that *Oliva*, let him be torn to Pieces, then burnt, and his Ashes scatter'd in the Air: But let *Palmerin of England* be preserv'd as a singular Relick of Antiquity; and let such a costly Box be made for him as *Alexander* found among the Spoils of *Darius*, which he devoted to enclose *Homer's Works*. For I must tell you, Neighbour, that Book deserves particular Respect for two things; first, for its own Excellencies; and, secondly, for the sake of its Author, who is said to have been a learned King of *Portugal*: Then all the Adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda* are well, and artfully manag'd, the Dialogue very courtly and clear, and the Decorum strictly observ'd in every Character, with equal Propriety and Judgment. Therefore, Mr. *Nicholas*, continu'd he, with Submission to your better Advice, this and *Amadis de Gaul* shall be ex-

empted from the Fire; and let all the rest be condemn'd without any further Enquiry or Examination. By no Means, I beseech you, return'd the Barber, for this which I have in my Hands is the famous *Don Bellianis*. Truly, cry'd the Curate, he with his Second, Third, and Fourth Parts, had need of a Dose of *Rhubarb* to purge his excessive Choler: Besides, his Castle of Fame shou'd be demolish'd, and a Heap of other Rubbish remov'd; in order to which I give my Vote to grant 'em the Benefit of Transportation; and as they shew Signs of Amendment, so shall Mercy or Justice be us'd towards 'em: In the mean Time, Neighbour, take 'em into Custody, and keep 'em safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with 'em. Content, cry'd the Barber; and to save himself the Labour of looking on any more Books of that Kind, he bid the House-keeper take all the great Volumes and throw 'em into the Yard. She, who long'd to be at that Sport as much as to be making her Wedding-Smock, had no Need of being twice spoken to; so that laying hold on no less than eight Volumes at once, she presently made 'em leap towards the Place of Execution; but as she went too eagerly to work, taking more Books than she could conveniently carry, she happen'd to drop one at the Barber's Feet, which he took up out of Curiosity to see what it was, and found it to be the History of the famous Knight *Tirante the White*. Good-lack-a-day, cry'd the Curate, is *Tirante the White* here? Oh! pray, good Neighbour, give it me by all Means, for I promise my self to find in it a Treasure of Delight and a Mine of Recreation. There we have that valorous Knight *Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montaban*, with his Brother *Thomas of Montaban*, and the Knight *Fonseca*; the Combat of the valorous *Detriante* with

with the *Mastiff*; the dainty and witty Conceits of the Damsel *Plazerdemivida*, with the Loves and Guiles of the Widow *Reposada*; together with the Lady Empress, that was in Love with *Hippolito* her Gentleman-Usher. I vow and protest to you, Neighbour, continu'd he, that as for the Style there is not a better Book in the World. Why here your Knights eat and drink, sleep and die natural Deaths in their Beds, nay, and first make their last Wills and Testaments; with a World of other things, of which all the rest of these sort of Books don't say one Syllable. Yet after all I must tell you, that for wilfully taking the Pains to write so many foolish things, the worthy Author fairly deserves to be sent to the Gallies for all the Days of his Life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whether I have told the Truth or no. I believe you, reply'd the Barber; but what shall we do with all these smaller Books that are left? Certainly, reply'd the Curate, these cannot be Books of Knight-Errantry, they are too small; you'll find they are only Poets. And so opening one, it happen'd to be the *Diana of Montemayor*; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that Stamp) These do not deserve to be punish'd like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do that Mischief which those Stories of Chivalry have done, being generally ingenious Books that can do no Body any Prejudice. Oh! good Sir, cry'd the Niece, burn 'em with the rest I beseech you; for should my Uncle get cur'd of his Knight-Errant Frenzy, and berake himself to the Reading of these Books, we shou'd have him turn Shephard, and so wander thro' the Woods and Fields; nay, and what wou'd be worse yet, turn Poet, which they say is a catching and an



52     *The Life and Achievements*

incurable Disease. The Gentlewoman is in the Right, said the Curate, and it will not be amiss to remove that Stumbling-block out of our Friend's Way ; and since we began with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of Opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that Part of it which treats of the Magician *Felicia*, and the enchanted Water, as also all the longer Poems; and let the Work escape with its Prose, and the Honour of being the First of that Kind. Here's another *Diana*, quoth the Barber, the second of that Name, by *Salmantino* ; nay, and a third too, by *Gil Polo*. Pray, said the Curate, let *Salmantino* encrease the Number of the Criminals in the Yard ; but as for that by *Gil Polo*, preserve it as charitably as if *Apollo* himself had wrote it ; and go on as fast as you can I beseech you, good Neighbour, for it grows late. Here, quoth the Barber, I've a Book call'd the *Ten Books of the Fortune of Love*, written by *Anthony de Lofrasco*, a Sardinian Poet. Now by my Holy Orders, cry'd the Curate, I do not think, since *Apollo* was *Apollo*, the Muses Muses, and the Poets Poets, there was ever a more comical, more silly Book. Of all the Works of the Kind commend me to this, for in its Way 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was publish'd, and he that never read it, may safely think he never in his Life read any thing that was pleasant. Give it me, Neighbour, continu'd he, for I'm more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a Caslock of the best *Florence Prunella*. With that he laid it aside with extraordinary Satisfaction, and the Barber went on : These that follow, cry'd he, are *The Shephard of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Enares*, and *The Cure of Jealousy*. Take 'em Jaylor, quoth the Curate, and never ask me why, for then we shall

ne'e

ne'er have done, The next, said the Barber, is *The Shephard of Filida*. He's no Shephard, return'd the Curate, but a very discreet Courtier; keep him as a precious Jewel. There's a bigger, cry'd the Barber, call'd *The Treasure of divers Poems*. Had there been less of 'em, said the Curate, they wou'd have been more esteem'd. 'Tis fit the Book shou'd be prun'd, and clear'd of several Trifles that disgrace the rest. Keep it however, because the Author is my Friend, and for the Sake of his other more heroick and lofty Productions. Here's a Book of Songs by *Lopez Maldonado*, cry'd the Barber. He's also my particular Friend, said the Curate: His Verses are very well lik'd when he reads 'em himself; and his Voice is so excellent, that they charm us whenever he sings 'em. He seems indeed to be somewhat too long in his Eclogues; but can we ever have too much of a good thing? Let him be preserv'd among the best. What's the next Book? The *Galatea* of *Miguel de Cervantes*, reply'd the Barber. That *Cervantes* has been my intimate Acquaintance these many Years, cry'd the Curate; and I know he has been more conversant with Misfortunes than with Poetry. His Book indeed has I don't know what that looks like a good Design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: Therefore we must stay for the Second Part, which he has promis'd us; perhaps he may make us Amends, and obtain a full Pardon, which is now deny'd him for the present; till that Time keep him close Prisoner at your House. I will, quoth the Barber: But see, I have here three more for you, *The Auricana* of *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, *The Austriada* of *Juan Ruffo*, a Magistrate of *Cordoua*, and the *Monferrato* of *Christopher de Virves*, a *Valentian* Poet. These, cry'd the Curate, are the

## 54 *The Life and Achievements*

best heroick Poems we have in *Spanish*, and may vie with the most celebrated of *Italy*. Reserve 'em as the most valuable Performances which *Spain* has to boast of in Poetry.

At last the Curate grew so tir'd with prying into so many Volumes, that he order'd all the rest to be burnt at a Venture. But the Barber shew'd him one which he had open'd by Chance e'er the dreadful Sentence was pass'd. Truly, said the Curate, who saw by the Title 'twas *The Tears of Angelica*, I shou'd have wept my self, had I caus'd such a Book to share the Condemnation of the rest; for the Author was not only one of the best Poets in *Spain*, but in the whole World, and translated some of *Ovid's* Fables with extraordinary Success.

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C H A P. VII.

*Don Quixote's second Salley in Quest of Adventures.*

WHILE they were thus employ'd, Don Quixote in a raving Fit began to talk aloud to himself. Here, here, valorous Knights, cry'd he, now's the Time that you must exert the Strength of your mighty Arms; for, lo! the Courtiers bear away the Honour of the Tournament. This amazing Out-cry call'd away the Inquisitors from any further Examination of the Library; and therefore the House-keeper and the Niece being left to their own Discretion, 'tis thought *The Carolea*, and *Leo of Spain*, with the *Deeds of the Emperour*, written by Don Lewis d'Avila, which to be sure were Part of the Collection, were committed to the Flames unseen and unheard, without any legal Tryal; a Fate which perhaps they might have escap'd, had the Curate been there to have weigh'd what might have been urg'd in their Defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's Chamber, they found him risen out of the Bed as mad as ever he was, tearing his Throat, and making a heavy Bustle, laying about him with his Sword back-stroke and fore-stroke, as broad awake as if he had never slept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their Arms, and carry'd him to Bed again by main Force; where, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the Curate,

## 36 *The Life and Achievements*

certainly, cry'd he, my Lord Archbishop *Turpin*, 'tis a great Dishonour to us who are call'd the Twelve Peers, to suffer the Knights of the Court to bear away the Honour of the Tournament without any further Opposition, after we the Knight Adventurers had carry'd it for three Days before. Be pacify'd my good Friend, reply'd the Curate; Fortune may have yet better Success in Reserve for you, and they who lose to Day may win to Morrow: At present think on your Health, for doubtless you must needs be now extremely tir'd, if not very much wounded. Wounded! reply'd Don *Quixote*, No; but as for being bruise'd I will not deny it, for that base-born Knight Don *Orlando* has batter'd all my Limbs with the Trunk of an Oak, out of meer Envy, because he sees that I only dare rival his Exploits: But may I no more be call'd *Rinaldo of Montalban*, if, in spite of all his Inchantments, I do not make him feverely pay for this as soon as I can leave my Bed; and therefore let my Dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want most at this Juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this Abuse. Accordingly they brought him some Viſtuals, which when he had eaten he fell asleep again, and they left him, all of them strangely amaz'd at his uncommon Madness. That Night the House-keeper burnt all the Books, not only those in the Yard, but all those that were in the House; and several suffer'd in the general Calamity, that deserv'd to have been treasur'd up in everlasting Archives, had not their Fate and the Remissness of the Inquisitor prevented it. And thus they made good the Proverb, *That the Good often fare the worse for the Bad.*

One of the Expedients which the Curate and the Barber bethought themselves of, in order to their



their Friend's Recovery, was to stop up the Door of the Room where his Books lay, that he might not find it, nor miss them when he rose; for they hop'd the Effect would cease when they had taken away the Cause; and they order'd, that if he enquir'd about it, they shou'd tell him that a certain Inchanter had carry'd away Study, Books, and all. Two Days after, Don *Quixote* being got up, the first thing he did was to go visit his darling Books; and as he could not find the Study in the Place where he had left it, he went up and down and look'd for it in every Room. Sometimes he came to the Place where the Door us'd to stand, and then stood feeling and groping about a good while, then cast his Eyes and star'd on every Side, without speaking a Word. At last, after a long Deliberation, he thought fit to ask his House-keeper which was the Way to his Study? What Study, (answer'd the Woman, according to her Instructions) or rather, what Nothing is it you look for? Alas! here's neither Study nor Books in the House now, for the Devil is run away with them all. No, 'twas not the Devil, said the Niece, but a Conjuror or an Inchanter, as they call 'em, who, since you went, came hither one Night mounted on a Dragon o'th' Top of a Cloud, and then alighting, went into your Study, where what he did he and the Devil best can tell, for he went out a while after, and flew out at the Roof of the House, leaving it all in a Smoak; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the Books, nor so much as the very Study; only the House-keeper and I very well remember, that as the wicked old Man was going away he cry'd out aloud, That out of a private Grudge which he bore in his Mind to the Owner of those Books, he had

done the House a Mischief, as we shou'd soon perceive ; and then I think he call'd himself the Sage *Muniaton*. Not *Muniaton*, but *Freston* you shou'd have said, cry'd Don *Quixote*. Truly, quoth the Niece, I can't tell whether 'twas *Freston* or *Friston*, but sure I am his Name ended with a *Ton*. 'Tis so, return'd Don *Quixote*, for he is a famous Necromancer, and my mortal Enemy, and bears me a great deal of Malice ; for seeing by his Art, that in spite of all his Spells, in Process of Time I shall fight and vanquish in single Combat a Knight whose Interest he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all Manner of Mischief ; but I dare assure him that he strives against the Stream, nor can his Power reverse the first Decrees of Fate. Who doubts of that ? cry'd the Niece ; but, dear Uncle, what makes you run your self into these Quarrels ? Had not you better stay at home and live in Peace and Quietness, than go rambling up and down like a Vagabond, and seeking for better Bread than is made of Wheat, without once so much as considering, That many go to seek Wooll, and come home shorn themselves ? Oh good Niece, reply'd Don *Quixote*, how ill thou understandest these Matters ! Know, that before I'll suffer my self to be shorn, I'll tear and pluck off the Beards of all those audacious Mortals that shall but attempt to prophane the Tip of one single Hair within the Verge of these Mustachio's. To this neither the Niece nor the Governess thought fit to make any Reply, for they perceiv'd the Knight began to grow angry. Full fifteen Days did our Knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least Sign of his Desire to renew his Rambling ; during which Time there pass'd a great deal of pleasant Discourse between him and his two Friends the Curate

Curate and the Barber ; while he maintain'd that there was nothing the World stood so much in need of as Knights-Errants, wherefore he was resolv'd to revive the Order : In which Disputes Mr. Curate sometimes contradicted him , and sometimes submitted ; for had he not now and then given Way to his Fancies, there wou'd have been no conversing with him.

In the mean Time Don *Quixote* earnestly solicited one of his Neighbours, an Husbandman, and a good honest Fellow, if we may call a poor Man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in Purse and poor in Brains ; and, in short, the Knight talk'd so long to him. ply'd him with so many Arguments, and made him so many fair Promises, that at last the poor silly Clown consented to go along with him, and become his Squire. Among other Inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don *Quixote* forgot not to tell him, that 'twas likely such an Adventure wou'd present it self, as might secure him the Conquest of some Island, in the Time that he might be picking up a Straw or two, and then the Squire might promise himself to be made Governour of the Place. Allur'd with these large Promises, and many others, *Sancho Pança* (for that was the Name of the Fellow) forsook his Wife and Children, to be his Neighbour's Squire.

This done, Don *Quixote* made it his Business to furnish himself with Money ; to which Purpose, selling one House, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good Sum together. He also borrow'd a Target of a Friend, and having patch'd up his Head-piece and Beaver as well as he could, he gave his Squire Notice of the Day and Hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought

## 60 *The Life and Achievements*

thought necessary ; but above all he charg'd him to provide himself with a Wallet ; which *Sancho* promis'd to do, telling him he wou'd also take his Ass along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great Ease to him, for he was not us'd to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the Ass made the noble Knight pause a while ; he mus'd and ponder'd whether he had ever read of any Knight-Errant whose Squire us'd to ride upon an Ass, but he could not remember any Precedent for it. However he gave him Leave at last to bring his Ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first Opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous Knight he should meet. He also furnish'd himself with Shirts, and as many other Necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the Inn-keeper's Injunctions. Which being done, *Sancho Pança*, without bidding either his Wife or Children good-b'y, and *Don Quixote*, without taking any more Notice of his House-keeper or of his Niece, stole out of the Village one Night, not so much as suspected by any Body, and made such haste, that by break of Day they thought themselves out of Reach should they happen to be pursu'd. As for *Sancho Pança*, he rode like a Patriarch, with his Canvas Knap-sack or Wallet, and his Leathern Bottle, having a huge Desire to see himself Governour of the Island which his Master had promis'd him.

*Don Quixote* happen'd to strike into the same Road which he took the Time before, that is, the Plains of *Montiel*, over which he travell'd with less Inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the Morning ; at which Time the Sun beams being almost parallel to the Surface of the Earth, and not directly darted down, as in the Middle of the Day, did not prove

so offensive. As they jogg'd on, I beseech your Worship, Sir Knight-Errant, quoth *Sancho* to his Master, be sure you don't forget what you promis'd me about the Island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big. You must know Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that it has been the constant Practice of Knight-Errants in former Ages, to make their Squires Governours of the Islands or Kingdoms they conquer'd; now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable Custom, but even to improve it, and out-do my Predecessors in Generosity: For whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other Knights delay'd rewarding their Squires till they were grown old, and worn out with Service, bad Days, worse Nights, and all Manner of hard Duty, and then put them off with some Title, either of Count, or at least Marquess of some Valley, or Province, of great or small Extent; now if thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have pass'd six Days together I may conquer some Kingdom, having many other Kingdoms annex'd to its Imperial Crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee, for then would I presently crown thee King of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty Matter; for so strange Accidents, and Revolutions so sudden and so unforeseen attend the Profession of Chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promis'd. Why, should this come to pass, quoth *Sancho Pança*, and I be made a King by some such like Miracle as your Worship says, then happy be lucky; wou'd our *Joan Gutierrez* be at least a Queen, and my Children Infanta's and Princes, an't like your Worship? Who doubts of that? cry'd Don *Quixote*: I doubt of it, reply'd *Sancho Pança*; for I can't



## 62 *The Life and Atchievements*

can't help believing, that though it shou'd rain Kingdoms down upon the Face of the Earth, not one of them would fit well upon *Joan Gutierrez's* Head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two Brass Jacks to make a Queen of: No, Countess would be better for her, an't please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomly manage. Recommend the Matter to Providence, return'd Don *Quixote*, 'twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferiour Thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the Dignity of a Vice-Roy. No more, I won't Sir, quoth *Sancho*, especially since I have so rare a Master as your Worship, who will take Care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.

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CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

*Of the good Success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and never-to-be-imagin'd Adventure of the Wind-mills ; with other Transactions worthy to be transmitted to Posterity.*

AS they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty Wind-mills that are in that Plain ; and as soon as the Knight had spy'd them, Fortune, cry'd he, directs our Affairs better than we our selves could have wish'd : Look yonder, Friend *Sancho*, there are at least thirty outrageous Giants, whom I intend to encounter ; and having depriv'd them of Life, we will begin to enrich our selves with their Spoils : For they are lawful Prize, and the Extirpation of that cursed Brood will be an acceptable Service to Heaven. What Giants ? quoth *Sancho Pança*. Those whom thou see'st yonder, answer'd Don *Quixote*, with their long extended Arms ; some of that detested Race have Arms of so immense a Size, that sometimes they reach two Leagues in Length. Pray look better Sir, quoth *Sancho* ; those things yonder are no Giants, but Wind-mills, and the Arms you fancy are their Sails, which being whirl'd about by the Wind make the Mill go. 'Tis a Sign, cry'd Don *Quixote*, thou art but little acquainted with Adventures ! I tell thee they are Giants ; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside  
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64 *The Life and Atchievements*

and say thy Prayers, for I am resolv'd to engage in a dreadful unequal Combat against them all. This said, he clap'd Spurs to his Horse *Rozinante*, without giving Ear to his Squire *Sancho*, who bawl'd out to him, and assur'd him that they were Wind-mills and no Giants. But he was so fully possess'd with a strong Conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his Squire's Out-cry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them. Far from that, Stand Cowards, cry'd he as loud as he could; stand your Ground, ignoble Creatures, and fly not basely from a single Knight who dares encounter you all. At the same Time the Wind rising, the Mill-Sails began to move, which when *Don Quixote* spy'd, Base Miscreants, cry'd he, tho' you move more Arms than the Giant *Briareus*, you shall pay for your Arrogance. He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady *Dulcinea*, imploring her Assistance in this perillous Adventure; and so covering himself with his Shield, and couching his Lance, he rush'd with *Rozinante's* utmost Speed upon the first Wind-mill he could come at, and running his Lance into the Sail, the Wind whirl'd it about with such Swift-ness, that the Rapidity of the Motion presently broke the Lance into Shivers, and hurl'd away both Knight and Horse along with it, till down he fell rolling a good Way off in the Field. *Sancho Pança* ran as fast as his Asfs could drive to help his Master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a Blow he and *Rozinante* had receiv'd. Mercy o'me, cry'd *Sancho*, did not I give your Worship fair Warning? Did not I tell you they were Wind-mills, and that no Body could think otherwise, unless he had also Wind-mills in his Head? Peace Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*: There is no-  
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*Don Quixote's  
Encounter with the Windmills. page 62*



thing so subject to the Inconstancy of Fortune as War. I am verily perswaded that cursed Necromancer *Freston*, who carry'd away my Study and my Books, has transform'd these Giants into Wind-mills, to deprive me of the Honour of the Victory ; such is his inveterate Malice against me : But in the End, all his pernicious Wiles and Stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing Edge of my Sword. *Amen* say I, reply'd *Sancho* ; and so heaving him up again upon his Legs, once more the Knight mounted poor *Rozinante*, that was half Shoulder-slipp'd with his Fall.

This Adventure was the Subject of their Discourse, as they made the best of their Way towards the Pass of *Lapice* ; for Don *Quixote* took that Road, believing he could not miss of Adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the Loss of his Lance was no small Affliction to him ; and as he was making his Complaint about it to his Squire, I have read, said he, Friend *Sancho*, that a certain Spanish Knight, whose Name was *Diego Perez de Vargas*, having broken his Sword in the Heat of an Engagement, tore down an huge massy Branch of an Oak, and did such wonderful Execution, crushing and grinding so many *Moors* with it that Day, that he won himself and his Posterity the Sirname of † *the Grinder*. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear down from the next Oak we meet a Branch as good as that at least ; with which I hope to perform such wondrous Deeds, that thou wilt esteem thy self particularly happy in having had the Honour to behold them, and been the ocular Witness of Atchievements which Posterity will scarce be

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† *Machuca*.

## 66 *The Life and Atchievements*

able to believe. Heaven grant you may, cry'd *Sancho*: I believe it all, because your Worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your Saddle; you ride sideling methinks, but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the Fall. It does so, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and if I do not complain of the Pain, 'tis because a Knight-Errant must never complain of his Wounds, though his Bowels were dropping out through 'em. Then I've no more to say, quoth *Sancho*; and yet, Heaven knows my Heart, I shou'd be glad to hear your Worship hone a little now and then when something ails you. *Don Quixote* could not forbear smiling at the Simplicity of his Squire; and told him, he gave him Leave to complain not only when he pleas'd, but as much as he pleas'd, whether he had any Cause or no; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in any Books of Chivalry. *Sancho* desir'd him however to consider that 'twas high Time to go to Dinner; but his Master answer'd him, that he might eat whenever he pleas'd, as for himself he was not yet dispos'd to do it. *Sancho* having thus obtain'd Leave, fix'd himself as orderly as he cou'd upon his Ass; and taking some Victuals out of his Wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his Master; and ever and anon he lifted his Bottle to his Nose, and fetch'd such hearty Pulls, that 'twou'd have made the best pamper'd Vintner in *Malaga* adry to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his Master's great Promises; and was so far from esteeming it a Trouble to travel in quest of Adventures, that he fancy'd it to be the greatest Pleasure in the World though they were never so dreadful.

In fine, they pass'd that Night under some Trees ; from one of which Don *Quixote* tore a wither'd Branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a Lance, and to this he fixt the Head or Spear of his broken Lance. But he did not sleep all that Night, keeping his Thoughts intent on his dear *Dulcinea*, in Imitation of what he had read in Books of Chivalry, where the Knights pass that Time without Sleep in Forests and Desarts, wholly taken up with the entertaining Thoughts of their absent Mistresses. As for *Sancho*, he did not spend the Night at that idle Rate, for having his Paunch well stuffed with something more than Wind, he made but one Nap of it ; and had not his Master wak'd him, neither the sprightly Beams which the Sun darted on his Face, nor the Melody of the Birds, that chearfully on every Branch welcom'd the smiling Morn, wou'd have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his Eye-sight, he took two or three long-winded Swigs at his friendly Bottle for a Morning's Draught : But he found it somewhat lighter than it was the Night before ; which Misfortune went to his very Heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a Way to cure it of that Distemper as soon as he cou'd have wish'd. On the other Side, Don *Quixote* wou'd not break Fast, having been feasting all Night on the more delicate and savoury Thoughts of his Mistress ; and therefore they went on directly towards the Pass of *Lapice*, which they discover'd about three a Clock. When they came near it, Here it is Brother *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, that we may wanton, and as it were thrust our Arms up to the very Elbows in that which we call Adventures. But let me give thee one necessary Caution ; Know, that tho' thou should'st see me in the greatest Extremity



## 68 *The Life and Atchievements*

ty of Danger, thou must not offer to draw thy Sword in my Defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base Plebeians and vile Scoundrels, for in such a Case thou may'st assist thy Master : But if those with whom I am fighting are Knights, thou must not do it; for the Laws of Chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a Knight, till thou art one thy self. Never fear, quoth *Sancho* ; I'll be sure to obey your Worship in that I'll warrant you ; for I've ever lov'd Peace and Quietness, and never car'd to thrust my self into Frays and Quarrels: And yet I don't care to take Blows at any one's Hands neither ; and shou'd any Knight offer to set upon me first, I fancy I shou'd hardly mind your Laws ; for all Laws, whether of God or Man, allow one to stand in his own Defence if any offer to do him a Mischief. I agree to that, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; but as for helping me against any Knights, thou must set Bounds to thy natural Impulses. I'll be sure to do it, quoth *Sancho* ; ne'er trust me if I don't keep your Commandment as well as I do the Sabbath.

As they were talking, they spy'd coming towards them two Monks of the Order of *St. Benedict* mounted on two Dromedaries, for the Mules on which they rode were so high and stately that they seem'd little less. They wore Riding-Masks, with Glasses at the Eyes, against the Dust, and Umbrella's to shelter them from the Sun. After them came a Coach, with four or five Men on Horse-back, and two Muleteers on Foot. There prov'd to be in the Coach a *Biscayan* Lady, who was going to *Sevill* to meet her Husband, that was there in order to embark for the *Indies*, to take Possession of a considerable Post. Scarce had Don *Quixote* perceiv'd the Monks, who were not of the same Company though they went the same Way,

Way, but he cry'd to his Squire, either I am deceiv'd, or this will prove the most famous Adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be some Necromancers, that are carrying away by Force some Princess in that Coach; and 'tis my Duty to prevent so great an Injury. I fear me this will prove a worse Job than the Wind-mills, quoth *Sancho*. 'Slife Sir, don't you see these are *Benedictin* Fryars, and 'tis likely the Coach belongs to some Travellers that are in't: Therefore once more take Warning, and don't you be led away by the Devil. I have already told thee *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, thou art miserably ignorant in Matters of Adventures. What I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently. This said, he spurr'd on his Horse, and posted himself just in the Midst of the Road where the Monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, Curst Implements of Hell, cry'd he in a loud and haughty Tone, immediately release those high-born Princesses whom you are violently conveying away in the Coach, or else prepare to meet with instant Death, as the just Punishment of your pernicious Deeds. The Monks stopp'd their Mules, no less astonish'd at the Figure, than at the Expressions of the Speaker. Sir Knight, cry'd they, we are no such Persons as you are pleas'd to term us, but religious Men, of the Order of *St. Benedict*, that travel about our Affairs; and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any Princesses carry'd away by Force in that Coach. I'm not to be deceiv'd with fair Words, reply'd Don *Quixote*; I know you well enough perfidious Caitiffs; and immediately, without expecting their Reply, he set Spurs to *Rozinante*, and ran so furiously, with his Lance couch'd,

couch'd, against the first Monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself off to the Ground, the Knight would certainly have laid him either dead or grievously wounded. The other observing the discourteous Usage of his Companion, clapp'd his Heels to his over-grown Mule's Flanks, and scour'd o'er the Plain as if he had been running a Race with the Wind. *Sancho Pança* no sooner saw the Monk fall, but he nimbly skipp'd off his Ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately. But then the two Muleteers who waited on the Monks came up to him, and ask'd why he offer'd to strip him? *Sancho* told them that this belong'd to him as lawful Plunder, being the Spoils won in Battle by his Lord and Master *Don Quixote*. The Fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his Spoils and Battle, and seeing *Don Quixote* at a good Distance in deep Discourse by the Side of the Coach, fell both upon poor *Sancho*, threw him down, tore his Beard from his Chin, trampled on his Guts, thump'd and maul'd him in every Part of his Carcass, and there left him sprawling without Breath or Motion. In the mean while the Monk, scar'd out of his Wits, and as pale as a Ghost, got upon his Mule again as fast as he cou'd, and spurr'd after his Friend, who staid for him at a Distance expecting the Issue of this strange Adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the End of it, they made the best of their Way, making more Signs of the Cross than if the Devil had been posting after them.

*Don Quixote*, as I said, was all that while engaged with the Ladies in the Coach. Lady, cry'd he, your Discretion is now at Liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous Arrogance of those who attempted to  
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of the renown'd Don Quixote. 71

inlave your Person lies prostrate in the Dust, overthrown by this my strenuous Arm: And that you may not be at a Loss for the Name of your Deliverer, know I am call'd Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, by Profession a Knight-Errant and Adventurer, Captive to that peerless Beauty Donna *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Nor do I desire any other Recompence for the Service I have done you, but that you return to *Toboso* to present your selves to that Lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your Deliverance. To this extravagant Talk, a certain *Biscayan* Squire, Gentleman-Usher, or what you'll please to call him, who rode along with the Coach, listen'd with great Attention; and perceiving that Don *Quixote* not only stopp'd the Coach, but would have it presently go back to *Toboso*, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold on his Lance, *Get gone*, cry'd he to him in bad *Spanish* and worse *Biscayan*, *Get gone thou Knight, and Devil go with thou; or by he who me create, if thou do not leave the Coach, me kill thee now so sure as me be Biscayan*. Don *Quixote*, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this Answer: *Wer't thou a Knight or Gentleman, \* as thou art not, e'er this I would have chastiz'd thy Insolence and Temerity, thou inconsiderable Mortal. What! me no Gentleman?* reply'd the *Biscayan*; *I swear thou be Liar, as me be Christian. If thou throw away Lance and draw Sword, me will make no more of thee than Cat does of Mouse. Me will shew thee me be Biscayan, and Gentleman by Land, Gentleman by Sea, Gentleman in spite of Devil; and thou lie*

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\* *Cavallero in Spanish signifies a Gentleman as well as a Knight.*

if thou say contrary. I'll try Titles with you, as the Man said, reply'd Don *Quixote*; and with that throwing away his Lance, he drew his Sword, grasp'd his Target, and attack'd the *Biscayan*, fully bent on his Destruction. The *Biscayan* seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his Mule, which was one of those scurvy Jades that are let out to Hire; but all he had Time to do was only to draw his Sword, and snatch a Cushion out of the Coach to serve him instead of a Shield; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the Fury of mortal Enemies. The By-standers did all they could to prevent their Fighting; but 'twas in vain, for the *Biscayan* swore in his Gibberish he would kill his very Mistress, and all those who presum'd to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The Lady in the Coach being extremely affrighted at these Passages, made her Coach man drive out of Harm's-way, and at a Distance was an Eye-witness of the furious Combat. At the same Time the *Biscayan* let fall such a mighty Blow on Don *Quixote*'s Shoulder over his Target, that had not his Armour been Sword-proof he would have cleft him down to the very Waste. The Knight feeling the Weight of that unmeasurable Blow, cry'd out aloud, Oh! Lady of my Soul, *Dulcinea*! Flower of all Beauty, vouchsafe to succour your Champion in this dangerous Combat, undertaken to set forth your Worth. The breathing out of this short Prayer, the griping fast of his Sword, the covering of himself with his Shield, and the charging of his Enemy, was but the Work of a Moment; for Don *Quixote* was resolv'd to venture the Fortune of the Combat all upon one Blow. The *Biscayan*, who read his Design in his dreadful Countenance, resolved



solv'd to face him with equal Bravery, and stand the terrible Shock, cover'd with the Cushion, not being able to manage his jaded Mule, who defying the Spur, and all other Provocations, wou'd move neither to the Right nor to the Left. While Don Quixote, with his Sword aloft, was rushing upon the wary *Biscayan*, with a full Resolution to cleave him asunder; all the Spectators stood trembling with Terroure and Amazement, expecting the dreadful Event of those prodigious Blows which threaten'd the two desperate Combatants: The Lady in the Coach, with her Women, were making a thousand Vows and Offerings to all the Places of Devotion in *Spain*, that Providence might deliver them and the Squire out of the great Danger that threaten'd them.

But here we must deplore the abrupt End of this History, which the Author leaves off just at the very Point when the Fortune of the Battle is going to be decided, pretending that he could find nothing more recorded of Don Quixote's wondrous Atchievements than what he had already related. However the second Undertaker of this Work could not believe, that so curious a History could lie for ever inevitably buried in Oblivion; or that the Learned of *La Mancha* were so regardless of their Country's Glory, as not to preserve in their Archives, or at least in their Closets, some Memoirs as Monuments of this famous Knight; and therefore he would not give over enquiring after the Continuation of this pleasant History till at last he happily found it, as the next Book will inform the Reader.

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THE  
Life and Atchievements  
Of the Renowned  
*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

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PART I.

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BOOK II.

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CHAP. I.



*The Event of the most stupendious Combat between the brave Biscayan and the valorous Don Quixote.*

**I**N the first Book of this History we left the valiant *Biscayan* and the renowned *Don Quixote* with their Swords lifted up, and ready to let fall  
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76 *The Life and Attchievements*

on each other two furious and most terrible Blows, which had they fall'n directly, and met with no Opposition, would have cut and divided the two Combatants from Head to Heel, and have split 'em like a Pomgranate: But, as I said before, the Story remain'd imperfect; neither did the Author inform us where we might find the remaining Part of the Relation. This vex'd me extremely, and turn'd the Pleasure which the Perusal of the Beginning had afforded me into Disgust, when I had Reason to despair of ever seeing the rest. Yet, after all, it seem'd to me no less impossible than unjust, that so valiant a Knight shou'd have been destitute of some learned Person to record his incomparable Exploits; a Misfortune which never attended any of his Predecessors, I mean the Knights-Adventurers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned Men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous Deeds, but also to set down their trivial Thoughts, were they never so hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that so worthy a Knight should be so unfortunate, as to want that which has been so profusely lavish'd even on such a one as *Platyr*, and others of that Stamp; I cou'd not induce my self to believe that so admirable a History was ever left unfinish'd, and rather chose to think that Time, the Devourer of all things, had either hid or consum'd it. On the other Side, when I consider'd that several modern Books were found in his Study, as *The Cure of Jealousy*, and *The Nymphs and Shephards of Henares*, I had Reason to think that the History of our Knight could be of no very ancient Date; and that, had it never been continu'd, yet his Neighbours and Friends could not have forgot the most remarkable Passages of his Life. Full of this Imagination,

tion, I resolv'd to make it my Business to make a particular and exact Enquiry into the Life and Miracles of our renown'd Spaniard Don Quixote, that refulgent Glory and Mirrour, of the Knight-hood of *La Mancha*, and the first who in these deprav'd and miserable Times devoted himself to the neglected Profession of Knight-Errantry, to redress Wrongs and Injuries, to relieve Widows, and defend the Honour of Damsels; such of them I mean, who in former Ages rode up and down with Whip in Hand, mounted on their Palfreys, with all their Virginity about them, secure from all Manner of Danger, and who, unless they happen'd to be ravish'd by some boistrous Villain or huge Giant, were sure, at fourscore Years of Age, (all which Time they never slept one Night under a Roof) to be decently laid in their Graves, as pure Virgins as the Mothers that bore 'em. For this Reason and many others, I say, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy everlasting and universal Praise: Nor ought I to be deny'd my due Commendation for my indefatigable Care and Diligence, in seeking and finding out the Continuation of this delightful History; though after all I must confess, that had not Providence, Chance, or Fortune, as I will now inform you, assisted me in the Discovery, the World had been depriv'd of two Hour's Diversion and Pleasure, which 'tis likely to afford to those who will read it with Attention.

One Day, being in the *Alcana* at *Toledo*, I saw a young Lad offer to sell a Parcel of old written Papers to a Groom. Now I being apt to take up the least Piece of written or printed Papers that lies in my Way, though 'twere in the Middle of the Street, cou'd not forbear laying my Hands on one of the Quires to see what it was, and I



## 78 *The Life and Atchievements*

found it to be written in *Arabick*, which I could not read. This made me look about to see whether I could find e'er a *Moorish* Rabbi to read it for me, and give me some Account of it ; nor was it very difficult to meet with an Interpreter there, for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient Tongue, that Place would have infallibly supply'd me. 'Twas my good Fortune to find one immediately ; and having inform'd him of my Desire, he no sooner read some Lines but he began to laugh. I ask'd him what he laugh'd at ? At a certain Remark here in the Margin of the Book, said he. I pray'd him to explain it ; whereupon, still laughing, he did it in these Words: *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mention'd in this History, is said to have had the best Hand at Salting of Pork of any Woman in all La Mancha.* I was surpriz'd when I heard him name *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and presently imagin'd that those old Papers contain'd the History of Don *Quixote*. This made me press him to read the Title of the Book ; which he did, turning it thus *extempore* out of *Arabick* ; *The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha ; written by Cid Hamet Benengely, an Arabian Historiographer.* I was so over-joy'd when I heard the Title, that I had much ado to conceal it ; and presently taking the Bargain out of the Groom's Hand, I agreed with the young Man for the Whole, and bought that for half a *Real* which he might have sold me for twenty times as much, had he but guess'd at the Eagerness of his Chapman. I immediately withdrew with my Purchase to the Cloister of the great Church, taking the *Moor* with me ; and desir'd him to translate me all those Papers that treated of Don *Quixote* without adding or omitting the least Word, offering him any reasonable Satisfaction. He ask'd me but two

\* *Arrobes*

\* *Arrobes* of Raisins and two Bushels of Wheat, and promis'd me to do it faithfully with all Expedition: In short, for the quicker Dispatch and the greater Security, being unwilling to let such a lucky Prize go out of my Hands, I took the Moor to my own House where in less than six Weeks he finish'd the whole Translation.

Don Quixote's Fight with the *Biscayan* was exactly drawn on one of the Leaves of the first Quire in the same Posture as we left them, with their Swords lifted up over their Heads, the one guarding himself with his Shield, the other with his Cushion. The *Biscayan's* Mule was pictur'd so to the Life, that with half an Eye you might have known it to be an hir'd Mule. Under the *Biscayan* was written Don Sancho de *Aspetia*, and under *Rozinante* Don Quixote. *Rozinante* was so admirably delineated, so slim, so stiff, so lank, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a Ridge-bone, and altogether so like one wasted with an incurable Consumption, that any one must have owned at first Sight that no Horse ever better deserv'd that Name. Not far off stood Sancho † *Pança* holding his Ass by the Halter; at whose Feet there was a Scroll, in which was written Sancho (\*) *Cancas*: And if we may judge of him by his Picture, he was thick and short, paunch-belly'd and long-haunch'd; so that in all Likelihood for this Reason he is sometimes call'd *Pança* and sometimes *Cancas* in the History. There were some other Nicities to be seen in that Piece, but hardly worth Observation, as not giving any Light

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\* An Arroba is about 32 lb. Weight.

† Paunch.

(\*) Haunches, or rather Thigh-bones.

80 *The Life and Achievements*

into this true History, otherwise they had not pass'd unmention'd; for none can be amiss so they be authentick. I must only acquaint the Reader, that if any Objection is to be made as to the Veracity of this, 'tis only that the Author is an *Arabian*, and those of that Country are not a little addicted to lying: But yet, if we consider that they are our Enemies, we shou'd sooner imagine that the Author has rather suppress'd the Truth, than added to the real Worth of our Knight; and I am the more inclinable to think so, because 'tis plain that where he ought to have enlarg'd on his Praises, he maliciously chuses to be silent; a Proceeding unworthy of an Historian, who ought to be exact, sincere, and impartial; free from Passion, and not to be bias'd either by Interest, Fear, Resentment, or Affection to deviate from Truth, which is the Mother of History, the Preserver and Eternizer of great Actions, the professed Enemy of Oblivion, the Witness of things pass'd, and the Director of future Times. As for this History, I know 'twill afford you as great Variety as you cou'd wish in the most entertaining Manner; and if in any Point it falls short of your Expectation, I am of Opinion 'tis more the Fault of the unworthy Author than the Subject: And so let us come to the Second Book, which, according to our Translation, began in this Manner.

Such were the bold and formidable Looks of the two enrag'd Combatants, that with up-lifted Arms, and with destructive Steel, they seem'd to threaten Heaven, Earth, and the infernal Mansions; while the Spectators seem'd wholly lost in Fear and Astonishment. The cholerick *Biscayan* discharg'd the first Blow, and that with such a Force, and so desperate a Fury, that had not his  
Sword

Sword turn'd in his Hand, that single Stroke had put an End to the dreadful Combat, and all our Knight's Adventures. But Fate, that reserv'd him for greater things, so order'd it, that his Enemy's Sword turn'd in such a Manner, that tho' it struck him on the left Shoulder, it did him no other Hurt than to disarm that Side of his Head, carrying away with it a great Part of his Helmet and one Half of his Ear, which like a dreadful Ruin fell together to the Ground. Assist me ye Powers! But 'tis in vain: The Fury which then engross'd the Breast of our Hero of *La Mancha* is not to be express'd; Words wou'd but wrong it, for what Colour of Speech can be lively enough to give but a slight Sketch or faint Image of his unutterable Rage? Exerting all his Valour, he rais'd himself upon his Stirrups, and seem'd even greater than himself; and at the same Instant griping his Sword fast with both Hands, he discharg'd such a tremendous Blow full on the *Biscayan's* Cushion and his Head, that in spite of so good a Defence, as if a whole Mountain had fallen upon him, the Blood gush'd out at his Mouth, Nose, and Ears all at once; and he totter'd so in his Saddle, that he had fallen to the Ground immediately had he not caught hold of the Neck of his Mule: But the dull Beast it self being rous'd out of its Stupidity with that terrible Blow, began to run about the Fields; and the *Biscayan*, having lost his Stirrups and his Hold, with two or three Winces the Mule shook him off, and threw him on the Ground. Don *Quixote* beheld the Disaster of his Foe with the greatest Tranquility and Unconcern imaginable; and seeing him down, slipp'd nimbly from his Saddle, and running to him, set the Point of his Sword to his Throat, and bid him yield, or he would cut off his Head.

## 82    *The Life and Atchievements*

The *Biscayan* was so stunn'd that he could make him no Reply ; so that Don *Quixote* had certainly made good his Threats, had not the Ladies in the Coach, who with great Uneasiness and Fear had beheld these sad Transactions, hasten'd to beseech Don *Quixote* very earnestly to spare his Life. Truly, beautiful Ladies, said the victorious Knight with a great deal of Loftiness and Gravity, I am willing to grant your Request ; but upon Condition that this same Knight shall pass his Word of Honour to go to *Toboso*, and there present himself in my Name before the peerless Lady *Donna Dulcinea*, that she may dispose of him as she shall see convenient. The Lady, who was frighted almost out of her Senses, without considering what Don *Quixote* enjoyn'd, or enquiring who the Lady *Dulcinea* was, promis'd in her Squire's Behalf a punctual Obedience to the Knight's Commands. Let him live then, reply'd Don *Quixote*, upon your Word, and owe to your Intercession that Pardon which I might justly deny his Arrogance.



C H A P. II.

*What farther befell Don Quixote with the Biscayan ; and of the Danger he ran among a Parcel of Jangueffians.*

**S***Ancho Pança* was got up again before this, not much the better for the Kicks and Thumps bettow'd on his Carcass by the Monk's Grooms ; and seeing his Master engag'd in Fight, he went devoutly to Prayers, beseeching Heaven to grant him Victory, and that he might now win some Island, in order to his being made Governour of it according to his Promise. At last, perceiving the Danger was over, the Combat at an End, and his Master ready to mount again, he ran in all Haste to help him ; but e'er the Knight put his Foot in the Stirrup, *Sancho* fell on his Knees before him, and kissing his Hand, An't please your Worship, cry'd he, my good Lord Don *Quixote*, I beseech you make me Governour of the Island you have won in this dreadful and bloody Fight ; for tho' it were never so great, I find my self able to govern it as well as the best He that ever went about to govern an Island in this World. Brother *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, these are no Adventures of Islands ; these are only Rencounters on the Road, where little is to be got besides a broken Head or the Loss of an Ear: Therefore have Patience, and some Adventure will offer ic  
self,

elf, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a Government, but even to something more considerable. *Sancho* gave him a World of Thanks; and having once more kiss'd his Hand, and the Skirts of his Coat of Armour, he help'd him to get upon *Rozinante*; and then leaping on his Ass, he follow'd the Hero, who, without taking Leave of those in the Coach, put on a good round Pace, and rode into a Wood that was not far off. *Sancho* made after him as fast as his Ass wou'd trot; but finding that *Rozinante* was like to leave him behind, he was forc'd to call to his Master to stay for him. *Don Quixote* accordingly check'd his Horse, and soon gave *Sancho* Leisure to overtake him. Methinks, Sir, said the fearful Squire as soon as he came up with him, it won't be amiss for us to betake our selves to some Church to get out of Harm's-way; for if that same Man whom you've fought with should do otherwise than well, I dare lay my Life they'll get a Warrant from the holy Brotherhood, and have us taken up; which if they do, on my Word 'twill go hard with us e'er we can get out of their Clutches. Hold thy Tongue, cry'd *Don Quixote*: Where didst thou ever read, or find, that a Knight-Er-rant was ever brought before any Judge for the Homicides which he committed? I can't tell what you mean by your *Homilies*, reply'd *Sancho*; I don't know that ever I saw one in my born Days, not I: But well I wot, That the Law lays hold on those that goes to murder one another in the Fields; and as for your what d'ye call'em, I've nothing to say to 'em. Then be not afraid, good *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*; for I would deliver thee out of the Hands of the *Chaldeans*, and with much more Ease out of those of the holy Brotherhood. But, come tell me truly, dost thou believe

believe that the whole World can boast of another Knight that may pretend to rival me in Valour? Didst thou ever read in History, that any other ever shew'd more Resolution to undertake, more Vigour to attack, more Breath to hold out, more Dexterity and Activity to strike, and more Art and Force to overthrow his Enemies? Not I, by my Troth, reply'd *Sancho*, for I never cou'd read nor write; but that which I dare wager is, That I never in my Life serv'd a bolder Master than your Worship; pray Heaven this same Boldness may'nt bring us to what I bid you beware of: All I've to put you in Mind of now is, that you get your Ear dress'd, for you lose a deal of Blood; and by good Luck I have here some Lint and a little white Salve in my Waller. How needless would all this have been, cry'd Don *Quixote*, had I but bethought my self of making a small Bottle full of the Balsam of *Fierabras*? a single Drop of which would have spar'd us a great deal of Time and Medicaments. What is that same Balsam, an't please you? cry'd *Sancho*. A Balsam, answer'd Don *Quixote*, of which I've the Receipt in my Head; he that has some of it may defy Death it self, and dally with all Manner of Wounds: Therefore when I have made some of it, and given it thee, if at any Time thou happen'st to see my Body cut in two by some unlucky Back-stroke, as 'tis common among us Knight Errants, thou hast no more to do but to take up nicely that Half of me which is fall'n to the Ground, and clap it exactly to the other Half on the Saddle before the Blood's congeal'd, always taking Care to lay it just in its proper Place; then thou shalt give me two Draughts of that Balsam, and thou shalt immediately see me become whole, and sound as an Apple. If this be true, quoth *Sancho*, I'll quit you

## 86     *The Life and Achievements*

you of your Promise about the Island this Minute of an Hour, and will have nothing of your Worship for what Service I have done, and am to do you, but the Receipt of that same Balsam; for I dare say, let me go where-ever I will, 'twill be sure to yield me three good *Reals* an Ounce; and thus I shall make shift to pick a pretty good Livelihood out of it. But stay though, continu'd he, does the Making stand your Worship in much, Sir? Three Quarts of it, reply'd Don *Quixote*, may be made for less than three *Reals*. Body of me, cry'd *Sancho*, why don't you make some out of Hand, and teach me how to make it? Say no more Friend *Sancho*, return'd Don *Quixote*; I intend to teach thee much greater Secrets, and design thee nobler Rewards; but in the mean Time dress my Ear, for it pains me more than I could wish. *Sancho* then took his Lint and Ointment out of his Wallet; but when Don *Quixote* perceiv'd the Vizor of his Helmet was broken, he had like to have run stark-staring mad; straight laying hold on his Sword, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, By the Bowels of my Father, cry'd he, by my Allegiance to *Dulcinea*, by the whole Frame of Nature, I swear to lead a Life like the great Marquess of *Mantua*, when he made a Vow to revenge the Death of his Cousin *Baldwin*; which was, never to eat Bread on a Table-Cloth, never to lie with the dear Partner of his Bed, and other things, which, though they are now at present slipp'd out of my Memory, I comprize in my Vow no less than if I had now mention'd 'em; and this I bind my self to, till I have fully reveng'd my self on him that has done me this Injury.

Good your Worship, cry'd *Sancho* (amaz'd to hear him take such a horrid Oath) think on what  
you're

you're doing ; for if that same Knight has done as you bid him, and has gone and cast himself before my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I don't see but you and he are quit, and the Man deserves no further Punishment, unless he does you some new Mischief. 'Tis well observ'd, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and therefore as to the Point of Revenge I revoke my Oath ; but I renew and confirm the rest, protesting solemnly to lead the Life I mention'd, till I have by Force of Arms despoil'd some Knight of as good a Helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fancy, *Sancho*, that I make this Protestation rashly : No, I have a laudable Precedent for it. the Authority of which will sufficiently justify my Imitation ; for the very same thing happen'd about *Mambrino's* Helmet, which cost *Sacripante* so dear. Good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, let all such Cursing and Swearing go to the Devil ; there's nothing can be worse for your Soul's Health, nay for your bodily Health neither. Besides, suppose we should not this good while meet any one with a Helmet on, what a sad Case should we then be in ? Will your Worship then keep your Oath in spite of so many Hardships, such as to lie rough for a Month together, far from any inhabited Place, and a thousand other idle Pennances which that mad old Marquis of *Mantua* punish'd himself with by his Vow. Do but consider that we may ride I don't know how long upon this Road without meeting any arm'd Knight to pick a Quarrel with ; for here are none but Carriers and Waggoners, who are so far from wearing any Helmets, that 'tis ten to one whether they ever heard of such a thing in their Lives. Thou art mistaken Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; for we shall not be two Hours this Way without meeting more Men in Arms than there were



## 88     *The Life and Atchievements*

were at the Siege of *Albraca* to conquer the fair *Angelica*. Well then, let it be so, quoth *Sancho*; and may we have the Luck to come off well, and quickly win that Island which costs me so dear, and then I don't matter what befalls me. I have already bid thee not trouble thy self about this Business *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*; for shou'd we miss of an Island, there is either the Kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradisa*, as fit for thy Purpose as a Ring to thy Finger; and what ought to be no small Comfort to thee, they are both upon the Continent. But we'll talk of this in its proper Season: At this Time I'd have thee see whether thou hast any thing to eat in thy Wallet, that we may afterwards seek for some Castle, where we may lodge this Night, and make the Balsam I told thee; for I protest my Ear smarts extremely. I have here an Onion, reply'd the Squire, a Piece of Cheese, and a few stale Crusts of Bread; but sure such coarse Fare is not for such a brave Knight as your Worship. Thou art grossly mistaken Friend *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*: Know that 'tis the Glory of Knight-Errants to be whole Months without eating; and when they do, they fall upon the first thing they meet with, though it be never so homely. Hadst thou but read as many Books as I have done, thou hadst been better inform'd as to that Point; for though I think I have read as many Histories of Chivalry in my Time as any other Man, I never cou'd find that the Knight-Errants ever eat, unless it were by meer Accident, or when they were invited to great Feasts and royal Banquets; at other Times they indulg'd themselves with little other Food besides their Thoughts; though it is not to be imagin'd they could live without supplying the Exigencies of humane Nature, as being after all no  
more

more than mortal Men: 'Tis likewise to be suppos'd, that as they spent the greatest Part of their Lives in Forests and Desarts, and always destitute of a Cook, consequently their usual Food was but such coarse Country-Fare as thou now offerest me: Never then make thy self uneasy about what pleases me, Friend *Sancho*, nor pretend to make a new World, nor to unhinge the very Constitution and antient Customs of Knight-Errantry. I beg your Worship's Pardon, cry'd *Sancho*; for, as I was never bred a Scholar, I may chance to have miss'd in some main Point of your Laws of Knighthood; but from this Time forward I'll be sure to stock my Wallet with all Sorts of dry Fruits for you, because your Worship's a Knight; as for my self, who am none, I'll provide good Fowls and other substantial Victuals. I don't say *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that a Knight-Errant is oblig'd to feed altogether upon Fruit; I only mean, that this was their common Food, together with some Roots and Herbs, which they found up and down the Fields, of all which they had a perfect Knowledge, as I my self have. 'Tis a good thing to know those Herbs, cry'd *Sancho*; for I am much mistaken or that Kind of Knowledge will stand us in good stead e'er long. In the mean Time, continu'd he, here's what good Heaven has sent us: With that he pull'd out the Provision he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their Impatience to find out a Place where they might be harbour'd that Night, made 'em shorten their sorry Meal and mount again, for fear of being benighted: So away they put on in Search of a Lodging. But the Sun and their Hopes fail'd them at once, as they came to a Place where some Goat-herds had set  
up

90 *The Life and Atchievements*

up some small Hutts; and therefore they concluded to take up their Lodging there that Night. This was as great a Mortification to *Sancho*, who was altogether for a good Town, as it was a Pleasure to his Master; who was for sleeping in the open Field, as believing that as often as he did it, he confirm'd his Title to Knighthood by a new Act of Possession.

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CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*What pass'd between Don Quixote and the Goat-herds.*

THE Knight was very courteously receiv'd by the Goat-herds ; and as for *Sancho*, after he had set up *Rozinante* and his Asses as well as he cou'd, he presently repair'd to the attractive Smell of some Pieces of Kid's Flesh which stood boiling in a Kettle over the Fire. The hungry Squire wou'd immediately have try'd whether they were fit to be remov'd out of the Kettle into the Stomach, but was not put to that Trouble ; for the Goat-herds took 'em off the Fire, and spread some Sheep-skins on the Ground, and soon got their rural Feast ready ; and chearfully invited his Master and him to partake of what they had. Next, with some coarse Compliment after the Country-way, they desir'd Don *Quixote* to set down on a Trough with the Bottom upwards, and then six of 'em, who were all that belong'd to the Fold, squatted 'em down round the Skins ; while *Sancho* stood to wait upon his Master and give him Drink in a Horn-Cup, which the Goat-herds us'd. But he, seeing his Man stand behind, said to him, That thou may'st understand, *Sancho*, the Benefits of Knight-Errantry, and how the meanest Retainers to it have a fair Prospect of being speedily esteem'd and honour'd by the World, 'tis my Pleasure that you sit thee down by me, in the Company of these good People ; that there be no Difference now observ'd between thee and me ; that thou

eat

eat in the same Dish and drink in the same Cup : For it may be said of Knight-Errantry as of Love, that it makes all things equal. I thank your Worship, cry'd *Sancho* ; but yet I must needs own, had I but a good deal of Meat before me, I'd eat it as well, or rather better standing, and by my self, than if I set by an Emperour ; and to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a Crust of brown Bread and an Onion in a Corner, without any more a-do or Ceremony, than feed upon Turkey at another Man's Table ; where one is fain to sit mincing and chawing his Meat an Hour together, drink little, be always wiping his Fingers and his Chops, and never dare to cough nor sneez though he has never so much a Mind to it, nor do a many things which a Body may do freely by one's self ; therefore, good Sir, change those Tokens of your Kindness which I have a Right to by being your Worship's Squire, into something that may do me more Good : As for these same Honours I heartily thank you, as much as if I had accepted 'em, but yet I give up my Right to 'em from this Time to the World's End. Talk no more, reply'd Don *Quixote*, but sit the down, for the Humble shall be exalted ; and so pulling him by the Arms he forc'd him to sit by him.

All this while the Goat-herds, who did not understand this Jargon of Knights-Errant, Chivalry and Squires, fed heartily and said nothing, but star'd upon their Guests ; who very fairly swallow'd whole Luncheons as big as their Fists with a mighty Appetite. The first Course being over, they brought in the second, consisting of dry'd Acorns, and half a Cheese as hard as a Brick : Nor was the Horn idle all the while, but went merrily round up and down so many times, sometimes

full



full and sometimes empty, like the two Buckets of a Well, that they made shift at last to drink off one of the two Skins of Wine which they had there. And now Don *Quixote* having satisfy'd his Appetite, he took a Handful of Acorns, and looking earnestly upon 'em, O happy Age, cry'd he, which our first Parents call'd the Age of Gold; not because Gold, so much ador'd in this Iron-Age, was then easily purchas'd, but because those two fatal Words Mine and Thine were Distinctions unknown to the People of those fortunate Times: For all things were in common in that holy Age. Men, for their Sustenance, needed only to lift their Hands and take it from the sturdy Oak, whose spreading Arms liberally invited them to gather the wholesom savoury Fruit; while the clear Springs, and silver Rivulets, with luxuriant Plenty, offer'd them their pure refreshing Water. In hollow Trees and in the Clefts of Rocks the labouring and industrious Bees erected their little Commonwealths, that Men might reap with Pleasure and with Ease the sweet and fertile Harvest of their Toils. The tough and strenuous Cork Trees did of themselves, and without other Art than their native Liberality, dismiss and impart their broad light Bark, which serv'd to cover those lowly Huts, propp'd up with rough-hewn Stakes, that were first built as a Shelter against the Inclemencies of the Air. All then was Union, all Peace, all Love and Friendship in the World. As yet no rude Plough-share presum'd with Violence to open and pry into the pious Bowels of our Mother Earth, for she without Compulsion kindly yielded from every Part of her fruitful and spacious Bosom, whatever might at once satisfy sustain and indulge her frugal Children. Then was the Time when innocent

## 94 *The Life and Atchievements*

nocent beautiful young Shepherdesses went tripping o'er the Hills and Vales ; their lovely Hair sometimes plaited, sometimes loose and flowing ; clad in no other Vestment but what was necessary to cover decently what Modesty wou'd always have conceal'd. The *Tyrian* Die, and the rich glossy Hue of Silk, martyr'd and dissembl'd into every Colour, which are now esteemed so fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent Plainness of that Age ; yet bedeck'd with more becoming Leaves and Flowers, they might be said to out-shine the proudest of the vain Dressing Ladies of our Age, array'd in the most magnificent Garbs, and all the most sumptuous Adornings which Idleness and Luxury have taught succeeding Pride. Lovers then express'd the Passion of their Souls in the unaffected Language of the Heart, with the native Plainness and Sincerity in which they were conceiv'd, and divested of all that artificial Contexture which enervates what it labours to inforce. Imposture, Deceit and Malice had not yet crept in and impos'd themselves unbrib'd upon Mankind in the Disguise of Truth and Simplicity. Justice, unbiass'd either by Favour or Interest, which now so faithfully pervert it, was equally and impartially dispensed : Nor was the Judges Fancy, Law ; for then there were neither Judges nor Causes to be judg'd. But in this degenerate Age, Fraud and a Legion of Ills infecting the World, no Vertue can be safe, no Honour be secure ; while wanton Desires, diffus'd into the Hearts of Men, corrupt the strictest Watches, and the closest Retreats ; which, though as intricate and unknown as the Labyrinth of *Crete*, are no Security for Chastity. Thus that Primitive Innocence being vanish'd, and Oppression daily prevailing, there was a Necessity

cessity to oppose the Torrent of Violence : For which Reason the Order of Knighthood-Errant was instituted, to defend the Honour of Virgins, protect Widows, relieve Orphans, and assist all the Distress'd in general. Now I my self am one of this Order, honest Friends ; and though all People are oblig'd by the Law of Nature, to be kind to Persons of my Order, I ought to pay a particular Acknowledgment for the good Entertainment which you so generously afford me and my Squire ; the rather, as you have done it without being in the least acquainted with my Circumstances : And therefore, with all the Sincerity imaginable, I return you my hearty Thanks.

All this long Oration, which might very well have been spar'd, was owing to the Acorns that recall'd the Golden Age to our Knight's Remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the Goat-herds, who devoutly listen'd ; but edify'd little, the Discourse not being suited to their Capacities. *Sancho*, as well as they, was silent all the while, eating Acorns and frequently visiting the second Skin of Wine, which for Coolness Sake was hung upon a neighbouring Cork-Tree. As for *Don Quixote*, he was longer and more intent upon his Speech than upon his Supper ; when he had done, one of the Goat-herds addressing himself to him, Sir Knight, said he, that you may be sure you are heartily welcome, we'll get one of our Fellows to give us a Song : He is just a coming : A good notable young Lad he is, I'll say that for him, and up to the Ears in Love. He's a Scholard, and can read and write ; and plays so rarely upon the \* *Rebeck* that 'tis a Charm but

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\* A Fiddle, with only three Strings, us'd by Shepherds.

96 *The Life and Achievements*

but to hear him. No sooner were the Words out of the Goat-herd's Mouth, but they heard the Sound of the Instrument he spoke of, and presently appear'd a good comely young Man of about two and twenty Years of Age. The Goat-herds ask'd him if he had Supp'd? and he having told them he had, Then, dear *Antonio*, says the first Speaker, prithee sing us a Song, to let this Gentleman, our Guest, see that we have those among us who know somewhat of Musick for all we live amidst Woods and Mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore prithee make our Words good, and sing us the Ditty thy Uncle the Prebendary made of thy Love, that was so like in our Town. With all my Heart, reply'd *Antonio*, and so without any further Entreaty, sitting down on the Stump of an Oak, he tun'd his Fiddle, and very handsomely fung the following Song.

*Antonio's Amorous Complaint.*

**T**HO' Love ne'er prattles at your Eyes,  
 (The Eyes those silent Tongues of Love)  
 Yet sure, *Olalia*, you're my Prize:  
 For Truth, with Zeal, ev'n Heav'n can move.

I think, my Love, you only try,  
 Ev'n while I fear you've seal'd my Doom:  
 So, though involv'd in Doubts I lye,  
 Hope sometimes glimmers through the Gloom.

A Flame so fierce, so bright, so pure,  
 No Scorn can quench, nor Art improve:  
 Thus like a Martyr I endure;  
 For there's a Heav'n to crown my Love.

*of the renown'd Don Quixote.* 97

*In Dress and Dancing I have strove  
My proudest Rivals to outvy:  
In Serenades I've breath'd my Love,  
When all things slept but Love and I.*

*I need not add, I speak your Praise  
Till ev'ry Nymph's Disdain I move:  
Tho' thus a thousand Foes I raise,  
'Tis sweet to praise the Fair I love.*

*Teresa once your Charms debas'd,  
But I her Rudeness soon reprov'd:  
In vain her Friend my Anger fac'd;  
For then I fought for her I lov'd.*

*Dear cruel Fair, why then so coy?  
How can you so much Love withstand?  
Alas! I crave no lawless Joy,  
But with my Heart would give my Hand.*

*Soft, easie, strong is Hymen's Tye:  
Oh! then no more the Bliss refuse.  
Oh! wed me, or I swear to die,  
Or linger wretched and recluse.*

Here *Antonio* ended his Song; *Don Quixote* entreated him to sing another, but *Sancho Panca*, who had more mind to sleep, than to hear the finest singing in the World, told his Master, there is enough. Good Sir, quoth he, your Worship had better go and lie down where you are to take your rest this Night; besides, these good People are tir'd with their day's labour, and rather want to go to sleep than to sit up all night to hear Ballads. I understand thee *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and indeed I thought thy frequent visiting the Bottle would make thee fonder of Sleep than of

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Musick.



98 *The Life and Atchievements*

Musick. Make us thankful, cry'd *Sancho* ! we all lik'd the Wine well enough. I do not deny it, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest ; as for me it better becomes a Man of my Profession to Wake than to Sleep. Yet stay and dress my Ear before thou goest, for it pains me extremely. Thereupon one of the Goat-herds beholding the Wound, as *Sancho* offer'd to dress it, desir'd the Knight not to trouble himself for he had a Remedy that would quickly cure him ; and then fetching a few Rosemary-leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout ; he bruis'd 'em, and mix'd a little Salt among 'em, and having apply'd the Medicine to the Ear, he bound it up, assuring him, he needed no other Remedy ; which in a little time prov'd very true.

# CHAP IV.

*The Story which a young Goat-herd told to those that were with Don Quixote.*

A Young Fellow, who us'd to bring 'em Provisions from the next Village, happen'd to come while this was doing, and addressing himself to the Goat-herds, Hark ye, Friends, said he, d'ye hear the News? What News, cry'd one of the Company? That fine Shepherd and Scholar *Chrystostome* dy'd this Morning, answer'd the other; and they say, 'twas for Love of that devilish untoward Lass *Marcella*, rich *William's* Daughter, that goes up and down the Country in the habit of a Shepherdess. For *Marcella*, cry'd one of the Goat-herds? I say for her, reply'd the Fellow, and what more, 'tis reported, he has order'd by his Will, they shou'd bury him in the Fields like any Heathen Moor, just at the Foot of the Rock, hard by the Cork-Tree-Fountain, where they say he had the first sight of her. Nay, he has likewise order'd many other strange things to be done, which the Heads of the Parish won't allow of, for they seem to be after the way of the Pagans. But *Ambrose*, the other Scholar, who likewise apparell'd himself like a Shepherd, is resolv'd to have his Friend *Chrystostome's* Will fulfill'd in every thing, just as he has order'd it. All the Village is in an uproar, but after all 'tis thought, *Ambrose* and his Friends will carry the day; and to morrow Morning he is to be burid

in great state, where I told you: I fancy 'twill be worth seeing; howsoever be it what it will, I'll e'en go and see it. We'll all go, cry'd the Goat-herds, and cast Lots who shall tarry to look after the Goats. Well said, *Peter*, cry'd one of the Goat-herds; but as for casting of Lots, I'll save you that labour, for I'll stay my self, not so much out of kindness to you neither, or want of Curiosity, as because of the Thorn in my Toe, that will not let me go. Thank you however, quoth *Peter*. Don *Quixote*, who heard all this, entreated *Peter* to tell him who the Deceased was, and also to give him a short account of the Shepherdess.

*Peter* made answer, That all he knew of the matter was. That the Deceased was a wealth Gentleman, who liv'd not far off, that he had been several years at the University of *Salamanca*, and then came home mightily improv'd in his Learning. But above all, quoth he, 'twas said of him that he had great knowledge in the Stars, and whatsoever the Sun and Moon do in the Skies; for he wou'd tell us to a tittle the Clip of the Sun and Moon. We call it an Eclipse, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and not a Clip, when either of those two great Luminaries are darken'd. He wou'd also (continu'd *Peter*, who did not stand upon such nice Distinctions) foretel when the year wou'd be plentiful or *estil*. You wou'd say *steril*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, *steril* or *estil*, reply'd the Fellow, that's all one to me: But this I say, that his Parents and Friends being rul'd by him grew woundy Rich in a short time; for he wou'd tell 'em, This year sow Barley, and no Wheat: In this you may sow Pease, and no Barley: Next year will be a good year for Oil: The three after that, you shan't gather a drop; and whatso-

ever he said wou'd certainly come to pass. That Science, said Don *Quixote*, is call'd Astrology. I don't know what you call it, answer'd *Peter*, but I know he knew all this, and a deal more. But, in short, within some few Months after he had left the Versity, on a certain Morning we saw him come dress'd for all the world like a Shepherd, and driving his Flock, having laid down the long Gown, which he us'd to wear as a Scholar. At the same time one *Ambrose*, a great Friend of his, who had been his Fellow-Scholar also, took upon him to go like a Shepherd, and keep him Company, which we all did not a little marvel at. I had almost forgot to tell you how he that's dead was a mighty Man for making of Verses, in-somuch that he commonly made the *Carols* which we sung on *Christmas-Eve*; and the Plays which the young Lads in our Neighbourhood enacted on *Corpus Christi* day, and every one wou'd say, that no body cou'd mend 'em. Somewhat before that time *Chryssome's* Father died, and left him a deal of Wealth, both in Land, Money, Cattel, and other Goods, whereof the young Man remain'd dissolute Master; and in troth he deserv'd it all, for he was as good natur'd a Soul as e'er trod on Shoe of Leather, mighty good to the Poor, a main Friend to all honest People, and had a Face like a Blessing. At last it came to be known that the reason of his altering his Garb in that fashion, was only that he might go up and down after that Shepherdess *Marcella*, whom our Comrade told you of before, for he was faln mightily in love with her. And now I'll tell you such a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and mayn't chance to hear of such another while you breath, tho' you were to live as long as *Sarnah*. Say *Sarah*, cry'd Don *Quixote*,

who hated to hear him blunder thus. The *Sarna*, or the *Scab*, (for that's all one with us, quoth *Peter*) lives long enough too; and if you go on thus, and make me break off my Tale at every word, we an't like to have done this Twelve-month. Pardon me, Friend, reply'd Don *Quixote*; I only spoke to make thee understand that there's a difference between *Sarna* and *Sarah*: However, thou say'st well; for the *Sarna* (that is, the *Scab*) lives longer than *Sarah*; therefore pray make an end of thy Story; for I will not interrupt thee any more. Well then, quoth *Peter*, you must know, good Master of mine, that there liv'd near us one *William*, a Yeoman, who was richer yet than *Chrysofome's* Father, now he had no Child in the varfal World, but a Daughter; her Mother dy'd in Child bed of her (rest her Soul) and was as good a Woman as ever went upon two Legs. Methinks, I see her yet standing afore me, with that bless'd Face of hers, the Sun on one side, and the Moon on the t'other. She was a main House-wife, and did a deal of good among the Poor; for which I dare say she is at this minute in Paradise. Alas! her death broke old *William's* heart, he soon went after her, poor Man, and left all to his little Daughter, that *Marcella* by Name, giving charge of her to her Uncle, the Parson of our Parish. Well, the Girl grew such a fine Child, and so like her Mother, that it us'd to put us in mind of her every foot. However, 'twas thought she'd make a finer Woman yet, and so it happen'd indeed; for, by that time she was Fourteen or Fifteen years of Age, no Man sat his Eyes on her, that did not bless Heaven for having made her so handsome; so that most Men fell in Love with her; and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her

Uncle



Uncle kept her as charily as the Apple of his Eye, and as close as an Usurer's Gold. Yet the report of her great Beauty and Wealth spread far and near, insomuch, that she had I don't know how many Sweet-hearts, almost all the young Men in our Town ask'd her of her Uncle; nay, from I don't know how many Leagues about us, there flock'd whole Drovers of Suiters, and the very best in the Country too, who all begg'd and su'd, and teaz'd her Uncle to let them have her. But tho' he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as soon as she was fit for a Husband, yet wou'd not he advise or Marry her against her Will; for he's a good Man, I'll say that for him, and a true Christian every inch of him, and scorn'd to keep her from Marrying to make a benefit of her Estate; and, to his praise be it spoken, he has been mainly commended for't more than once, when the People of our Parish meet together. For I must tell you, Sir Errant, that here in the Country, and in our little Towns, there's not the least thing can be said or done, but People will talk on't; but let busy Bodies prate as they please, my Life for yours, the Parson must have been a good Body indeed, who cou'd bring his Parish to give him a good Word, especially in the Country. Thou'rt in the right, cry'd Don Quixote, and therefore go on, honest Peter, for the Story is pleasant, and thou tell'st it with a Grace. May I never want God's Grace, quoth Peter, for that's most to the purpose. But for our Parson, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his Niece from Marrying, and therefore he took care to let her know of all those that wou'd have taken her to Wife, both what they were, and what they had, and he was at her, to have her pitch upon one of 'em for a Husband;

yet wou'd she never answer otherwise, but that she had no mind to Wed as yet, as finding herself too young for the burden of Wedlock. With these and such like come-offs, she got her Uncle to let her alone, and wait till she thought fit to chuse for herself. For he was won't to say, That Parents are not to bestow their Children, where they bear no liking, and in that he spoke like an honest Man. And thus it happen'd, that when we least dreamt of it, that coy Lass, finding herself at liberty, wou'd needs turn Shepherdess, and neither her Uncle, nor all those of the Village who advis'd her against it, cou'd work any thing upon her, but away she went to the Fields to keep her own Sheep with the other young Lasses of the Town. But then 'twas ten times worse, for no sooner was she seen abroad, when I can't tell how many spruce Gallants, both Gentlemen and rich Farmers chang'd their Garb for love of her, and follow'd her up and down in Shepherds guise. One of 'em, as I have told you, was this same *Chrysostome* who now lies dead, of whom 'tis said, he not only lov'd, but worshipp'd her. Howsoever, I wou'd not have you think or surmise, because *Marcella* took that course of Life, and was as it were under no manner of keeping, that she gave the least token of naughtiness or light Behaviour; for she ever was, and is still so coy, and so watchful to keep her Honour pure and free from evil Tongues, that among so many Wooers who suiter her, there's not one can make his brags of having the least hope of ever speeding with her. For tho' she does not shun the Company of Shepherds, but uses 'em courteously, so far as they behave themselves handsomely; yet whensoever any one of 'em does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never so well meant, and

and only in order to Marry, she casts him away from her, as with a Sling, and will never have any more to say to him.

And thus this fair Maiden does more harm in this Country, than the Plague wou'd do; for her courtesousness and fair looks draw on every body to love her; but then her dogged, stubborn coyness breaks their Hearts, and makes 'em ready to hang themselves; and all they can do, poor Wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and a world of such Names, whereby they plainly shew what a sad condition they are in: Were you but to stay here some time, you'd hear these Hills ring again, with the doleful moans of those she has deny'd, who yet can't for the blood of 'em give over sneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are some two dozen of Beech-trees, and on 'em all you may find I don't know how many *Marcella's* cut in the smooth Bark. On some of 'em there's a Crown carv'd over the Name, as much as to say that *Marcella* bears away the Crown, and deserves the Garland of Beauty. Here sighs one Shepherd, there another whines; here one is singing doleful Ditties, there another is wringing his Hands and making woful complaints. You shall have one lay him down at Night at the foot of a Rock, or by some Oak, and there lye weeping and wailing without a wink of Sleep, and talking to himself till the Sun finds him the e the next Morning; you shall have another lye stretch'd upon the hot sandy ground, breathing his sad lamentations to Heaven, without heeding the sultry heat of the Summer-Sun. And all this while the hard-hearted *Marcella* ne'er minds any one of 'em, and does not seem to be the least concern'd for 'em. We are all mightily,

at a loss to know what will be the end of all this Pride and Coyness, who shall be the happy Man that shall at last tame her, and bring her to his Lure. Now because there's nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give Credit to what our Comrade has told us, as to the occasion of *Chrysestom's* Death; and therefore I wou'd needs have you go and see him laid in's Grave to Morrow; which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many Friends, and 'tis not half a League to the place where 'twas his Will to be bury'd. I intend to be there, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and in the mean time I return thee many thanks for the extrarordinary satisfaction this Story has afforded me. Alas! Sir Knight, reply'd the Goat-herd, I have not told you half the mischiefs this proud Creature has done here, but to Morrow may-hap we shall meet some Shepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Mean while it won't be amiss for you to take your rest in one of the Hut's; for the open Air is not good for your Wound, tho' what I've put to it is so special a Med'cine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough. *Sancho*, who was quite out of patience with the Goat-herd's long Story, seconded him in his good advice to his Master, and at last prevail'd with him to lye down in *Peter's* Hut, where Don *Quixote*, in Imitation of *Marcella's* Lovers, devoted the remainder of the Night to amorous Expostulations with his Dear *Dulcinea*. As for *Sancho*, he laid himself down between *Roxinante* and his Ass, and slept it out; not like a disconsolate Lover, but like a Man that had been soundly kick'd and bruise'd in the Morning.

C H A P. V.

*A Continuation of the Story of Marcella.*

SCARCE had the rising Day began to Dawn in the Eastern Quarters of the Sky, when five of the Goat-herds got up, and having wak'd Don Quixote, ask'd him if he held his Resolution of going to the Funeral, whither they were ready to bear him Company. Thereupon the Knight, who desir'd nothing more, presently arose, and order'd Sancho to get *Roxinante* and the Ass ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not yet gone a quarter of a League before they saw advancing towards them, out of a cross path, six Shepherds clad in black Skins, their Heads Crown'd with Garlands of *Cypress* and bitter *Coast-marry*, with long Holly-Staves in their Hands. Two Gentlemen on Horse-back, attended by three Ladies on foot, came immediately after 'em: As they drew near, they saluted one another Civilly, and after the usual Question, which way d'ye Travel? they found they were all going the same way to see the Funeral, and so they all joyn'd Company. I fancy, *Senior Vivaldo*, said one of the Gentlemen, addressing himself to the other, we shall not think our time mis-spent in going to see this famous Funeral; for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these Men have given us of the dead Shepherd and his Mistress. I am so far of  
your



### 103 *The Life and Atchievements*

your Opinion, answer'd *Virvaldo*, that I wou'd not only stay one Day, but a whole Week rather than miss the Sight. This gave Don *Quixote* occasion to ask 'em what they had heard concerning *Chrysofome* and *Marcella*? One of the Gentlemen made Answer, That having met that Morning with those Shepherds, they could not forbear enquiring of 'em, why they wore such a Mournful Drefs? Whereupon one of 'em acquainted 'em with the sad Occasion, by relating the Story of a certain Shepherdess, nam'd *Marcella*, no less Lovely than Cruel, whose Coyness and Disdain has made a World of Unfortunate Lovers, and caus'd the Death of that *Chrysofome*, to whose Funeral they were going. In short, he repeated to Don *Quixote* all that *Peter* had told him the Night before. After this, *Virvaldo* ask'd the Knight why he Travell'd so compleately Arm'd in so Peaceable a Country? My Profession, answer'd the Champion, does not permit me to Ride otherwise. Luxurious Feasts, Sumptuous Dresses, and Downy Ease were invented for Effeminate Courtiers; but Labour, Vigilance and Arms, are the Portion of those whom the World calls Knights-Errant, of which Number I have the Honour to be One, though the most Unworthy, and the Meanest of the Fraternity. He needed to say no more to satisfy 'em his Brains were out of Order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his Folly, *Virvaldo* ask'd him, what he meant by a Knight-Errant? Have you not Read then, cry'd Don *Quixote*, the Annals and History of *Britain*, where are Recorded the famous Deeds of King *Arthur*, who, according to an ancient Tradition in that Kingdom, never Dy'd, but was turn'd into a Crow by Incantment, and shall one Day resume his former Shape,  
and

and Recover his Kingdom again? For which Reason since that Time, the People of *Great Britain* dare not offer to kill a Crow. In this good King's Time, the most noble Order of the Knights of the round Table was first Instituted, and then also the Amour between *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, and *Queen Guinever* were really Transacted, as that History relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the Mediation of that honourable Matron the Lady *Quintaniana*. Which produc'd that excellent History in Verse so sung and Celebrated here in *Spain*.

*There never was on Earth a Knight*

*So waited on by Ladies fair,*

*As once was he Sir Lancelot high,*

*When first he left his Country dear.*

And the rest, which gives so delightful an Account both of his Loves and Feats of Arms. From that time the Order of Knight-Errantry begun by degrees to dilate and extend it self into most Parts of the World. Then did the great *Amadis de Gaul* Signalize himself by Heroick Exploits, and so did his Off-spring to the fifth Generation. The Valorous *Felixmart* of *Hyrcania* then got Immortal Fame, and that undaunted Knight *Tirante the White*, who never can be Applauded to his Worth. Nay, had we but liv'd a little sooner, we might have been Bless'd with the Conversation of that Invincible Knight of our Modern Times, the Valorous *Don Belianis of Greece*. And this, Gentlemen, is that Order of Chivalry, which, unworthy as I am, I profess, with a due observance of the Laws which those brave Knights observ'd before me; and for that Reason I chuse to wander through these Solitary Desarts, seeking Adventures, fully resolv'd to expose

pose my Person to the most formidable Dangers which Fortune can obtrude on me, that by the strength of my Arm I may relieve the Weak and the Distressed.

After all this stuff, you may be sure the Travellers were sufficiently convinc'd of Don *Quixote's* frenzy. Nor were they less surpriz'd than were all those who had hitherto discover'd so unaccountable a Distraction in one who seem'd a Rational Creature. However, *Vivaldo*, who was of a gay Disposition, and had no sooner made the Discovery, but he resolv'd to make the best advantage of it, that the shortness of the Way would allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occasion to divert 'em with his Whimsies, methinks, Sir Knight-Errant, said he to him, you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying Professions in the World. I don't think but that a *Carthusian* Frier has a better time on't than you have. Perhaps, answer'd Don *Quixote*, the Profession of a *Carthusian* may be as Austere, but I somewhat doubt, whether it may be as Beneficial to the World as ours. For, if we must speak the Truth, the Soldiers who puts his Captain's Command in Execution, may be said to do as much at least as the Captain who commanded him, The Application is easie: For while those Religious Men have nothing to do, but with all Quietness and Security to say their Prayers for the Prosperity of the World, We Knights, like Soldiers, effect what they do but demand, and procure those Benefits to Mankind, by the strength of our Arms, and at the hazard of our Lives, for which they only Interceed. Nor do we do this shelter'd from the Injuries of the Air, but under no other Roof but that of the wide Heavens, expos'd to Summer's

mer's scorching Heat, and Winter's pinching Cold. So that we may justly style our selves the Ministers of Heaven, and the Instruments of its Justice upon Earth; and as the Business of the War is not to be compass'd without vast Toil and Labour, so the Religious Soldier must undoubtedly be preferr'd before the Religious Monk, who living still quiet and at ease, has nothing to do but to Pray for the Afflicted and Distressed. However, Gentlemen, do not imagine I wou'd Insinuate as if the Profession of a Knight-Errant were a state of Perfection equal to that of a holy Recluse: I wou'd only infer from what I've said, and what I my self endure, that Ours without Question is more Laborious, more subject to the Discipline of heavy Blows, to Maceration, to the Penance of Hunger and Thirst, and in a Word, to Rags, to Want and Misery. For if you find that some Knights-Errant have at last by their Valour been rais'd to Thrones and Empires, you may be sure it has been still at the Expence of much Sweat and Blood. And had even those happier Knights been depriv'd of those assisting Sages and Inchanters, who help'd 'em in all Emergencies, they wou'd have been strangely disappointed of their mighty Expectations. I am of the same Opinion, reply'd *Vivaldo*. But one thing among many other, which I can by no means approve in your Profession, is, that when you are just going to Engage in some very hazardous Adventure, where your Lives are evidently to be much endanger'd, you never take care to Implore the Assistance of Heaven, as every good Christian ought to do on such Occasions, but only recommend your selves to your Mistresses, and that with as great Zeal and Devotion as if you Worship'd no other Deity; a thing, which in my  
Opi-

Opinion, strongly relishes of Paganism. Sir, reply'd Don *Quixote*, there's no altering that Method ; for shou'd a Knight-Errant do otherwise, he wou'd too much deviate from the Ancient and Establish'd Customs of Knight-Errantry ; which inviolably oblige him just in the Moment when he is rushing on, and giving birth to some dubious Atchievement, to have his Mistress still before his Eyes, still present to his Mind, by a strong and lively Imagination, and with soft, Amorous and energetick Looks imploring her Favour and Protection in that perilous Circumstance. Nay, if no body can over-hear him, he's oblig'd to whisper, or speak between his Teeth some short Ejaculations, to recommend himself with all the fervency imaginable to the Lady of his Wishes, and of this we have innumerable Examples in History. Nor are you for all this to imagine that Knights-Errant omit Recommending themselves to Heaven ; for they have leisure enough to do it, even in the midst of the Combat.

Sir, reply'd *Vivaldo*, you must give me leave to tell you, I am not yet througly satisfy'd in this Point. For I have often observ'd in my Reading, that two Knights-Errant, having first talk'd a little together, have fallen out presently, and been so highly provok'd, that, having turn'd their Horses heads to gain room for the Career, they have Wheel'd about, and then with all Speed run full Tilt at one another, hastily recommending themselves to their Mistresses in the midst of their career ; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of 'em has been thrown to the Ground over the Crupper of his Horse, fairly whipp'd thro' and thro' with his Enemy's Lance ; and the other forc'd to catch hold of his Horse's Main to keep



keep himself from falling. Now I can't apprehend how the Knight that was slain had any time to recommend himself to Heaven, when his Business was done so suddenly. Methinks those hasty Invocations which in his Career were directed to his Mistress, shou'd have been address'd to Heaven, as every good Christian wou'd have done. Besides, I fancy every Knight-Errant has not a Mistress to Invoke, nor is every one of 'em in Love. Your Conjecture is wrong, reply'd Don Quixote; a Knight-Errant cannot be without a Mistress, 'tis not more essential for the Skies to have Stars, than 'tis to us to be in Love. Insomuch, that I dare affirm, that no History ever made mention of any Knight-Errant, that was not a Lover, for were any Knight free from the impulses of that generous Passion, he wou'd not be allow'd to be a lawful Knight; but a Mis-born Intruder, and one who was not admitted within the Pale of Knighthood at the Door, but leap'd the Fence, and stole in like a Robber and a Thief. Yet, Sir, reply'd the other, I'm much mistaken, or I have Read that Don Galaor, the Brother of *Amadis*, never had any certain Mistress to recommend himself to, and yet for all that, he was not the less esteem'd. One Swallow never makes a Summer, answer'd Don Quixote. Besides, I know, that Knight was privately very much in Love; and as for his making his Addresses, where-ever he met with Beauty, this was an effect of his natural Inclination, which he cou'd not easily restrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable Truth, that he had a Favourite-Lady, whom he had Crown'd Empress of his Will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his Discretion and Secrecy in Love. Then, Sir, said *Vivaldo*, since 'tis so.

## 114 *The Life and Atchievements*

so much the being of Knight-Errantry to be in Love, I presume, you, who are of that Profession, cannot be without a Mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for Secrecy as much as *Don Galaor* did, give me leave to beg of you in the name of all the Company, that you will be pleas'd so far to oblige us, as to let us know the Name and Quality of your Mistress, the Place of her Birth, and the Charms of her Person. For without doubt, the Lady cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the World to be the Object of the Wishes of a Knight so Accomplish'd as your self. With that *Don Quixote* breathing out a deep Sigh, I cannot tell, said he, whether this lovely Enemy of my Repose, is the least affected with the World's being inform'd of her Power over my Heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your Request is, that her Name is *Dulcinea*, her Country *La Mancha*, and *Toboso* the happy Place which she honours with her Residence. As for her Quality, it cannot be less than Princess, seeing she is my Mistress and my Queen. Her Beauty transcends all the united Charms of her whole Sex; even those Chimerical Perfections which the hyperbolical imaginations of Poets in Love have assign'd to their Mistresses, cease to be incredible Descriptions when apply'd to her, in whom all those Miraculous Endowments are most Divinely centred. The curling Locks of her bright flowing Hair are purest Gold; her smooth Forehead the *Elysian Plain*; her Brows are two Celestial Bows; her Eyes two glorious Suns; her Cheeks two Beds of Roses; her Lips are Coral; her Teeth are Pearl; her Neck is Alabaster; her Breasts Marble; her Hands Ivory; and Snow wou'd lose its whiteness near her Bosom. Then for the Parts which Modesty has Veild, my imagination,

gination, not to wrong 'em, chuses to lose it self in silent Admiration ; for Nature boasts nothing that may give an Idea of their incomparable Worth. Pray Sir, cry'd *Vivaldo*, oblige us with an Account of her Parentage, and the Place of her Birth, to compleat the Description ; Sir, reply'd Don *Quixote*, she is not descended from the antient *Curtius's*, *Caius's*, nor *Scipio's* of *Rome*, nor from the more modern *Colonna's*, nor *Ursini's*, nor from the *Moncada's*, and *Requesens's* of *Catalonia* ; nor from the *Rebilla's*, and *Villanova's* of *Valencia* ; nor from the *Palafoxes*, *Nucas*, *Rocaberti's*, *Coreillas*, *Lunas*, *Alagones*, *Urreas*, *Foze's*, or *Gurrea's* of *Aragon* ; nor from the *Cerda's*, *Manriquez*, *Mendoca's*, and *Gusmans* of *Castile* ; nor from the *Alencastros*, *Pallas*, and *Menezes* of *Portugal* ; but she derives her great Original from the Family of *Toboso* in *La Mancha*, a Race, which tho' it be modern, is sufficient to give a noble Beginning to the most illustrious Progenies of succeeding Ages. And let no Man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon these Conditions, which *Zerbin* fix'd at the Foot of *Orlando's* Armour.

*Let none but he these Arms displace,  
Who dares Orlando's Fury face.*

I draw my Pedigree from the *Cachopines* of *Laredo*. reply'd *Vivaldo*, yet I dare not make any Comparisons with the *Toboso's* of *La Mancha* ; tho', to deal sincerely with you, 'tis a Family I never heard of till this Moment. 'Tis strange, said Don *Quixote*, you shou'd never have heard of it before.

All the rest of the Company gave great Attention to this Discourse ; and even the very Goat-herds

## 116 *The Life and Atchievements*

herds were now fully convinc'd that Don *Quixote's* Brains were turn'd topsy turvy. But *Sancho Pança* believ'd every Word that dropped from his Master's Mouth to be Truth, as having known him from his Cradle to be a Man of Sincerity. Yet that which somewhat stagger'd his Faith, was this Story of *Dulcinea of Toboso*; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such Princess, nor even of the Name, tho' he liv'd hard by *Toboso*.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow Road between the neighbouring Mountains, about twenty Shepherds more, all accouter'd in black Skins with Garlands on their Heads, which, as they afterwards perceiv'd, were all of Ewe and Cypress; six of 'em carry'd a Bier cover'd with several sorts of Boughs and Flowers: Which one of the Goat-herds espying, Those are they, cry'd he, that are carrying poor *Chysofome* to his Grave; and 'twas in yonder Bottom that he gave charge they should bury his Corpse. This made 'em all double their Pace, that they might get thither in Time; and so they arriv'd just as the Bearers had set down the Bier upon the Ground, and four of them had begun to open the Ground with their Spades, just at the Foot of a Rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condol'd their mutual Loss; and then Don *Quixote*, with those who came with him, went to view the Bier; where they saw the dead Body of a young Man in Shepherds Weeds all strew'd over with Flowers. The Deceased seem'd to be about thirty Years Old; and dead as he was 'twas easily perceiv'd that both his Face and Shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the Bier were some few Books and several Papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful Object so strangely fill'd all the Company with

with Sadness, that not only the Beholders, but also the Grave-makers and all the mourning Shepherds remain'd a long time silent ; till at last one of the Bearers addressing himself to one of the rest ; Look, *Ambrose*, cry'd he, whether this be the Place which *Chrysofome* meant, since you must needs have his Will so punctually performed ? This is the very Place, answer'd the other : There it was that my unhappy Friend many times told me the sad Story of his cruel Fortune ; there it was that he first saw that mortal Enemy of Mankind ; there it was that he made the first Discovery of his Passion, no less innocent than violent ; there it was that the relentless *Marcella* last deny'd, shunn'd him, and drove him to that Extremity of Sorrow and Despair that hasten'd the sad Catastrophe of his tragical and miserable Life ; and there it was, that, in Token of so many Misfortunes, he desir'd to be committed to the Bowels of eternal Oblivion.

Then addressing himself to Don *Quixote* and the rest of the Travellers, This Body, Gentlemen, said he, which here you now behold, was once enliven'd by a Soul which Heaven had enrich'd with the greatest Part of its most wealthy Graces. This is the Body of that *Chrysofome* who was unrivall'd in Wit, matchless in Courteousness, incomparable in Gracefulness, a Phoenix in Friendship, generous and magnificent without Ostentation, prudent and grave without Pride, modest without Affectation, pleasing and complaisant without Meanness : In a Word, the first in every esteemable Qualification, and second to none in Misfortune : He lov'd well, and was hated ; he ador'd, and was disdain'd ; he begg'd Pity of Cruelty itself ; he strove to move obdurate Marble ; pursu'd the Wind ; made his Moans to soli-



rary Defarts ; was constant to Ingratitude ; and for the Recompence of his Fidelity became a Prey to Death in the Flower of his Age, thro' the Barbarity of a Shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalize by his Verse ; as these Papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice 'em to the Flames, at the same time that his Body was committed to the Earth.

Shou'd you do so, cry'd *Vivaldo*, you wou'd appear more cruel to 'em than their exasperated unhappy Parent. Consider, Sir, 'tis not consistent with Discretion, nor even with Justice, so nicely to perform the Request of the Dead, when 'tis repugnant with Reason. *Augustus Caesar* himself wou'd have forfeited his Title to Wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine *Virgil* had order'd by his Will. Therefore, Sir, now that you resign your Friend's Body to the Grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only Remains of that dear unhappy Man to a worse Fate, the Death of Oblivion. What, tho' he has doom'd 'em to perish, in the Height of his Resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their Executioner: But rather reprieve and redeem 'em from eternal Silence ; that they may live, and, flying thro' the World, transmit to all Ages the dismal Story of your Friend's Virtue and *Marcella's* Ingratitude ; as a warning to others that they may avoid such tempting Snares and enchanting Destructions. Therefore, in the Name of all the Company, like me, deeply affected with a Sense of *Chrysothome's* extraordinary Merit, and his unhappy Fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable Disasters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to save some of these Papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest. And  
so

so, without expecting an Answer, he stretch'd out his Arm, and took out those Papers which lay next to his Hand. Well Sir, said *Ambrose*, you have found a Way to make me submit, and you may keep those Papers; but for the rest nothing shall make me alter my Resolution of burning 'em. *Vivaldo* said no more; but being impatient to see what those Papers were, which he had rescued from the Flames, he open'd one of 'em immediately and read the Title of it, which was *The despairing Lover*. That, said *Ambrose*, was the last Piece my dear Friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a sad Condition his unhappy Passion had reduc'd him, read it aloud, I beseech you Sir, while the Grave is making. With all my Heart, reply'd *Vivaldo*: And so the Company, having the same Desire, presently gather'd round about him, and he read the following Lines.

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C H A P. VI.

*The unfortunate Shepherd's Verses, and other unexpected Matters.*

*The despairing Lover.*

**R**elentless Tyrant of my Heart,  
Attend, and hear thy Slave impart  
The matchless Story of his Pain.  
In vain I labour to conceal  
What my extorted Groans reveal;  
Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

But oh! who duely can express  
Thy Cruelty, and my Distress?  
No humane Art, no humane Tongue;  
Then Fiends assist, and Rage infuse!  
A raving Fury be my Muse,  
And Hell inspire the dismal Song!

Owls, Ravens, Terreurs of the Night,  
Wolves, Monsters, Fiends, with dire affright,  
Joyn your dread Accents to my Moans!  
Joyn, howling Winds, your sullen Noise;  
Thou, grumbling Thunder, joyn thy Voice;  
Mad Seas, your Roar; and Hell thy Groans:

Tho' still I mourn in dreary Caves,  
To desert Rocks and silent Graves,  
My loud Complaints shall wander far;

*of the renown'd Don Quixote.* 121

*Born by the Winds they shall survive,  
By pitying Ecchoes kept alive,  
And fill the World with my Despair.*

*Love's deadly Cure is fierce Disdain,  
Distracting Fear a dreadful Pain,  
And Jealousy a matchless Woe;  
Absence is Death, yet while it kills,  
I live with all these mortal Ills,  
Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too:*

*No Dawn of Hope e'er cheer'd my Heart,  
No pitying Ray e'er sooth'd my Smart,  
All, all the Sweets of Life are gone;  
Then come Despair and frantick Rage,  
With instant Fate my Pain assuage,  
And end a thousand Deaths by one.*

*But ev'n in Death let Love be crown'd,  
My fair Destruction guiltless found,  
And I be thought with Justice scorn'd:  
Thus let me fall, unlov'd, unblest,  
With all my Load of Woes oppress'd,  
And even too wretched to be mourn'd.*

*O' thou, by whose destructive Hate,  
I'm hurried to this doleful Fate,  
When I'm no more thy Pity spare!  
I dread thy Tears; oh spare 'em then ———  
But oh! I rave, I was too vain,  
My Death can never cost a Tear.*

*Tormented Souls, on you I call,  
Hear one more wretched than you all;  
Come, howl as in redoubled Flames.*

## 122 *The Life and Achievements*

*Attend me to th' eternal Night,  
No other Dirge, or Fun'ral Rite,  
A poor despairing Lover claims.*

*And thou my Song, sad Child of Woe,  
When Life is gone, and I'm below,  
For thy lost Parent cease to grieve.  
With Life and thee my Woes increase,  
And shou'd they not by dying cease.  
Hell has no Pains like these I leave.*

These Verses were well approv'd by all the Company; only *Vivaldo* observ'd, that the Jealousies and Fears of which the Shephard complain'd, did not very well agree with what he had heard of *Marcella's* unspotted Modesty and Reservedness. But *Ambrose*, who had been always privy to the most secret Thoughts of his Friend, inform'd him that the unhappy *Chrysofome* wrote those Verses when he had torn himself from his ador'd Mistress, to try whether Absence, the common Cure of Love, would relieve him, and mitigate his Pain. And as every thing disturbs an absent Lover, and nothing is more usual than for him to torment himself with a thousand Chimera's of his own Brain, so did *Chrysofome* perplex himself with Jealousies and Suspensions, which had no Ground but in his distracted Imagination; and therefore whatever he said in those uneasy Circumstances, cou'd never affect, or in the least prejudice *Marcella's* virtuous Character, upon whom, setting aside her Cruelty, and her disdainful Haughtiness, Envy it self could never fix the least Reproach. *Vivaldo* being thus convinc'd, they were going to read another Paper; when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of Apparition that offer'd it self to their View.

'Twas



'Twas *Marcella* her self, who appear'd at the Top of the Rock, at the Foot of which they were digging the Grave; but so beautiful, that Fame seem'd rather to have lessen'd than to have magnify'd her Charms: Those who had never seen her before, gaz'd on her with silent Wonder and Delight; nay, those who us'd to see her every Day seem'd no less lost in Admiration than the rest. But scarce had *Ambrose* spy'd her, when, with Anger and Indignation in his Heart, he cry'd out, What mak'st thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel Basilisk of these Mountains? Com'st thou to see whether the Wounds of this murder'd Wretch will bleed afresh at thy Presence? or com'st thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal Effects of thy native Inhumanity, like another *Nero* at the Sight of flaming *Rome*? or is it to trample this unfortunate Corps, as *Tarquin's* ungrateful Daughter did her Father's: Tell us quickly why thou com'st, and what thou yet desirest? for since I know that *Chrysothome's* whole Study was to serve and please thee while he liv'd, I'm willing to dispose all his Friends to pay thee the like Obedience now he's dead. I come not here to any of those ungrateful Ends *Ambrose*, reply'd *Marcella*; but only to clear my Innocence, and shew the Injustice of all those who lay their Misfortunes and *Chrysothome's* Death to my Charge: Therefore I entreat you all who are here at this Time to hear me a little, for I shall not need to use many Words to convince People of Sense of an evident Truth. Heav'n, you're pleas'd to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a Degree, that you are forc'd, nay as it were compell'd to love me, in spite of your Endeavours to the contrary; and for the Sake of that Love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, tho' I am

sensible that whatever is beautiful is lovely; I cannot conceive that what is lov'd for being handsome, shou'd be bound to love that by which 'tis lov'd, meerly because 'tis lov'd. He that loves a beautiful Object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deserves not to be lov'd, it would be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again tho' I am ugly. But suppose two Persons of different Sexes are equally handsome, it does not follow that their Desires should be alike and reciprocal; for all Beauties do not kindle Love; some only recreate the Sight, and never reach nor captivate the Heart. Alas! should whatever is beautiful beget Love and inflave the Mind, Mankind's Desires would ever run confus'd and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate Choice: For as there is an infinite Number of beautiful Objects, the Desires would consequently be also infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard that true Love is still confin'd to one, and voluntary and unforc'd. This being granted, why would you have me force my Inclinations for no other Reason but that you say you love me? Tell me, I beseech you, had Heaven form'd me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you for not loving me? Pray consider also, that I do not possess those Charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely bestow'd on me by Heaven: And as the Viper is not to be blam'd for the Poison with which she kills, seeing 'twas assign'd her by Nature; so I ought not to be censur'd for that Beauty which I derive from the same Cause: For Beauty in a virtuous Woman is but like a distant Flame, or a sharp-edg'd Sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Ho-

nour

nour and Virtue are the Ornaments of the Soul, and that Body that's destitute of 'em cannot be esteem'd beautiful, tho' it be naturally so. If then Honour be one of those Endowments which most adorn the Body, why should she that's belov'd for her Beauty expose her self to the Loss of it, meerly to gratify the loose Desires of one who for his own selfish Ends uses all the Means imaginable to make her loose it? I was born free, and that I might continue so I retir'd to these solitary Hills and Plains, where Trees are my Companions, and clear Fountains my Looking-glasses. Those whom I have attracted with my Sight I have undeceiv'd with my Words; and if Hope be the Food of Desire, I never gave any Encouragement to *Chrysothome*, nor to any other; it may well be said 'twas rather his own Obstinacy than my Cruelty that shorten'd his Life. If you tell me that his Intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been comply'd with; I answer, that when, at the very Place where his Grave is making, he discover'd his Passion, I told him I was resolv'd to live and die single, and that the Earth alone should reap the Spoils of my Reserv'dness and Beauty; and if, after all the Admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate Pursuit, and sail against the Wind, what Wonder is't he should perish in the Waves of his Indiscretion? Had I ever encourag'd him, or amus'd him with ambiguous Words, then I had been false; and had I gratify'd his Wishes, I had acted contrary to my better Resolves: He persisted, tho' I had given him a due Caution, and he despair'd e'er he was hated. Now I leave you to judge whether I ought to be blam'd for his Sufferings? If I have deceiv'd any one, let him complain; if I have broke my Promise to any

one, let him despair ; if I encourage any one, let him presume ; if I entertain any one, let him boast : But let no Man call me cruel nor Murderer, till I either deceive, break my Promise, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleas'd to shew whether 'tis its Will I should love by Destiny ; and 'tis vain to think I will ever do it by Choice. So let this general Caution serve every one of those who make their Addresses to me for private Ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my Account, let not their Jealousy, nor my Scorn or Hate, be thought the Cause of their Death ; for she who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous Declaration of our fix'd Resolution, ought not to be accounted Hate or Disdain. In short, let him that calls me a Tigress and a Basilisk, avoid me as a dangerous thing ; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over serving me ; I assure 'em I will never seek nor pursue 'em. Therefore let none hereafter make it their Business to disturb my Ease, nor strive to make me hazard among Men the Peace I now enjoy, which I am perswaded is not to be found with them. I have Wealth enough ; and the innocent Conversation of the neighbouring Shepherdesses, with the Care of my Flocks, help me to pass away my Time, without either coquetting with this Man, or practising Arts to ensnare that other. My Thoughts are limited by these Mountains ; and if they wander further, 'tis only to admire the Beauty of Heaven, and thus by Steps to raise my Soul towards her original Dwelling.

As soon as she had said this, without expecting any Answer, she left the Place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining Wood, leaving all that heard

heard her charm'd with her Discretion as well as with her Beauty.

However, so prevalent were the Charms of the latter, that some of the Company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the least deterr'd by the solemn Protestations which they had heard her make that very Moment. But Don *Quixote* perceiving their Design, and believing he had now a fit Opportunity to exert his Knight-Errantry; Let no Man, cry'd he, of what Quality or Condition soever, presume to follow the fair *Marcella*, under the Penalty of incurring my furious Indignation. She has made it appear by undeniable Reasons, that she was not guilty of *Chrysofome's* Death; and has positively declar'd her firm Resolution never to condescend to the Desires of any of her Admirers: For which Reason, instead of being importun'd and persecuted, she ought to be esteem'd and honour'd by all good Men, as being perhaps the only Woman in the World that ever liv'd with such a virtuous Reserv'dness. Now, whether it were that Don *Quixote's* Threats terrify'd the amorous Shepherds, or that *Ambrose's* Perswasion prevail'd with 'em to stay and see their Friend interr'd, none of the Shepherd's left the Place, till the Grave being made, and the Papers burnt, the Body was deposited into the Bosom of the Earth, not without many Tears from all the Assistants. They cover'd the Grave with a great Stone till a Monument was made, which *Ambrose* said he design'd to have set up there with the following Epitaph upon it.



*Chrysofome's Epitaph.*

**H**ERE of a wretched Swain  
 The frozen Body's laid,  
 Kill'd by the cold Disdain  
 Of an ungrateful Maid.  
 Here first Love's Pow'r he try'd,  
 Here first his Pains express'd;  
 Here first he was deny'd,  
 Here first he chose to rest.  
 You who the Shephard mourn  
 From coy Marcella fly;  
 Who Chrysofome could scorn,  
 May all Mankind destroy.

The Shepherd's strew'd the Grave with many  
 Flowers and Boughs; and every one having con-  
 dol'd a while with his Friend *Ambrose*, they took  
 their leave of him and departed. *Vivaldo* and  
 his Companion did the like; as did also Don *Qui-  
 xote*, who was not a Person to forget himself on  
 such Occasions: He likewise bid Adieu to the  
 kind Goat-herds that had entertain'd him, and to  
 the two Travellers who desir'd him to go with  
 'em to *Sevill*, assuring him there was no Place in  
 the World more fertile in Adventures, every  
 Street and every Corner there producing some.  
 Don *Quixote* return'd them Thanks for their kind  
 Information; but told 'em he neither would nor  
 ought to go to *Sevill*, till he had clear'd all those  
 Mountains of the Thieves and Robbers which  
 he heard very much infested all those Parts.  
 Thereupon the Travellers, being unwilling to  
 divert him from so pious a Design, took their  
 Leaves of him once more, and pursu'd their Jour-  
 ney,

ney, sufficiently supply'd with Matter to discourse on from the Story of *Marcella* and *Chrysostome* and *Don Quixote's* Follies. As for him, he resolv'd to find out the Shepherdess *Marcella*, if possible, to offer her his Service to protect her to the utmost of his Power: But he happen'd to be cross'd in his Designs, as you shall hear in the Sequel of this true History; for here ends the second Book.

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G,

THE

THE  
Life and Atchievements  
Of the Renowned  
*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

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PART I.

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BOOK III.

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CHAP. I.

*Giving an Account of Don Quixote's unfortunate Rencounter with certain Yanguesian Carriers.*

THE Sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken his Leave of all those that were at Chrysoftome's Funeral, he and his

his Squire went after *Marcella* into the Wood ; and having rang'd it above two Hours without being able to find her, they came at last to a Meadow, whose springing Green, water'd with a delightful and refreshing Rivulet, invited, or rather pleasingly forc'd 'em to alight and give way to the Heat of the Day, which began to be very violent : So leaving the Ass and *Rozinante* to graze at large, they ransack'd the Wallet ; and without Ceremony the Master and the Man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now *Sancho* had not taken care to tye up *Rozinante*, knowing him to be a Horse of that Sobriety and Chastity, that all the Mares in the Pastures of *Cordua* could not have rais'd him to attempt an indecent thing. But either Fortune, or the Devil, who seldom sleeps, so order'd it, that a good Number of *Galician* Mares, belonging to some *Yanguesian* Carriers, were then feeding in the same Valley ; it being the Custom of those Men, about the hottest time of the Day, to stop wherever they meet with Grass and Water to refresh their Horses : Nor could they have found a fitter Place than that where Don *Quixote* was. *Rozinante*, as I said before, was chaste and modest, however he was Flesh and Blood ; so that assoon as he had smelt the Mares, forsaking his natural Gravity and Reserv'dness, without asking his Master's Leave, away he trots it briskly to make 'em sensible of his little Necessities : But they, who it seems had more Mind to feed than to be merry, receiv'd their Gallant so rudely with their Heels and Teeth, that in a trice they broke his Girts and threw down his Saddle, and left him disrob'd of all his Equipage. And for an Addition to his Misery, the Carriers, perceiving the Violence that was offer'd to their Mares, flew to their Relief.

lief with Poles and Pack-staves, and so belabour'd poor *Rozinante*, that he soon sunk to the Ground under the Weight of their unmerciful Blows.

Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, perceiving at a Distance the ill Usage of *Rozinante*, ran with all Speed to his Rescue; and as they came near the Place, panting, and almost out of Breath, Friend *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I perceive these are no Knights, but only a Pack of Scoundrels and Fellows of the lowest Rank; I say it, because thus thou may'st lawfully help me to revenge the Injury they have done *Rozinante* before our Faces. What a Devil d'ye talk of Revenge, quoth *Sancho*? We are like to revenge our selves finely! You see they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one and a half: I alone am worth a hundred, reply'd Don *Quixote*; then without any more Words he drew his Sword, and flew upon the *Yangueshians*. *Sancho*, encourag'd by his Master's Example, did the like; and with the first Blow which Don *Quixote* gave one of 'em, he cut thro' his leathern Doublet and gave him a deep Slash in the Shoulder. The *Yangueshians*, seeing themselves thus rudely handled; betook themselves to their Leavers and Pack-staves, and then all at once furrounding the valiant Knight and his trusty Squire, they charg'd 'em and laid on with great Fury. At the second Round, down they settle poor *Sancho*, and then Don *Quixote* himself, who, as Chance would have it, fell at the Feet of *Rozinante*; that had not yet recover'd his Legs; neither could the Knight's Courage nor his Skill avail against the Fury of a Number of rustical Fellows arm'd with Pack-staves. The *Yangueshians* fearing the ill Consequences of the Mischief they had done, made all the Haste they could to be gone,



gone, leaving our two Adventurers in a woeful Condition. The first that came to himself was *Sancho Pança*, who, finding himself near his Master, call'd to him thus with a weak and doleful Voice; Ah Master! Master! Sir, Sir Knight! What's the Matter Friend *Sancho*? ask'd the Knight, in the same feeble and lamenting Tone. I could wish, reply'd *Sancho*, that your Worship would help me to two good Draughts of the Liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps 'tis as good to cure broken Bones, as 'tis to heal outward Wounds. Oh! that I had some of it here now, cry'd Don *Quixote*; we could not then be said to want any thing: But I swear to thee, honest *Sancho*, by the Faith of a Knight-Errant, within these two Days (if no other Disaster prevent me) I will have some at my Disposal, or it shall hardly escape my Hands. Two Days Sir! reply'd *Sancho*: Why, pray how many Days do you think 'twill be before we are able to stir our Feet? As for my self, answer'd the bruis'd Don *Quixote*, I must own I cannot set a certain Term to the Days of our Recovery; but 'tis I who am the fatal Cause of all this Mischiefe; for I ought not to have drawn my Sword against a Company of Fellows, upon whom the Honour of Knighthood was never conferr'd; and I do not doubt but that Providence suffer'd this Punishment to befall me for transgressing thus the Laws of Chivalry. Therefore, Friend *Sancho*, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the Welfare of us both: 'Tis, that for the future, whenever thou perceiv'st us to be any ways abus'd by such inferior Fellows, thou art not to expect I should offer to draw my Sword against them; for I will not do it in the least: No, do thou then draw, and chastise 'em as thou think'st.

think'st fit; but if any Knights come to take their Parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and Danger, and assault 'em with the utmost Vigour and Intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand Proofs of the Greatness of my Valour, and the prevailing Strength of my most dreadful Arm; (so arrogant the Knight was grown since his Victory over the bold *Biscayan*.) But *Sancho* was not so well pleas'd with his Master's Admonitions, but that he thought fit to answer him. Sir, says he, I am a peaceful Man, a harmless quiet Fellow, d'ye see; I can make Shift to pass by an Injury as well as any Man, as having a Wife to maintain, and Children to bring up: And therefore pray take this from me by the way of Advice, (for I'll not offer to command my Master) that I will not in any wise draw my Sword neither against Knight nor Clown, not I. I freely forgive all Mankind, high and low, rich and poor, Lords and Beggars, whatever Wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least Exception. *Sancho*, (said his Master, hearing this) I heartily wish I had Breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the Pain which I feel in one of my short Ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy Error. Come, suppose, thou silly Wretch, that the Gale of Fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn favourable, swelling the Sails of our Desires, so that we might with as much Security as Ease arrive at some of those Islands which I have promis'd thee; what would become of thee, if, after I had conquer'd one of 'em, I were to make thee Lord of it? Thou wouldst certainly be found not duly qualify'd for that Dignity, as having abjur'd all Knighthood, all Thoughts of Honour, and all Intention to re-  
venge



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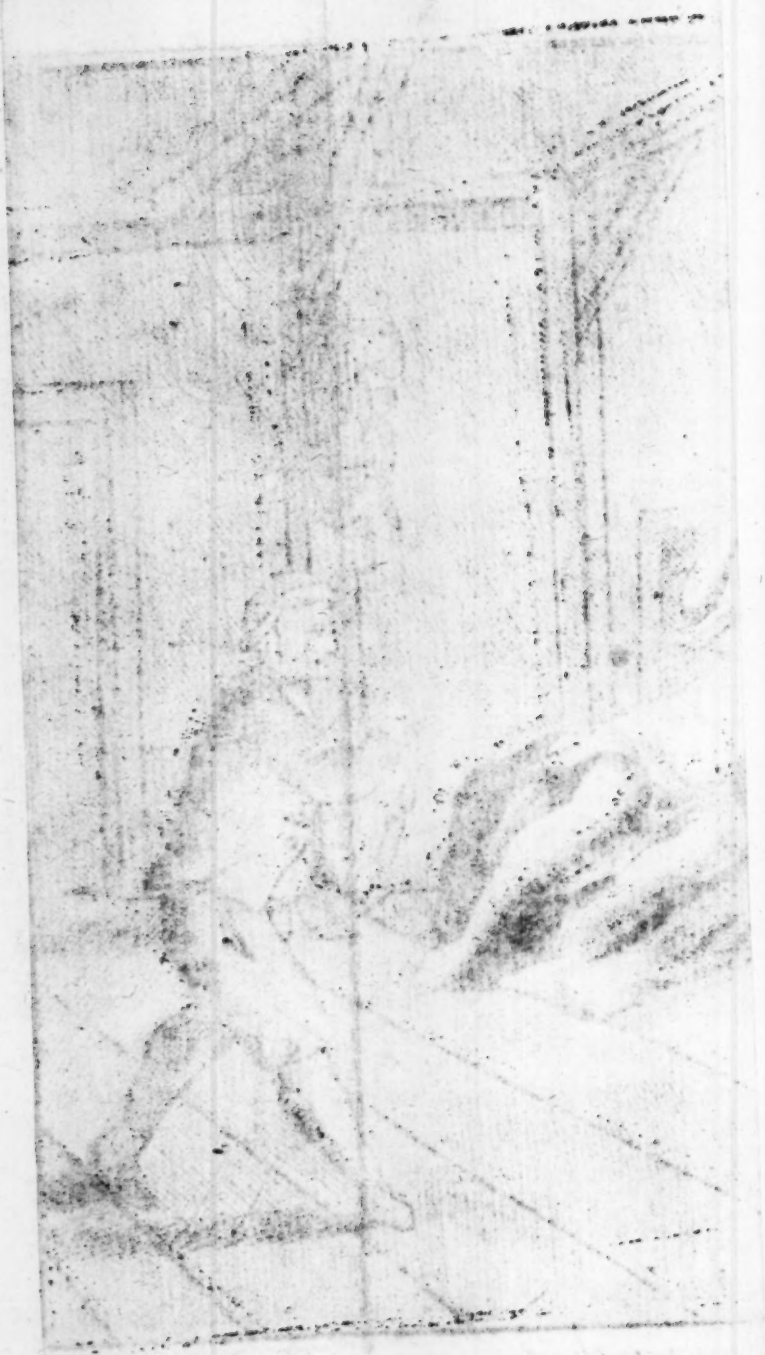


*Don Quixot and the Carrier Fighting*



*Fighting for the Innkeepers Maid. V. 1. Pag. 134*





venge Injuries, and defend thy own Dominions. For thou must understand, that in Kingdoms and Provinces newly conquer'd, the Hearts and Minds of the Inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdu'd or wedded to the Interests of their new Sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some Commotions to change the face of Affairs, and, as Men say, once more try their Fortune. Therefore 'tis necessary that the new Possessour have not only Understanding to govern, but also Valour to attack his Enemies, and defend himself on all Occasions. I would I had had that Understanding and Valour you talk of, quoth *Sancho*; but now, Sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a Surgeon, than of a Preacher. Pray try whether you can rise, and we'll help *Rozinante*, tho' he does not deserve it, for he's the chief cause of all this Beating. For my Part, I could never have believ'd the like of him before, for I always took him for as sober and peaceable a Person as my self. In short, 'tis a true saying, that *a Man must eat a peck of Salt with his Friend, before he knows him*; and I find *there's nothing sure in this World*. For, who would have thought, after the dreadful slashes you gave to that Knight-Errant, such a terrible Shower of Bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our Shoulders? As for thine, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I doubt they are us'd to endure such sort of Showers; but mine, that were nurs'd in soft Linnen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this Misfortune; and were it not that I imagine (but why do I say imagine?) were it not that I am positively sure that all these Inconveniencies are inseparable from the Profession of Chivalry, I wou'd abandon my self to grief, and die of meer Despair on this very spot. I beseech

seech you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, since these Rubs  
 are the Vails of your Trade of Knight-hood,  
 tell me whether they use to come often, or  
 whether we may look for 'em at set times;  
 for, I fancy, if we meet but with two such  
 Harvests more, we shall never be able to reap  
 the third, unless Miracles assist us? Know, Friend  
*Sancho*, return'd Don *Quixote*, that the Life of  
 Knight-Errants is subject to a thousand Hazards  
 and Misfortunes: But on the other side, they  
 may at any time suddenly become Kings and Em-  
 perours, as experience has demonstrated in many  
 Knights, of whose Histories I have a perfect  
 Knowledge. And I could tell thee now (would  
 my pain suffer me) of some of 'em who have  
 rais'd themselves to those high Dignities only  
 by the strength of their Arms; and those very  
 Knights, both before and after their advancement,  
 were involv'd in many Calamities. For the va-  
 lorous *Amadis de Gaul* saw himself in the Power  
 of his mortal Enemy *Arcaus* the Inchanter, of  
 whom 'tis credibly reported that when he held  
 him Prisoner he gave him above two hundred  
 stripes with his Horse Bridle, after he had ty'd  
 him to a Pillar in the Court-yard of his House.  
 There is also a secret Author of no little credit,  
 relates, That the Knight of the Sun being taken  
 in a Trap in a certain Castle, was hurry'd to a  
 deep Dungeon, where, after they had bound him  
 Hand and Foot, they forcibly gave him a Glister  
 of Snow-water and Sand, which would probably  
 have cost him his Life, had he not been assisted in  
 that Distress by a wise Magician his particular  
 Friend. Thus I may well bear my Misfortune  
 patiently, since those which so many greater Per-  
 sons have endur'd may be said to outdo it. For  
 I would have thee to know, that those Wounds  
 that.

that are given with the Instruments and Tools which a Man happens to have in his Hand, do not really disgrace the Person struck. We read it expressly in the Laws of Duels, *That if a Shoemaker strikes another Man with his Last which he held in his hand, tho' it be of Wood as Cudgel is, yet the Party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgell'd.* I tell thee this, that thou mayst not think we are in the least dishonoured, tho' we have been horribly beaten in this Rencontre; for the Weapons, which those Men us'd, were but the Instruments of their Profession, and not one of 'em, as I very well remember, had either Tuck, or Sword or Dagger. They gave me no leisure, quoth *Sancho*, to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my Hand on my Weapon, but they cross'd my Shoulders with such a wooden Blessing, as settl'd me on the ground without Sense or Motion, where you see me lie; and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a Disgrace to be mawl'd with Cudgels or with Pack-staves: Let 'em be what they will; I am only vex'd to feel them so heavy on my Shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep, as they are in my Mind. For all this, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I must inform thee, Friend *Sancho*, that there is no Remembrance, which time will not deface, nor no Pain, to which Death will not put a Period. Thank you for nothing, quoth *Sancho*! What worse can befall us, than to have only Death to trust to? Were our Affliction to be cur'd with a Plaister or two, a Man might have some Patience; but, for ought I see, all the Salves in an Hospital won't set us on our best Legs again. Come, no more of this, cry'd *Don Quixote*; take Courage, and make a Vertue of necessity; for 'tis what I am resolv'd to

to do. Let's see how it fares with *Rozinante*; for if I am not mistaken, the poor Creature has not been the least sufferer in this Adventure. No wonder at that, quoth *Sancho*, seeing he's a Knight-Errant too; I rather wonder, how my *Afs* has escap'd so well, while we have far'd so ill. In our Disasters, return'd Don *Quixote*, Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a Remedy. I say it, *Sancho*, because that little Beast may now supply the want of *Rozinante*, to carry me to some Castle, where I may get cur'd of my Wounds. Nor do I esteem this kind of Riding dishonourable, for I remember, that the good old *Silenus*, Tutor and Governor to the Jovial God of Wine, rode very fairly on a goodly *Afs*, when he made his Entry into the City with a hundred Gates. Ay, quoth *Sancho*, 'twill do well enough, cou'd you Ride as fairly on your *Afs*, as he did on his, but there's a deal of difference between Riding and being laid cross the Pannel like a pack of Rubbish. The Wounds which are receiv'd in Combat, said Don *Quixote*, rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it; therefore, good *Sancho*, trouble me with no more Replies, but, as I said, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou plearest upon my *Afs*, that we may leave this place e're Night steal upon us. But, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, I have heard you say, that 'tis a common thing among you Knight-Errants to sleep in Fields and Desarts the best part of the Year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of Life. That is to say, reply'd Don *Quixote*, when we can do no better, or when we are in Love; and this is so true, that there have been Knights who have dwelt on Rocks, expos'd to the Sun, and other



other Inclemencies of the Sky, for the space of two Years, without their Lady's Knowledge: One of those was *Amadis*, when, assuming the Name of *The Lovely Obscure*, he inhabited the *Poor Rock*, either Eight Years, or Eight Months, I can't now punctually tell which of the two; for I don't thoroughly remember that passage. Let it suffice that there he dwelt, doing Penance, for I don't know what unkindness his Lady *Oriana* had shew'd him. But setting these Discourses aside, prethee dispatch, lest some mischief befall thy Ass, as it has done *Rozinante*. That would be the Devil indeed, reply'd *Sancho*, and so breathing out some thirty Lamentations, threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Plagues and Poxes on those that had decoy'd him thither, he at last got upon his Legs, yet not so but that he went stooping, with his Body bent like a *Turk's* Bow, not being able to stand upright. Yet in this crooked Posture he made a shift to harness his Ass, who had not forgot to take his share of Licentiousness that day. After this, he help'd up *Rozinante*, who, could his Tongue have express'd his Sorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with *Sancho* and his Master. After many bitter Oh's, and screw'd Faces, *Sancho* laid *Don Quixote* on the Ass, ty'd *Rozinante* to its Tail, and then leading the Ass by the Halter, he took the nearest way that he could guess to the high Road; to which he luckily came before he had travell'd a short League, and then he discover'd an Inn; which, in spite of all he could say, *Don Quixote* was pleas'd to mistake for a Castle. *Sancho* swore bloodily 'twas an Inn, and his Master was as positive of the contrary. In short,

140 *The Life and Atchievements*

short, their Dispute lasted so long, that before they could decide it they reach'd the Inn-door, where *Sancho* straight went in, with all his Train, without troubling himself any further about the matter.

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C H A P.

## CHAP. II.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote in the Inn  
which he took for a Castle.*

**T**HE Inn-keeper, seeing Don Quixote lying quite a-thwart the Ass, ask'd Sancho what ail'd him? Sancho answer'd, 'Twas nothing, only his Master had got a fall from the Top of a Rock to the Bottom, and had bruis'd his sides a little. The Inn-keeper had a Wife, very different from the common sort of Hostesses, for she was of a Charitable Nature, and very compassionate of her Neighbour's Afflictions; which made her immediately take Care of Don Quixote, and call her Daughter, (a good handsome Girl,) to set her helping hand to his Cure. One of the Servants in the Inn was an Asturian Wench, a Broad-fac'd, Flat-headed, Saddle-nos'd Dowdy; blind of one Eye, and t'other almost out: However, the Activity of her Body supply'd all other Defects. She was not above three Foot high from her Heels to her Head; and her Shoulders, which somewhat loaded her, made her look downwards oftner than she could have wish'd. This charming Original likewise assisted the Mistress and the Daughter; and with the latter, help'd to make the Knight's Bed, and a sorry one it was; the Room where it stood was an old gambling Cock-loft, which by manifold Signs seem'd to have been in the days of Yore, a Repository for

for chopt Straw. Somewhat further, in a Corner of that Garret, a Carrier had his Lodging; and tho' his Bed was nothing but the Pannels and Coverings of his Mules, 'twas much better than that of Don *Quixote*; which only consisted of four rough-hewn Boards laid upon two uneven Tressels, a Flock-bed, that, for Substance, might well have pass'd for a Quilt, and was full of Knobs and Bunches; which had they not peep'd out throw many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of Wooll, might well have been taken for Stones: The rest of that extraordinary Bed's Furniture, was a pair of Sheets, which rather seem'd to be of Leather than of Linnen Cloath, and a Coverlet whose every individual Thread you might have told, and never have miss'd one in the Tale.

In this ungracious Bed was the Knight laid to rest his belabour'd Carcass, and presently the Hostess and her Daughter anointed and plaister'd him all over, while *Maritornes* (for this was the Name of the *Asturian* Wench) held the Candle: The Hostess, while she greas'd him, wondering to see him so bruise'd all over: I fancy, said she, those Bumps look much more like a dry Beating than a Fall. 'Twas no dry beating Mistress. I promise you, quoth *Sancho*, but the Rock had I known not how many cragged Ends and Knobs, whereof e'ry one gave my Master a Token of its Kindness. And by the way, forsooth, continu'd he, I beseech you save a little of that same Tow and Ointment for me too, for I don't know what's the matter with my Back, but I fancy I stand mainly in want of a little greasing too. What, I suppose, you fell too, quoth the Land-lady. Not I, quoth *Sancho*, but the very Fright that I took to see my Master tumble down the Rock, has so wrought

wrought upon my Body, that I'm as sore as if I had been sadly mawl'd. It may well be as you say, cry'd the Inn-keeper's Daughter; for I have dream'd several Times that I have been falling from the Top of a high Tower without ever coming to the Ground; and, when I wak'd, I have found my self as out of order and as bruise'd as if I had fall'n in good earnest. That's e'en my Case, Mistress, quoth *Sancho*; only ill Luck would have it so, that I shou'd find my self e'en almost as batter'd and bruise'd as my Lord Don *Quixote*, and yet all the while be as broad awake as I am now. How do you call this same Gentleman, quoth *Maritornes*? He's Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, reply'd *Sancho*; and he is a Knight-Errant, and one of the primest and stoutest that ever the Sun shin'd on. A Knight-Errant, cry'd the Wench, pray what's that? Heigh-day! cry'd *Sancho*, does the Wench know no more of the World than that comes to? Why, a Knight-Errant is a thing which in two Words you see well Cudgell'd, and than an Emperour. To day there's not a more wretched thing upon the Earth, and yet to morrow he'll have you two or three Kingdoms to give away to his Squire. How comes it to pass then, quoth the Land-Lady, that thou who art this great Person's Squire, has not yet got thee at least an Earldom? Fair and softly goes far, reply'd *Sancho*. Why, we have not been a Month in our Gears, so that we have not yet encounter'd any Adventure worth the naming: Besides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another. But if my Lord Don *Quixote* happens but to get well again, and I scape remaining a Cripple, I'll not take the best Title in the Land for what I am sure will fall to my Share.

Here



Here Don *Quixote*, who had listen'd with great Attention to all these Discourses, rais'd himself up in his Bed with much ado, and taking the Hostess in a most obliging Manner by the Hand, Believe me, said he, beautiful Lady, you may well esteem it a Happiness that you have now the Opportunity to entertain my Person in your Castle. Self-praise is unworthy a Man of Honour, and therefore I shall say no more of my self, but my Squire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, That I will eternally preserve your Kindness in the Treasury of my Remembrance, and study all Occasions to testify my Gratitude. And I wish, continu'd he, the Powers above had so dispos'd my Fate, that I were not already Love's devoted Slave, and captivated by the Charms of the disdainful Beauty who engrosses all my softer Thoughts; for then would I be proud to sacrifice my Liberty to this beautiful Damsel. The Hostess, her Daughter, and the kind-hearted *Maritornes* star'd on one another, quite at a Loss for the Meaning of this high-flown Language, which they understood full as well as if it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving these were Words of Compliment and Courtship, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him as a Man of another World: And so, having made him such Returns as Inn-keeper's Breeding cou'd afford, they left him to his Rest; only *Maritornes* staid to rub down *Sancho*, who wanted her Help no less than his Master.

Now you must know, that the Carrier and she had agreed to pass the Night together; and she had given him her Word, that as soon as all the People in the Inn were in Bed, she wou'd be sure to come to him, and be at his Service. And 'tis said of this good-natur'd thing, that whenever she had

had pass'd her Word in such Cases, she was sure to make it good, tho' she had made the Promise in the midst of a Wood and without any Witness at all. For she stood much upon her Gentility, tho' she undervalu'd her self so far as to serve in an Inn, often saying that nothing but Crosses and Necessity cou'd have made her stoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggerly, miserable Bed was the first of the four in that wretched Apartment; next to that was Sancho's Kennel; which consisted of nothing but a Bed-Mat and a Coverlet, that rather seem'd shorn Canvass than a Rug. Beyond those two Beds was that of the Carrier, made, as we have said, of the Pannels and Furniture of two of the best of twelve Mules which he kept, every one of 'em goodly Beasts and in special good Case; for he was one of the richest Muleteers of *Arenvalo*, as the Moorish Author of this History relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him, nay, some don't stick to say he was somewhat a-kin to him. However it be, it appears that *Cid Mahomet Benengeli* was a very exact Historian, since he takes care to give us an Account of Things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable Example which those Historians should follow, who usually relate Matters so concisely, that they seem scarce to have dipp'd in 'em, and rather to have left the most essential Part of the Story drown'd in the bottom of the Inkhorn, either through Neglect, Malice, or Ignorance. A thousand Blessings then be given to the curious Author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and to that other indefatigable Sage who recorded the Achievements of Count *Tornillas*; for they have describ'd even the most minute and trifling Circumstances with a singular preciseness. But, to

return to our Story, you must know that after the Carrier had dress'd his Mules and given 'em their Night's Provender, he laid him down on his hard Bed, expecting the most punctual *Maritornes's* kind Visit. By this Time, *Sancho*, duely greas'd and anointed, was crept into his Sty, where he did all he could to sleep, but his aking Ribs did all they could to prevent him. As for the Knight, whose Sides were in as bad Circumstances as his Squire's, he lay with both his Eyes open like a Hare. And now was every Soul in the Inn gone to Bed, not so much as a Mouse stirring in the House, nor any Light to be seen, except that of a Lamp which hung in the middle of the Gate-way. This general Tranquillity setting Don *Quixote's* Thoughts at work, offer'd to his Imagination one of the most absurd Follies that ever crept into a distemper'd Brain, from the Perusal of Romantick Whimsies. Now he fancy'd himself to be in a famous Castle (for, as we have already said, all the Inns he lodg'd in, seem'd no less than Castles to him) and that the Inn-keeper's Daughter (consequently Daughter to the Lord of the Castle) strangely captivated with his graceful-Presence and Gallantry, had promis'd him the Pleasure of her Embraces, as soon as her Father and Mother were gone to rest. This Chimera disturb'd him, as if it had been a real Truth. So that he began to be mightily perplex'd, reflecting on the Danger to which his Honour was expos'd. But at last his Vertue over-came the powerful Temptation, and he firmly resolv'd not to be guilty of the least Infidelity to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; tho' Queen *Genever* her self, with her trusty Matron *Quintaniona* should joyn to decoy him into the alluring Snare.

While

While these wild Imaginations work'd in his Brain, the gentle *Maritornes* was mindful of her Assignment, and with soft and wary Steps, bare-foot and in her Smock, stole into the Room, and felt about for her beloved Carrier's Bed. But scarce had she got to the Door, when Don *Quixote*, whose Ears were on the scout, was sensible that something was coming in ; and therefore having rais'd himself in his Bed, sore and wrapt up in Plaisters, as he was, he stretch'd out his Arms to receive his fancy'd Damsel, and caught hold of *Maritornes* by the Wrist, as she was, with her Arms stretch'd, groping her way to her *Paramour* ; he pull'd her to him, and made her sit down by his Bed's-side, she not daring to speak a Word all the while : Now, as he imagin'd her to be the Lord of the Castle's Daughter, her Smock, which was of the coarsest Canvass, seem'd to him of the finest Holland ; and the Glass-Beads about her Wrist, precious Oriental Pearls ; her Hair that was almost as rough as a Horse's Main, he took to be soft flowing Threads of bright curling Gold ; and her Breath that had a stronger *Hogoe* than stale Venison, was to him a grateful Compound of the most fragrant Perfumes of *Arabia*. In short, his flattering Imagination transform'd her into the likeness of those Romantick Beauties, one of whom, as he remember'd to have read, came to pay a private Visit to a wounded Knight, with whom she was desperately in Love ; and the poor Gentleman's obstinate Folly had so infatuated his outward Sense, that his Feeling and his Smell could not in the least undeceive him ; and he thought he had no less than a balmy *Venus* in his Arms, while he hugg'd a fulsome Bundle of Deformities that would have turn'd any Man's Stomach but a sharp-set Carrier's.

148 *The Life and Atchievements*

Therefore clapping her still closer, with a soft and amorous Whisper, Oh! thou most lovely Temptation, cry'd he, Oh! that I now might but pay a warm Acknowledgment for the mighty Blessing which your extravagant Goodness would lavish on me; yes, most beautiful Charmer, I would give an Empire to purchase your more desirable Embraces; but Fortune, Madam, Fortune, that Tyrant of my Life, that unrelenting Enemy to the truly Deserving, has maliciously hurry'd and rivetted me to this Bed, where I lie so bruis'd and macerated, that, tho' I were eager to gratify your Desires, I should at this dear unhappy Minute be doom'd to Impotence: Nay, that unluckily Bar, Fate has added a yet more invincible Obstacle: I mean my plighted Faith to the unrivall'd *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole Mistress of my Wishes, and absolute Sovereign of my Heart. Oh! did not this oppose my present Happiness, I could never be so dull and insensible a Knight as to lose the Benefit of this extraordinary Favour which you have now condescended to offer me.

Poor *Maritornes* all this while sweated for Fear and Anxiety, to find her self thus lock'd in the Knight's Arms; and without either understanding or willing to understand his florid Excuses, she did what she could to get from him, and sheer off, without speaking a Word: On the other side, the Carrier, whose lewd Thoughts kept him awake, having heard his trusty Lady when she first came in, and listen'd ever since to the Knight's Discourse, began to be afraid that she had made some other Assignment; and so without any more ado, he crept softly to Don *Quixote's* Bed, where he listen'd a while to hear what would be the end of all this Talk, which he could not understand: But perceiving at last, by the struggling



gling of his faithful *Maritornes*, that 'twas none of her Fault, and that the Knight strove to detain her against her Will, he could by no means bear his Familiarity; and therefore taking it in mighty Dudgeon, he up with his Fist, and hit the disastrous Knight such a swinging blow on the Jaws, that his Face was all over Blood in a Moment. And not satisfied with this, he got o' top of the Knight, and with his splay Feet betrampled him as if he had been treading a Hay-mow. With that the Bed, whose Foundations were none of the best, sunk under the additional Load of the Carrier, and fell with such a noise that it wak'd the Inn-keeper, who presently suspects it to be one of *Maritornes's* nightly Skirmishes; and therefore having call'd her aloud, and finding that she did not answer, he lighted a Lamp and made to the Place where he heard the Bustle. The Wench who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a passionate Nature, was scar'd out of her Wits, and fled for shelter to *Sancho's* Sty, where he lay snoring to some Tune: There she pigg'd in, and slunk under the Coverlet, where she lay snug, and truss'd up as round as an Egg. Presently her Master came in, in a mighty heat: Where's this damn'd Whore, cry'd he: I dare say this is one of her Pranks. By this, *Sancho*, awak'd; and feeling that unusual Lamp, which almost over-laid him, he took it to be the Night-Mare, and began to lay about him with his Fists, and thump'd the Wench so unmercifully, that at last Flesh and Blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the Danger she was in, and her dear Reputation, she paid him back his Thumps as fast as her Fists could lay 'em on, and soon rous'd the drowsie Squire out of his Sluggishness, whether he would or no. Who find-

ing himself thus pummell'd, by he did not know who, he bustled up in his Nest, and catching hold of *Maritornes*, they began the most pleasant Skirmish in the World. When the Carrier perceiving by the Light of the Inn-keeper's Lamp, the dismal Condition that his dear Mistress was in, presently took her Part; and, leaving the Knight whom he had more than sufficiently mawl'd, flew at the Squire, and paid him confoundly. On the other hand, the Inn-keeper, who took the Wench to be the cause of all this hurly-burly, cuff'd and kick'd, and kick'd and cuff'd her over and over again: And so there was a strange Multiplication of Fisticuffs and Drubbings. The Carrier pummell'd *Sancho*, *Sancho* mawl'd the Wench, the Wench belabour'd the Squire, and the Inn-keeper thrash'd her again: And all of 'em laid on with such Expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid of losing Time. But the best Jest was that in the heat of the Fray, the Lamp went out so that being now in the dark, they ply'd on another at a Venture, they struck and tore, all went to Rack, while Nails and Fists flew about without Mercy.

There happen'd to lodge that Night in the Inn one of the Officers belonging to that Society which they call the old holy Brother-hood of *Toledo*, whose chief Office is to look after Thieves and Robbers. Being wak'd with the heavy Bustle, he presently jump'd out of his Bed, and with his short Staff in one Hand, and a Tin-Box with his Commission in't in the other, he grop'd out his way; and being enter'd the Room in the dark, cry'd out, I charge ye all to keep the Peace: I am an Officer of the holy Brother-hood. The first he popp'd his Hand upon happen'd to be the poor batter'd Knight who lay upon his Back, at  
his

his full length, without any Feeling, upon the Ruins of his Bed. The Officer, having caught him by the Beard, presently cry'd out, I charge you to aid and assist me: But finding he cou'd not stir, tho' he grip'd him hard, he presently imagin'd him to be dead. and murder'd by the rest in the Room. With that, he bawl'd out, to have the Gates of the Inn shut. Here's a Man murder'd, cry'd he; look that no Body makes his Escape. These Words struck all the Combatants with such a Terrour, that as soon as they reach'd their Ears they gave over, and left the Argument undecided. Away stole the Inn-keeper to his own Room, the Carrier to his Pannels, and the Wench to her Kennel; only the unfortunate Knight, and his as unfortunate Squire, remain'd where they lay, not being able to stir; while the Officer, having let go Don *Quixote's* Beard, went out for a Light, in order to apprehend the suppos'd Murderers. But the Inn-keeper having wisely put out the Lamp in the Gate-way, as he sneak'd out of the Room, the Officer was oblig'd to repair to the Kitchen-Chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing a long while amidst the Embers, he at last made shift to get a Light.

## C H A P. III.

*A further Account of the innumerable Hardships which the brave Don Quixote, and his worthy Squire Sancho underwent in the Inn, which the Knight unluckily took for a Castle.*

**D**ON Quixote, who by this Time was come to himself, began to call Sancho with the same lamentable Tone as the Day before, when he had been beaten by the Carriers in the Meadow. Sancho, cry'd he, Friend Sancho, art thou asleep? Art thou asleep, Friend Sancho? Sleep, reply'd Sancho, mightily out of Humour, may old Nick rock my Cradle then. Why, how the Devil should I sleep, when all the Imps of Hell have been tormenting me to Night? Nay, thou'rt in the right, answer'd Don Quixote, for either I have no Skill in these Matters, or this Castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear, thou will't never reveal it till after my Death. I swear it, quoth Sancho. I am thus cautious, said Don Quixote, because I hate to take away the Reputation of any Person. Why, quoth Sancho, I tell you again, I swear never to speak a word of the Matter while you Live; and I wish I may be at liberty to talk on't to Morrow. Why, cry'd Don Quixote! Have I done thee so much wrong, Sancho, that thou would'st have me die so soon? Nay, 'tis not for that neither, quoth San-

cho;

cho; but because I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they should grow mouldy. Well, let it be as thou pleasest, said Don Quixote: For I dare trust greater Concerns to thy Courtesie and Affection. In short, know, that this very Night there happen'd to me one of the strangest Adventures that can be imagin'd; for, the Daughter of the Lord of this Castle came to me, who is one of the most engaging and most beautiful Damsels that ever Nature has been proud to boast of: What could I not tell thee of the Charms of her Shape and Face, and the Perfections of her Mind! What could I not add of other hidden Beauties, which I condemn to Silence and Oblivion, lest I endanger my Allegiance and Fidelity to my Lady *Dulcinea del Tobo, o!* I will only tell thee, That the Heavens envying the inestimable Happiness which Fortune had thrown into my Hand; or rather, because this Castle is enchanted, it happen'd, that in the midst of the most tender and passionate Discourses that pass'd between us, the prophane Hand of some mighty Giant, which I could not see, nor imagine whence it came, hit me such a dreadful Blow on the Jaws, that they are still embro'd with Blood; after which the discourteous Wretch presuming on my present Weakness, did so barbarously bruise me, that I feel my self in a worse Condition now than I did Yesterday, after the Carriers had so roughly handled me for *Rozinante's* Incontinency: From which I conjecture, that the Treasure of this Damsel's Beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not reserv'd for me.

Nor for me neither, quoth *Sancho*; for I have been Rib-roasted by above four Hundred Moors, who have hammer'd my Bones in such guise,

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that I may safely say, the Assault and Battery made on my Body by the Carrier's Poles and Pack-staves, were but ticklings and stroakings with a Feather to this. But, Sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this such a pleasant Adventure, when we are so lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, seeing you've hugg'd that fair Maiden in your Arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heaviest Blows that e'er fell on a poor Man's Shoulder? Woe's me and the Mother that bore me, for I neither am nor ever mean to be a Knight-Errant, and yet the eldest Brother's Portion of Mischiefs falls still to my Lot. What, hast thou been beaten as well as I, said Don Quixote? What a Plague, cry'd Sancho, ha'n't I been telling you so all this while? Come, never let it trouble thee Friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for I'll immediately make the precious Balsam that will cure thee in the twinkling of an Eye.

By this time the Officer, having lighted his Lamp, came into the Room, to see who it was that was Murder'd: Sancho seeing him enter in his Shirt, a Napkin wrapt about his Head like a Turbant, and the Lamp in his Hand, he being also an ugly ill-look'd Fellow; Sir, quoth the Squire to his Master, pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor that's come again to have t'other Bout with me, and try whether he has not left some place unbruised for him now to mawl as much as the rest? It cannot be the Moor, reply'd Don Quixote: For Necromancers never suffer themselves to be seen. If they don't suffer themselves to be seen, quoth Sancho, at least they suffer themselves to be felt: If not, let my Carcase bear witness. So might mine, cry'd Don Quixote: Yet this

this is no sufficient Reason to prove, that what we see is the enchanted *Moor*.

While they were thus arguing, the Officer advanc'd, and wonder'd to hear two Men talk so calmly to one another there. Yet finding the unfortunate Knight lying in the same deplorable Posture as he left him, stretch'd out like a Corps, bloody, bruis'd, and beplaster'd, and not able to stir himself. How is't honest Fellow, quoth he to the Champion, how do you find your self? Were I your Fellow, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I would have a little more Manners than you have, you Block-head, you; is that your way of approaching Knight-Errants in this Country? The Officer could not bear such a Reprimand from one who made so scurvy a Figure, and lifting up the Lamp, Oil and all, hit Don *Quixote* such a Blow on the Head with it, that he had Reason to fear he had made Work for the Surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the Room, under the Protection of the Night. Well, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, d'you think now 'twas the enchanted *Moor* or no? For my Part, I think he keeps the Treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only Kicks, Cuffs, Thumps and Knocks for your Worship and my self. I am now convinc'd, answer'd Don *Quixote*: Therefore let's wave that Resentment of these Injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew; for considering these Inchanters can make themselves invisible when they please, 'tis needless to think of Revenge. But, I prethee rise, if thou can'st, *Sancho*, and desire the Governour of the Castle to send me some Oil, Salt, Wine and Rosemary, that I may make my healing Balsam; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the Blood flows out of the Wound which the Fantasm gave me just now.

*Sancho*

## 156 *The Life and Atchievements*

*Sancho* then got up as fast as his aking Bones would let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the Room to look for the Inn-keeper, and stumbling by the way on the Officer, who stood heark'ning to know what Mischief he had done; Sir, quoth he to him, for Heaven's sake do so much as help us to a little Oil, Salt, Wine and Rosemary, to make a Med'cine for one of the best Knight-Errants that e'er trod on Shoe of Leather, who lies yonder grievously wounded by the enchanted *Moor* of this Inn. The Officer hearing him talk at that Rate, took him to be out of his Wits; and it beginning to be Day-Light, he open'd the Inn-Door, and told the Inn-keeper what *Sancho* wanted. The Host presently provided the desir'd Ingredients, and *Sancho* crept back with 'em to his Master, whom he found holding his Head, and sadly complaining of the Pain which he felt there; tho' after all, the Lamp had done him no more harm than only the-raising of two huge Bumps; for that which he fancy'd to be Blood, was only Sweat and the Oil of the Lamp that had liquor'd his Hair and Face.

The Knight took all the Ingredients, and having mix'd 'em together, he had 'em set over the Fire, and there kept 'em boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he ask'd for a Viol to put this precious Liquor in. But there being none to be got, the Inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen Jug, and Don *Quixote* was forc'd to be contented with that. Then he mumbl'd over the Pot above Fourscore *Pater-noster's*, and as many *Ave-Maria's*, *Salve-Regina's*, and *Credo's*, making the Sign of the Cross at every Word by way of Benediction. At which Ceremony, *Sancho*, the Inn-keeper, and the Offi-

cer were present, for as for the Carrier, he was gone to look after his Mules, and took no Manner of Notice of what was pass'd. This blessed Medicine being made, Don *Quixote* resolv'd to make an immediate Experiment of it on himself; and to that Purpose he took off a good Draught of the Over-plus which his Jug would not hold. But he had scarce gulp'd it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently, that you would have thought he'd have cast up his Heart, Liver and Guts; and his reaching and straining put him into such a Sweat, that he desir'd to be cover'd up warm and left to his Repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole Hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eas'd, that he made no Question but he had now the right Balsam of *Fierabras*; and therefore he thought he might safely undertake all the most dangerous Adventures in the World without the least Hazard of his Person.

*Sancho*, encourag'd by the wonderful Effect of the Balsam on his Master, begg'd that he would be pleas'd to give him Leave to sip up what was left in the Pot, which was no small Quantity; and the Don having consented, honest *Sancho* lifted it up with both his Hands, and with a strong Faith, and better Will, pour'd every Drop down his Throat. Now the Man's Stomach not being so nice as his Masters, the Drench did not set him a vomiting after that Manner; but caus'd such a wambling in his Stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and reaching, and such grinding Pangs, with cold Sweats and Swoonings, that he verily believ'd his last Hour was come, and in the Midst of his Agony gave both the Balsam and him that made it to the Devil. Friend, said Don *Quixote*, seeing him in that sad Condition, I begin  
to

to think all this Pain befalls thee only because thou hast not receiv'd the Order of Knighthood; for 'tis my Opinion, this Balsam ought to be us'd by no Man that is not a profess'd Knight. What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it? quoth *Sancho*; a Murrain on me and all my Generation, why did you not tell me this before? At length the Dose began to work to some Purpose, and forc'd its Way at both Ends so copiously, that both his Bed-Mat and Coverlet were soon made unfit for any further Use; and all the while he strain'd so hard, that not only himself but the Standers-by thought he would have dy'd. This dreadful Hurricane lasted about two Hours; and then too, instead of finding himself as free from Pain as his Master, he felt himself so feeble and so far spent, that he was not able to stand.

But Don *Quixote*, as we've said, found himself in an excellent Temper; and his active Soul loathing an inglorious Repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the Duties of his adventurous Profession: For he thought those Moments that were trifled away in Amusements, or other Concerns, only a Blank in Life; and all Delays a depriving distress'd Persons, and the World in general, of his needed Assistance: The Confidence which he repos'd in his Balsam heighten'd if possible his Resolution; and thus carry'd away by his eager Thoughts, he saddl'd *Rozinante* himself, and then put the Pannel upon the Ass, and his Squire upon the Pannel, after he had help'd him to huddle on his Cloaths: That done he mounted his Steed; and having spy'd a Javelin that stood in a Corner, he seiz'd and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his Lance. Above twenty People that were in the

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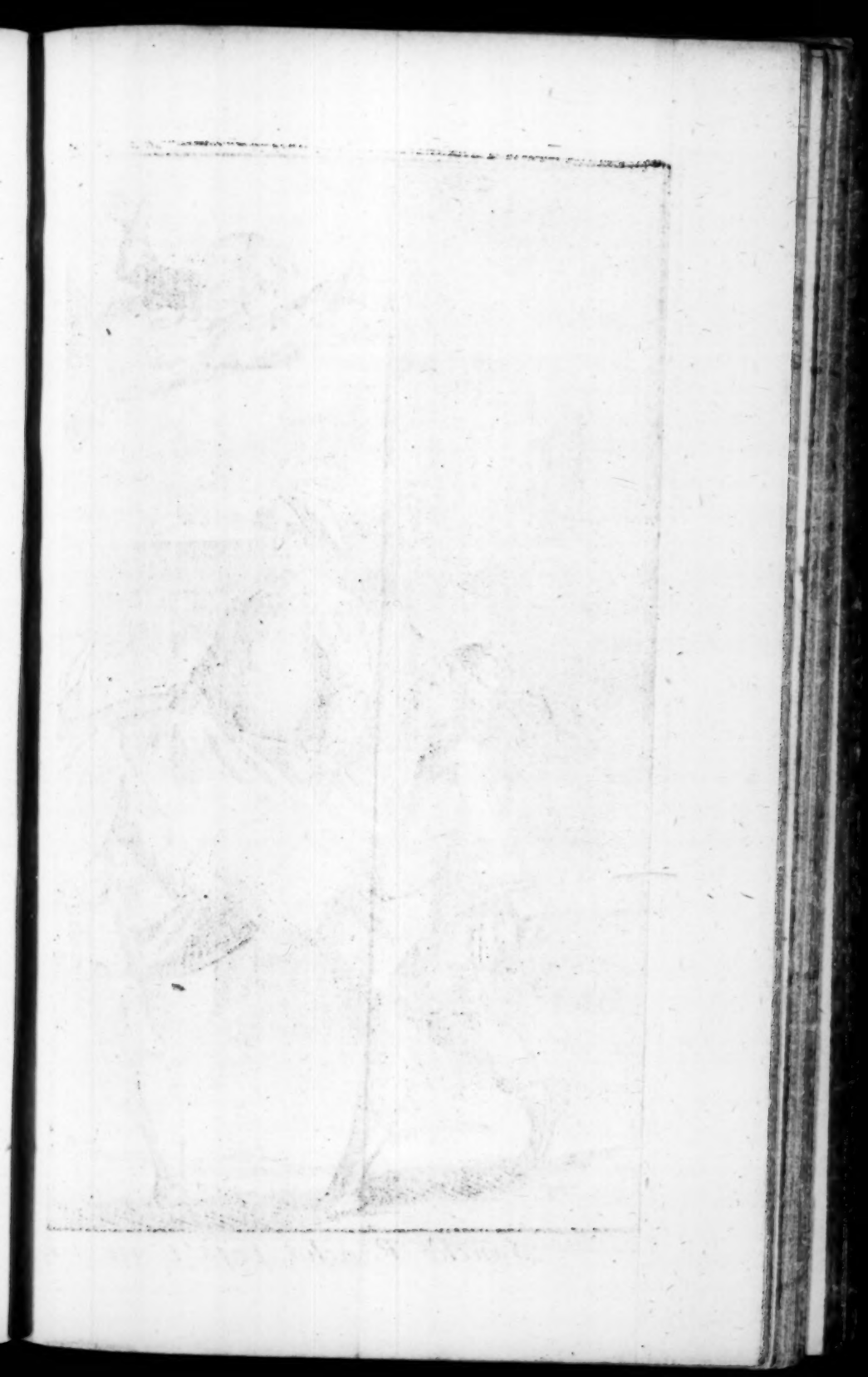


Inn stood Spectators of all these Transactions, and among the rest the Inn-keeper's Daughter, from whom Don *Quixote* had not Power to withdraw his Eyes, breathing out at every Glance a deep Sigh from the very Bottom of his Heart; which those who had seen him so mortify'd the Night before, took to proceed from the Pain of his Bruises.

And now being ready to set forwards, he call'd for the Master of the House, and with a grave Delivery, My Lord Governour, cry'd he, the Favours I have received in your Castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful Soul to an eternal Acknowledgment: Therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge Part of the Obligation, think if there be e'er a proud Mortal breathing on whom you desire to be reveng'd for some Affront or other Injury, and acquaint me with it now, and by my Order of Knighthood, which binds me to protect the Weak, relieve the Oppressed, and punish the Bad, I promise you I'll take effectual Care that you shall have ample Satisfaction to the utmost of your Wishes. Sir Knight, answer'd the Inn-keeper with an austere Gravity, I shall not need your Assistance to revenge any Wrong that may have been offer'd to my Person; for I would have you to understand that I am able to do my self Justice whenever any Man presumes to do me Wrong: Therefore all the Satisfaction I desire is, that you would pay your Reckoning for Horse Meat and Man's Meat, and all your Expences in my Inn. How! cry'd Don *Quixote*, is this an Inn? Yes, answer'd the Host, and one of the most noted, and of the best Repute upon the Road. How strangely have I been mistaken then! cry'd Don *Quixote*; upon my Honour I took it for  
a Castle,

a Castle, and a considerable one too: But if it be an Inn, and not a Castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying any thing; for I would by no Means break the Laws which we Knight-Errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known that they ever paid in any Inn whatsoever, for this is the least Recompence that can be allow'd 'em for the intolerable Labours they endure Day and Night, Winter and Summer, o'Foot and o'Horse-back, pinch'd with Hunger, choak'd with Thirst, and expos'd to all the Injuries of the Air, and all the Inconveniences in the World. I've nothing to do with all this, cry'd the Inn-keeper; pay your Reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish Stories of a Cock and a Bull: I can't afford to keep House at that Rate. Thou art both a Fool and a Knave of an Inn-keeper, reply'd Don Quixote: And with that clapping Spurs to *Rozinante*, and brandishing his Javelin at his Host, he rode out of the Inn without any Opposition, and got a good Way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his Squire came after him.

The Knight having thus gloriously bilk'd his Lodging, and bully'd the Inn-keeper out of his Reckoning, the Master being march'd off, there remain'd only the Man, who being as it were left in pawn, would gladly have sheer'd off too; but not being so lucky in giving his Host the Slip, he was fairly stop'd for the Reckoning. However he swore bloodily he would not pay a Cross; for the self same Law that acquitted the Knight acquitted the Squire. This put the Inn-keeper into a great Passion, and made him threaten *Sancho* very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair Means, he would have him laid by the Heels that Moment. *Sancho* swore by his Master's





*Sancho Pancha toß't in a*





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Master's Knighthood he would sooner part with his Life than his Money on such an Account; nor should the Squires in After-ages ever have Occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a Precedent, or breaking their Rights. But as ill Luck would have it, there happen'd to be in the Inn four *Segovia* Clothiers, three *Cordoua* Point-makers, and two *Sevil* Hucksters, all brisk, game-some, arch Fellows; who agreeing all in the same Design encompass'd *Sancho*, and pull'd him off his Ass, while one of 'em went to get a Blanket. Then they put the unfortunate Squire into it, and carry'd him into the Back-yard, where they toss'd him in the Air for several times together in the Blanket, as they do Dogs on *Shrove-Tuesday*. Poor *Sancho* made so grievous an Out-cry all the while, that his Master heard him, and imagin'd those Lamentations were of some Person in Distress, and consequently the Occasion of some Adventure; but having at last distinguish'd the Voice, he made to the Inn with a broken Gallop; and finding the Gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other Way to get in. But he no sooner came to the Back-yard Wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an Eye-witness of the scurvy Trick that was put upon the Squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolick and caper in the Air with so much Nimbleness and Agility, that 'tis thought the Knight himself could not have forbore laughing, had he been any thing less angry. He did his best to get over the Wall, but alas! he was so bruise'd, that he could not so much as alight from his Horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his Passion in a thousand Threats and Curses, so strange and various that 'tis impossible to repeat 'em. But the more he storm'd, the more they toss'd and laugh'd;

laugh'd ; *Sancho* on his Side begging, and howling, and threatening, and damning to as little Purpose as his Master, for 'twas Weariness alone could make the Tossers give over. Then they charitably put an End to his high dancing, and set him upon his Ass again carefully wrapt in his Mantle. But *Maritornes's* tender Soul made her pity a male Creature in such Tribulation ; and thinking he had danc'd and tumbl'd enough to be a dry, she was so generous as to help him to a Draught of Water, which she purposely drew from the Well that Moment, that it might be the cooler. *Sancho* clap'd the Pot to his Mouth, but his Master made him desist : Hold, hold, cry'd he, Son *Sancho* ; drink no Water Child, 'twill kill thee : Behold I have here the most holy Balsam , two Drops of which will cure thee effectually. Ha, (reply'd *Sancho*, shaking his Head, and looking sowerly on the Knight with a side Face) have you again forgot that I'm no Knight ? or would you have me cast up the few Guts I've left since Yesternight's Job ? Keep your Brewings for your self in the Devil's Name, and let me alone. With that he lifted the Jug to his Nose, but finding it to be meer Element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desir'd the Wench to help him to some better Liquor : So she went and fetch'd him Wine to make him Amends, and paid for't too out of her own Pocket ; for to give the Devil his Due, 'twas said of her, that tho' she was somewhat too free of her Favours. yet she had something of Christianity in her. As soon as *Sancho* had tipp'd off his Wine, he visited his Ass's Ribs twice or thrice with his Hee's, and free Egress being granted him, he troop'd off, mightily tickled with the Thoughts of having had his Ends ; and got off hot-free, tho'

tho' at the Expence of his Shoulders, his usual Sureties: 'Tis true the Inn-keeper kept his Wallet for the Reckoning; but the poor Squire was so dismay'd, and in such Haste to be gone, that he never miss'd it. The Host was for shutting the Inn-Doors after him for fear of the Worst; but the Tossers would not let him, being a sort of Fellows that would not have matter'd Don *Quixote* a Straw, tho' he had really been one of the Knights of the Round-Table.

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C H A P.

## C H A P. IV.

*Of the Discourse between the Knight and the Squire, with other Matters worth relating.*

**S***Ancho* overtook his Master, but so pale, so dead-hearted, and so mortify'd, that he was hardly able to set his Ass. My dear *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, seeing him in that Condition, I am now fully convinc'd that this Castle, or Inn, is enchanted: For what could they be that made themselves such barbarous Sport with thee, but Spirits and People of the other World? And I the rather believe this, seeing, that when I look'd over the Wall and saw thee thus abus'd, I strove to get over it but could not stir, nor by any Means alight from *Rozinante*. For, by my Honour, could I either have got over the Wall or dismounted, I would have reveng'd thee so effectually on those discourteous Wretches, that they should never have forgot the Severity of their Punishment, though for once I had infringed the Laws of Chivalry; which, as I have often inform'd thee, do not permit any Knight to lay Hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own Defence, and in case of great Necessity. Nay, quoth *Sancho*, I would have pay'd 'em home my self, whether Knight or no Knight, but 'twas not in my Power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my Carcass were neither Spirits nor enchanted Folks, as you have



have it, but meer Flesh and Blood as we be ; I'm sure they call'd one another by their Christian Names and Sir-Names while they made me vault and frisk in the Air ; one was call'd *Pedro Martinez*, t'other *Tenorio Hernandez* ; and as for our Dog of a Host, I heard 'em call him *Juan Palomeque* the Left-handed : Then pray don't you fancy that your not being able to get over the Wall nor to alight, was some Inchanter's Trick. 'Tis a Folly to make many Words ; 'tis as plain as the Nose in a Man's Face that these same Adventures which we hunt for up and down are like to bring us at last into a Peck of Troubles, and such a plaguy deal of Mischiefe, that we shan't be able to set one Foot afore t'other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest Course to jog home and look after our Harvest, lest we leap out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, or, out of God's Blessing into the warm Sun. Poor *Sancho*, cry'd Don Quixote, how ignorant thou art in Matters of Chivalry ! Come say no more, and have Patience : A Day will come when thou shalt be convinc'd how honourable a thing it is to follow this Employment. For, tell me, what Satisfaction in this World, what Pleasure can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's Enemy ? None without Doubt. It may be so for ought I know, quoth *Sancho*, though I know nothing of the Matter. However, this I may venture to say, that ever since we are turn'd Knight-Errants, (your Worship I mean, for 'tis not for such Scrubs as my self to be nam'd the same Day with such Folk) the Devil of any Fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the *Biscayan* ; and in that too you came off with the Loss of one Ear and the Vizer of your Helmet. And what have we got ever since pray but Blows and more Blows,  
Bruises

Bruises and more Bruises ? Besides this tossing in a Blanket which fell all to my Share, and for which I can't be reveng'd because they were Hobgoblins that serv'd me so forsooth, though I hugely long to be even with 'em, that I may know the Pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's Enemy. I find *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, thou and I are both sick of the same Disease : But I will endeavour with all Speed to get me a Sword made with so much Art, that no sort of Inchantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it ; and perhaps Fortune may put into my Hands that which *Amadis de Gaul* wore when he styl'd himself, *The Knight of the burning Sword*, which was one of the best Blades that ever was drawn by Knight ; for besides the Virtue I now mention'd, it had an Edge like a Razor, and would enter the strongest Armour that ever was tempered or enchanted. I'll lay any thing, quoth *Sancho*, when you've found this Sword, 'twill prove just such another Help to me as your Balsam ; that is to say, 'twill stand no Body in any stead but your dubb'd Knights, let the poor Devil of a Squire shift how he can. Fear no such thing, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; Heaven will be more propitious to thee then thou imaginest.

Thus they went on discoursing, when Don *Quixote*, perceiving a thick Cloud of Dust arise right before 'em in the Road, The Day is come, said he, turning to his Squire, the Day is come, *Sancho*, that shall usher in the Happiness which Fortune has reserv'd for me : This Day shall the Strength of my Arm be signaliz'd by such Exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest Posterity. See'st thou that Cloud of Dust *Sancho* ? It is rais'd by a prodigious Army marching this Way, and compos'd of an infinite Number of Nations

Nations. Why then, at this Rate, quoth *Sancho*, there should be two Armies; for yonder's as great a Dust on t'other Side: With that *Don Quixote* look'd, and was transported with Joy at the Sight, firmly believing that two vast Armies were ready to engage each other in that Plain: For his Imagination was so crowded with those Battles, Inchantments, surprizing Adventures, amorous Thoughts, and other Whimsies which he had read of in Romanees, that his strong Fancy chang'd every thing he saw into what he desir'd to see; and thus he could not conceive that the Dust was only rais'd by two large Flocks of Sheep that were moving in two different Roads in that spacious Plain, and could not be discern'd till they were very near: He was so positive that they were two Armies, that *Sancho* firmly believed him at last. Well Sir, quoth the Squire, what are we to do I beseech you? What should we do, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but assist the weaker and the injur'd Side? For know, *Sancho*, that the Army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great *Alifanfaron*, Emperour of the vast Island of *Taprobana*: The other that advances behind us is his Enemy, the King of the *Garamantians*, *Pentapolin* with the naked Arm; so call'd, because he always fights with his Arm bare. Pray Sir, quoth *Sancho*, why are these two great Men going together by the Ears? The Occasion of their Quarrel is this, answer'd *Don Quixote*, *Alifanfaron*, a strong Pagan, is in love with *Pentapolin's* Daughter, a very beautiful Lady and a Christian: Now her Father refuses to give her in Marriage to the Heathen Prince, unless he abjure his false Belief and embrace the Christian Religion. Burn my Beard, said *Sancho*, if *Pentapolin* ben't in the Right on't; I'll stand by him, and help him all I may.

may. I commend thy Resolution, reply'd Don Quixote; 'tis not only lawful but requisite; for there's no Need of being a Knight to fight in such Battles. I guess'd as much, quoth Sancho: But where shall we leave my Ass in the mean time, that I may be sure to find him again after the Battle; for I fancy you never heard of any Man that ever charg'd upon such a Beast. 'Tis true, answer'd Don Quixote, and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many Horses after we have got the Day, that even Rozinante himself will be in Danger of being chang'd for another. Then mounting to the Top of a Hillock, whence they might have seen both the Flocks had not the Dust obstructed their Sight. Look yonder, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote! that Knight whom thou see'st in the gilded Arms, bearing in his Shield a crown'd Lion couchant at the Feet of a Lady, is the valiant *Laurcalco* Lord of the silver Bridge. He in the Armour powder'd with Flowers of Gold, bearing three Crows *Argent* in a Field *Azure*, is the formidable *Micocolembo* great Duke of *Quiracia*. That other of a gigantick Size that marches on his Right, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaran* of *Boliche*, Sovereign of the three *Arabia's*; he's array'd in Serpents-skin, and carries instead of a Shield a huge Gate, which they say belong'd to the Temple which *Sampson* pull'd down at his Death, when he reveng'd himself upon his Enemies. But cast thy Eyes on this Side, Sancho, and at the Head of t'other Army see the ever victorious *Timonel* of *Carcaiona*, Prince of *New Biscay*, whose Armour is quarter'd *Azure*, *Vert*, *Or*, and *Argent*, and who bears in his Shield a Cat *Or*, in a Field *Gules*, with these four Letters, *M I A U*, for a Motto, being the Beginning of his Mistress's Name,

Name, the beautiful *Miaulina* Daughter to *Alpheniquen* Duke of *Algarva*. That other monstrous Load upon the Back of yonder wild Horse, with Arms as white as Snow, and a Shield without any Device, is a new-created Knight call'd *Pierre Papin* Baron of *Utrick* in *France*: He whom you see pricking that py'd Courser's Flanks with his arm'd Heels, is the mighty Duke of *Nervia*, *Espartafilardo* of the Wood, bearing in his Shield a Field Vert, powder'd with Asparagus, and a Harrow for his Device. † So trails my vice, with this Motto † *Rastrea mi Fortune.*

*Suerte*. And thus he went on, naming a great Number of others in both Armies, to every one of whom his fertile Imagination assign'd Arms, Colours, *Impresses* and *Motto's*, as readily as if they had really been that Moment extant before his Eyes. And then proceeding without the least Hesitation; That vast Body, said he, that's just opposite to us is compos'd of several Nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant Stream of the famous *Xanthus*: There the Mountaineers that till the *Massilian* Fields; Those that sift the pure Gold of *Arabia Felix*: Those that inhabit the renown'd and delightful Banks of *Thermodon*. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden *Pactolus* for its precious Sand. The *Numidians*, unsteady, and careless of their Promises. The *Persians*, excellent Archers. The *Medes* and *Partians*, who make their Flight a War. The *Arabs*, who have no fix'd Habitations. The *Scythians*, cruel and savage, though fair complexion'd. The sooty *Ethiopians*, that bore their Lips; and a thousand other Nations whose Countenances I know, tho' I have forgotten their Names. On the other Side, come those whose Country is water'd with the



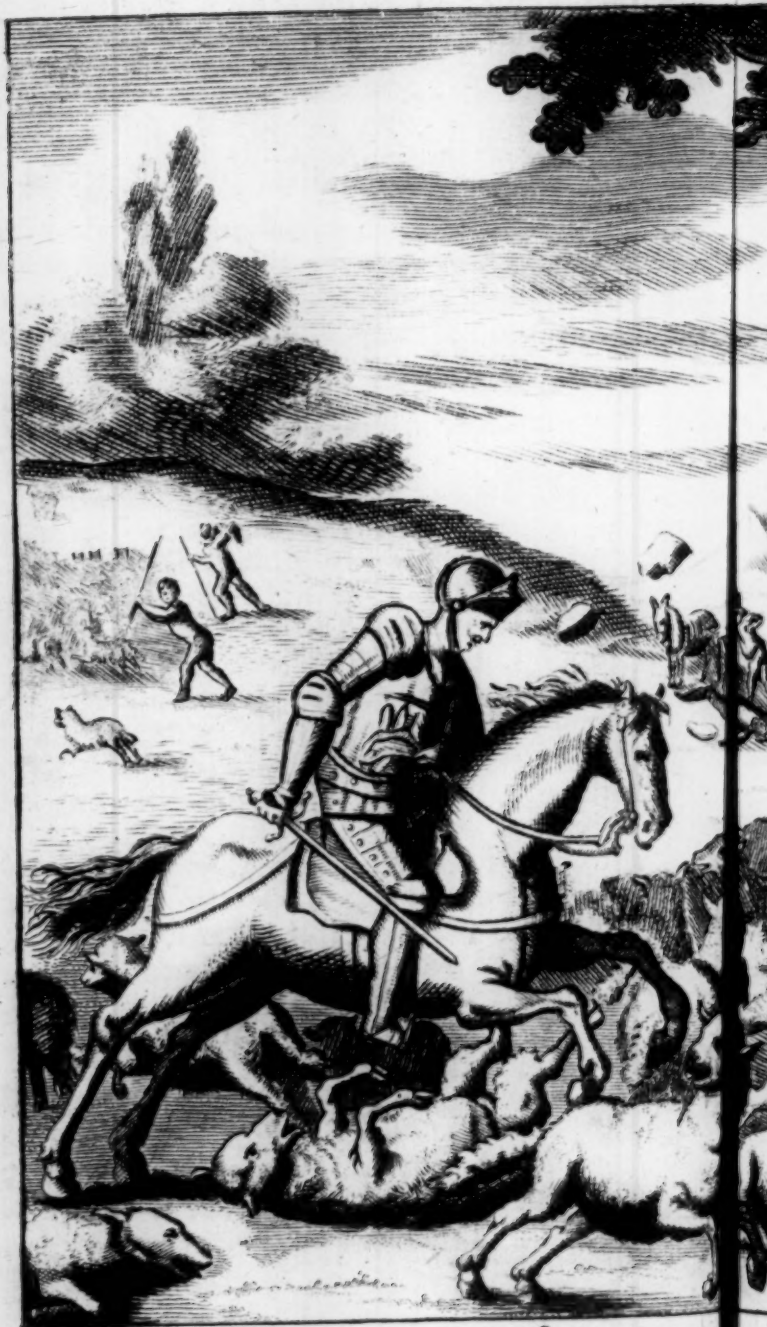
Crystal-Streams of *Betis*, shaded with Olive-Trees. Those who bath their Limbs in the rich Flood of the golden *Tagus*. Those whose Mansions are lav'd by the profitable Stream of the divine *Genile*. Those who range the verdant *Tartesian* Meadows, Those who indulge their luxurious Temper in the delicious Pastures of *Xerez*. The wealthy Inhabitants of the *Mancha*, crown'd with golden Ears of Corn. The ancient Off-spring of the *Goths*, immur'd with Iron. Those who wanton in the lazy Current of *Pisuerga*. Those who feed their numerous Flocks in the ample Plains where the *Guadiana*, so celebrated for its hidden Course, pursues its wand'ring Race. Those who shiver with Extremity of Cold on the windy *Pyrenean* Hills, or on the hoary Tops of the snowy *Appennine*. In a Word, all that *Europe* includes within its spacious Bounds, half a World in an Army. 'Tis scarce to be imagin'd how many Countries he ran over, how many Nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to 'em, with an incredible Vivacity of Mind, and that still in the puffy Style of his fabulous Books. *Sancho* listen'd to all this Romantick Muster-Roll, as mute as a Fish, with Amazement; all he could do was now and then to turn his Head on this Side and t'other Side, to see if he could discern the Knights and Giants whom his Master nam'd. But at length not being able to discover any; why, cry'd he, you had as good tell me it snows; the Devil of any Knight, Giant, or Man can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be Witchcraft and Spirits, like Yesternight. How, reply'd *Don Quixote*! Do'st thou not hear their Horses neigh, their Trumpets sound, and the Drums beat? Not I, quoth *Sancho*, I prick up my Ears like a Sow in the Beans, and yet I can

can hear nothing but the Bleating of Sheep. *Sancho* might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two Flocks were got very near 'em. Thy Fear disturb thy Senses, said Don *Quixote*, and hinder thee from hearing and seeing right. But 'tis no Matter; withdraw to some Place of Safety, since thou art so terrify'd; for I alone am sufficient to give the Victory to that Side which I shall favour with my Assistance. With that he couch'd his Lance, clapt Spurs to *Rozinante*, and rush'd like a Thunder-bolt from the Hillock into the Plain. *Sancho* bawl'd after him as loud as he could; Hold Sir, cry'd *Sancho*; for Heaven's sake come back. What do you mean? As sure as I'm a Sinner those you're going to mawl are nothing but poor harmless Sheep. Come back, I say. Wo be to him that begot me! Are you mad, Sir? There are no Giants, no Knights, no Cats, no Asparagus-Gardens, no golden Quarters, nor what d'e call 'ems. Do's the Devil possess you? You're leaping over the Hedge before you come at the Stile. You're taking the wrong Sow by the Ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this Day! But Don *Quixote* still riding on, deaf and lost to good Advice, out-roar'd his expostulating Squire. Courage brave Knights, cry'd he; march up, fall on, all you who fight under the Standard of the valiant *Pentapolin* with the naked Arm Follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that Infidel *Alifanfaron* of *Taprobana*; and so saying, he charg'd the Squadron of Sheep with that Gallantry and Resolution, that he pierc'd, broke and put it to Flight in an Instant, charging through and through, not without a great Slaughter of his mortal Enemies, whom he laid at his Feet, biting the Ground and wallowing in their Blood. The Shepherds seeing their Sheep

go to Rack call'd out to him; till finding fair Means ineffectual they unloos'd their Slings, and began to ply him with Stones as big as their Fists. But the Champion disdainng such a distant War, spight of their Showers of Stones, rush'd among the routed Sheep, trampling both the Living and the Slain in a most terrible Manner, impatient to meet the General of the Enemy, and end the War at once. Where, where art thou, cry'd he, proud *Alifanfaron*? Appear! See here a single Knight who seeks thee every where, to try now, Hand to Hand, the boasted Force of thy strenuous Arm, and deprive thee of Life, as a due Punishment for the unjust War which thou hast audaciously wag'd with the valiant *Pentapolin*. Just as he had said this, while the Stones flew about his Ears, one unluckily lit upon his small Ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his Body. The Knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious Balsam, and pulling out his Earthen Jug, he clapt it to his Mouth: But before he had swallow'd a sufficient Dose, *souse* comes another of those bitter Almonds that spoil'd his Draught, and hit him so pat upon the Jug, Hand and Teeth, that it broke the first, maim'd the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two Blows were so violent, that the boisterous Knight falling from his Horse, lay upon the Ground as quiet as the Slain; so that the Shepherds fearing he was kill'd, got their Flock together with all Speed, and carrying away their Dead, which were no less than seven Sheep, they made what Haste they could out of Harm's-way, without looking any farther into the Matter.

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*Don Quixote's Encounter*





nto with the Flock of Sheep. V. 1. Page 1.



All this while *Sancho* stood upon the Hill, where he was mortify'd upon the Sight of this brave Adventure. There he stamp'd and swore, and bann'd his Master to the bottomless Pit; he tore his Beard for Madness, and curst the Moment he first knew him. But seeing him at last knock'd down; and settl'd, the Shepherds being scamper'd, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill Plight, tho' not altogether senseless. Ah! Master, quoth he, this comes of not taking my Counsel. Did not I tell you 'twas a Flock of Sheep, and no Army? Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, know 'tis an easie Matter for Negromancers to change the Shapes of things as they please: Thus that malicious Inchanter, who is my inveterate Enemy, to deprive me of the Glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full Harvest of Laurels, transform'd in a Moment the routed Squadrons into Sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, *Sancho*, yet do one thing for my Sake; do but take thy Ass and follow those suppos'd Sheep at a Distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see 'em resume their former Shapes, and appear such as I describ'd 'em. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy Assistance: Draw near, and see how many Cheek-Teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful Pain in my Jaws and Gums, I fear there's a total Delapidation in my Mouth. With that the Knight open'd his Mouth as wide as he could, while the Squire gap'd to tell his Grinders, with his Snout almost in his Chaps; but just in that fatal Moment the Balsam that lay wambling and fretting in Don *Quixote's* Stomach, came up with an unlucky *Hickup*; and with the same Violence that the Powder flies out of a Gun, all that he had in his Stomach dis-

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charg'd it self upon the Beard, Face, Eyes, and Mouth of the officious Squire. *Santa Maria*, cry'd poor *Sancho*, what will become of me ! My Master is a dead Man ; he's vomiting his very Heart's Blood. But he had hardly said this, when the Colour, Smell, and Taste soon undeceiv'd him ; and finding it to be his Master's loathsome Drench, it caus'd such a sudden rumbling in his Maw, that before he could turn his Head he unladed the whole Cargo of his Stomach full in his Master's Face, and put him in as delicate a Pickle as he was himself. *Sancho* having thus paid him in his own Coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his Ass, to take out something to clean himself and his Master. But when he came to look for his Waller, and found it missing, not rememb'ring till then that he had unhappily left it in the Inn, he was ready to run quite out of his Wits ; he storm'd and stamp'd, and curs'd himself worse than before, and resolv'd with himself to let his Master go to the Devil, and e'en trudge home by himself, tho' he was sure to lose his Wages, and his Hopes of being Governour of the promis'd Island.

Thereupon Don *Quixote* got up with much ado, and clapping his Left-hand before his Mouth, that the rest of his loose Teeth might not drop out, he laid his Right-hand on *Rozinante's* Bridle ; (for such was the good Nature of the Creature, that he had not budg'd a Foot from his Master) then he crept along to Squire *Sancho*, that stood lolling on his Ass's Pannel, with his Face in the Hollow of both his Hands, in a doleful moody melancholick Fit. Friend *Sancho*, said he, seeing him thus abandon'd to Sorrow, learn of me, that one Man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these Storms and Hurricanes are but Arguments of the approach-

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ing Calm: Better Success will soon follow our past Calamities: Good and bad Fortune have their Vicissitudes; and 'tis a Maxim, That nothing violent can last long. And therefore we may well promise our selves a speedy Change in our Fortune, since our Afflictions have extended their Reign beyond the usual stint: Besides, thou ought'st not to afflict thy self so much for Misfortunes, of which thou hast no Share, but what Friendship and Humanity bid thee take. How, quoth *Sancho*! Have I no other Share in them? Was not he that was toss'd in the Blanket this Morning the Son of my Father? And did not the Wallet, and all that was in't, which I have lost, belong to the Son of my Mother? How, ask'd Don *Quixote*, hast thou lost the Wallet? I don't know, said *Sancho*. whether 'tis lost or no, but I'm sure I can't tell what's become of it. Nay then, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I find we must fast to Day. Ay marry must we, quoth *Sancho*, unless you take care to gather in these Fields some of those Roots and Herbs which I've heard you say, and know, and which use to help such unlucky Knight-Errants as your self at a dead Lift. For all that, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I would rather have at this Time a good Luncheon of Bread, or a Cake and two Pilchards Heads, than all the Roots and Simples in *Dioscorides's* Herbal, and Doctor *Laguna's* Supplement and Commentary; I pray thee therefore get upon thy Ass, good *Sancho*, and follow me once more; for God's Providence that relieves every Creature will not fail us, especially since we are about a Work so much to his Service: Thou seest he even provides for the little flying Insects in the Air, the Wormlings in the Earth, and the Spawnlings in the Water, and in his infinite Mercy he makes



his Sun shine on the Righteous, and on the Unjust, and rains upon the Good and the Bad. Many Words won't fill a Bushel, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him; you would make a better Preacher than a Knight-Errant, or I'm plaguily out. Knight-Errants, reply'd Don *Quixote*, ought to know all things: There have been such in former Ages that have deliver'd as ingenious and learned a Sermon or Oration at the Head of an Army, as if they had taken their Degrees at the University of *Paris*: From which we may infer, that the Lance never dull'd the Pen, nor the Pen the Lance. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, for once let it be as you'd have it; let's e'en leave this unlucky Place, and seek out a Lodging; where, I pray God, there may be neither Blankets, nor Blanket-heavers, nor Hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for before I'll be hamper'd as I've been, may I be curs'd with Bell, Book, and Candle, if I don't give the Trade to the Devil. Leave all things to Providence, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and for once lead which Way thou pleasest, for I leave it wholly to thy Discretion to provide us a Lodging. But first, I pray thee, feel a little how many Teeth I want in my upper Jaw on the Right-side, for there I feel most Pain. With that *Sancho* feeling with his Finger in the Knight's Mouth, pray Sir, quoth he, how many Grinders did your Worship use to have on that Side? Four, answer'd Don *Quixote*, besides the Eye-Tooth, all of 'em whole and sound. Think well on what you say, cry'd *Sancho*; I say four, reply'd Don *Quixote*, if there were not five, for I never lost a Tooth before this Day. Bless me, quoth *Sancho*! Why, you have in this neither Jaw on this Side but two Grinders and a Stump; and in that Part of your upper Jaw, never a Stump, and never a Grinder;

Grinder ; alas all's levell'd there, as smooth as the Palm of one's Hand. Oh unfortunate Don *Quixote*, cry'd the Knight ! I had rather have lost an Arm, so it were not my Sword-Arm ; for a Mouth without Cheek-Teeth, is like a Mill without a Mill-stone, *Sancho* ; and every Tooth in a Man's Head is more valuable than a Diamond. But we that profess this strict Order of Knight-Errantry, are all subject to these Calamities ; and therefore since the Loss is irretrievable, mount, my trusty *Sancho*, and go thy own Pace ; I'll follow thee. *Sancho* obey'd, and led the Way, still keeping the Road they were in ; which being very much beaten promis'd to bring him soonest to a Lodging. Thus pacing along very softly, for Don *Quixote's* Gums and Ribs would not suffer him to go faster ; *Sancho*, to divert his uneasy Thoughts, resolv'd to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next Chapter will inform you.

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## C H A P. V.

*Of the wise Discourse between Sancho and his Master; as also of the Adventure of the dead Corps, and other famous Occurrences.*

NOW Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I can't help thinking, but that all the Mishaps that have befall'n us of late, are a just Judgment for the grievous Sin you've committed against the Order of Knighthood, in not keeping the Oath you swore, not to eat Bread at Board, nor to have a merry Bout with the Queen, and the Lord knows what more, till you had won *What d'ye call him*, the Moor's † *Helmet* I think you nam'd him. Truly, answer'd Don *Quixote*, thou'rt much in the right *Sancho*; and to deal ingenuously with thee, I had wholly forgot that: And now thou may'st certainly assure thy self, thou wer't tofs'd in a Blanket for not rememb'ring to put me in Mind of it. However I will take Care to make due Atonement, for Knight-Errantry has Ways to conciliate all sorts of Matters. Why, quoth *Sancho*, did I ever swear to mind you of your Vow? 'Tis nothing to the Purpose, reply'd Don *Quixote*, whether thou swor'st or no: Let it suffice, that I think thou art not very clear from being accessary to the

† *Malandrino.*

Breach of my Vow ; and therefore to prevent the worst, there will be no Harm in providing a Remedy. Hark you then, cry'd *Sancho*, be sure you don't forget your Atonement as you did your Oath, lest those confounded Hobgoblins come and mawl me, and mayhap you too, for being a stubborn Sinner.

Insensibly Night overtook 'em before they could discover any Lodging ; and which was worse, they were almost hunger-starv'd, all their Provision being in the Wallet which *Sancho* had unluckily left behind ; and to compleat their Distress, there happen'd to them an Adventure, or something that really look'd like one.

While our benighted Travellers went on dolefully in the Dark, the Knight very hungry and the Squire very sharp set, what shou'd they see moving towards them but a great Number of Lights, that appear'd like so many wand'ring Stars. At this strange Apparition down sunk *Sancho's* Heart at once, and even Don *Quixote* himself was not without some Symptoms of Surprize. Presently the one pull'd to him his Ass's Halter, the other his Horse's Bridle, and both made a Stop. They soon perceiv'd that the Lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. At the terrible Wonder *Sancho* shook and shiver'd every Joint like one in a Palsy, and Don *Quixote's* Hair stood up an End ; however, heroically shaking off the Amazement which that Sight stamp'd upon his Soul, *Sancho*, said he, this must doubtless be a great and most perillous Adventure, where I shall have Occasion to exert the whole Stock of my Courage and Strength. Woe's me, quoth *Sancho*, shou'd this happen to be another Adventure of Ghosts, as I fear it is, where shall I find Ribs to endure it ? Come all the Fiends

in Hell, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I will not suffer 'em to touch a Hair of thy Head: If they insulted thee lately, know there was then between thee and me a Wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open Field, where I shall have Liberty to make use of my Sword. Ay, quoth *Sancho*, you may talk; but shou'd they bewitch you as they did before, what the Devil would it avail us to be in the open Field. Come *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, be of good Cheer; the Event will soon convince thee of the Greatness of my Valour. Pray Heav'n it may, quoth *Sancho*; I'll do my best. With that they rode a little out of the Way, and gazing earnestly at the Lights, they soon discover'd a great Number of Persons all in white. At the dreadful Sight, all poor *Sancho's* shuffling Courage basely deserted him; his Teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an Ague-Fit, and as the Objects grew nearer his Chattering encreas'd. And now they could plainly distinguish about twenty Men on Horse-back all in white, with Torches in their Hands, follow'd by a Horse cover'd over with Black, and six Men in deep Mourning, whose Mules were also in Black down to their very Heels. Those in White mov'd slowly, murmuring from their Lips something in a low and lamentable Tone. This dismal Spectacle at such a Time of Night, in the Midst of such a vast Solitude, was enough to have shipwrack'd the Courage of a stouter Squire than *Sancho*, and even of his Master, had he been any other than Don *Quixote*: But as his Imagination strait suggested to him that this was one of those Adventures of which he had so often read in his Books of Chivalry, the Horse appear'd to him to be a Litter, where lay the Body of some Knight either slain or dangerously wounded, the Revenge of  
whose



whose Misfortunes was reserv'd for his prevailing Arm. And so without any more ado, couching his Lance, and seating himself firm in his Saddle, he posted himself in the Middle of the Road where the Company were to pass. As soon as they came near, Stand, cry'd he to 'em in a haughty Tone, whoever ye be, and tell me who ye are, whence ye come, whither ye go, and what you carry in that Litter? For there's all the Reason in the World to believe, that you have either done or receiv'd a great deal of Harm; and 'tis requisite I should be inform'd of the Matter, in order either to punish you for the Ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the Wrong you have suffer'd. Sir, answer'd one of the Men in White, we are in haste; the Inn is a great Way off, and we cannot stay to answer so many Questions; and with that spurring his Mule he mov'd forwards. But Don Quixote, highly dissatisfy'd with the Reply, laid hold on the Mule's Bridle and stopp'd him: Stay, cry'd he, proud discourteous Knight, mend your Behaviour, and give me instantly an Account of what I ask'd of ye; or here I defy ye all to mortal Combat. Now the Mule, that was shy and skittish, being thus rudely seiz'd by the Bridle, was presently scar'd, and rising up on her hinder Legs, threw her Rider to the Ground. Upon this one of the Footmen that belong'd to the Company gave Don Quixote ill Language; which so incens'd him, that being resolv'd to be reveng'd upon 'em all, in a mighty Rage he flew at the next he met, who happen'd to be one of the Mourners. Him he threw to the Ground very much hurt; and then turning to the rest with a wonderful Agility, he fell upon 'em with such a Fury, that he presently put 'em all to flight. You wou'd have thought Rozi-

nante had Wings at that Time, so active and so fierce he then approv'd himself.

It was not indeed for Men unarm'd, and naturally fearful, to maintain the Field against such an Enemy; no Wonder then if the Gentlemen in White were immediately dispers'd: Some ran one Way, some another, crossing the Plain with their lighted Torches; you wou'd now have taken them for a Parcel of frolicksome Masqueraders gamboling and scouring on a Carnival Night. As for the Mourners, they, poor Men, were so muff'd up in their long cumbersome Cloaks, that not being able to make their Party good, nor defend themselves, they were presently routed. and ran away like the rest; the rather for that they thought 'twas no mortal Creature, but the Devil himself, that was come to fetch away the dead Body which they were accompanying to the Grave. All the while *Sancho* was lost in Admiration and Astonishment, charm'd with the Sight of his Master's Valour; and now concluded him to be the formidable Champion he boasted himself.

After this the Knight, by the Light of a Torch that lay burning upon the Ground, perceiving the Man who was thrown by his Mule lying near it, he rode up to him, and setting his Lance to his Throat, Yield, cry'd he, and beg thy Life, or thou dy'st. Alas! Sir, cry'd t'other, what need you ask me to yield? I am not able to stir, for one of my Legs is broken; and I beseech you, if you are a Christian, do not kill me. I am a Master of Arts, and in holy Orders; 'twould be a heinous Sacrilege to take away my Life. What a Devil brought you hither then, if you are a Clergyman, cry'd Don *Quixote*? What else but my ill Fortune, reply'd the Suppliant. A word hovers

hovers over thy Head, cry'd Don Quixote, and threatens thee, if thou do'st not answer this Moment to every particular Question I ask. I will, I will Sir, reply'd the other; and first I must beg your Pardon for saying I was a Master of Arts, for I have yet taken but my Batchelor's Degree. My Name is *Alonso Lopez*, I am of *Alcorendas*, and came now from the Town of *Baeza* with eleven other Clergymen, the same that now ran away with the Torches. We were going to *Segovia* to bury the Corps of a Gentleman of that Town who dy'd at *Baeza*, and lies now in yonder Herse. And who kill'd him? ask'd Don Quixote. Heaven with a pestilential Fever, answer'd the other. If it be so, said Don Quixote, I am discharg'd of revenging his Death. Since Heaven did it, there is no more to be said; had it been its Pleasure to have taken me off so, I too must have submitted. I would have you inform'd, reverend Sir, that I am a Knight of *La Mancha*, my Name Don Quixote; my Employment is to visit all Parts of the World in quest of Adventures, to right and relieve injur'd Innocence, and punish Oppression. Truly Sir, reply'd the Clergyman, I do not understand how you can call that to right and relieve Men, when you break their Legs: You've made that crooked which was right and straight before, and Heaven knows whether it can ever be set right as long as I live: Instead of relieving the Injur'd, I fear you have now injur'd me past Relief; and while you seek Adventures, you have made me meet with a very great Misadventure. All things, reply'd Don Quixote, are not blest'd alike with a prosperous Event, good Mr. Batchelor: You shou'd have taken Care not to have thus gone a processioning in these desolate Plains, at this suspicious time of Night, with your white Surplices;

184 *The Life and Atchievements*

plices, burning Torches, and Sable Weeds, like Ghosts and Goblins that went about to scare People out of their Wits: For I could not omit doing the Duty of my Profession, nor would I have forborn attacking you though you had really been all *Lucifer's* infernal Crew; for such I took you to be, and till this Moment cou'd have no better Opinion of you. Well Sir, said the Batchelor, since 'tis my hard Fortune, I must only desire you, as you are a Knight-Errant, and a Reliever of the Oppress'd, to help me get from under my Mule, for it lies so heavy upon me that I cannot get my Foot out of the Stirrup. Why did not you acquaint me sooner with your Grievance? cry'd Don *Quixote*; I might have talk'd on till to Morrow Morning and never have thought on't. With that he call'd *Sancho*, who made no great Haste, for he was much better employ'd in rifling a Load of choice Provisions, which the holy Men carry'd along with 'em on a Sumpster-Mule. He had spread his Coat on the Ground, and having laid on it as much Food as it would hold, he wrapp'd it up like a Bag, and laid the Booty on his Ass; and then away he ran to his Master, and help'd him to set the Batchelor upon his Mule. After which he gave him his Torch, and Don *Quixote* bad him follow his Company, and excuse him for his Mistake, though all things consider'd, he could not avoid doing what he had done. And Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if the Gentlemen would know who 'twas that so well thresh'd their Jackets, you may tell 'em 'twas the famous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called the Knight of the woeful Figure.

When the Batchelor was gone, Don *Quixote* ask'd *Sancho* why he call'd him the Knight of the woeful Figure? I'll tell you why, quoth *San-*

*cho*;

cho; I have been staring upon you this pretty while by the Light of that unlucky Priest's Torch, and may I ne'er stir if e'er I sat Eyes on a more dismal Figure in my Born-days; and I can't tell what should be the Cause on't, unless your being tir'd after this Fray, or the want of your Worship's Teeth. That's not the Reason, cry'd Don Quixote; no Sancho, I rather conjecture that the Sage who is commission'd by Fate to register my Atchievements, thought it convenient I should assume a new Appellation, as all the Knights of yore; for one was call'd the Knight of the burning Sword, another of the Unicorn, a third of the Phoenix, a fourth the Knight of the Damsels, another of the Griffin, and another the Knight of Death; by which By-names and Distinctions they were known all over the Globe. Therefore doubtless that learned Inchanter, my Historian, has inspir'd thee with the Thought of giving me that additional Appellation of the Knight of the woeful Figure. And accordingly I arrogate the Name, and intend henceforwards to be distinguish'd by that Denomination. And that it may seem the more proper, I will with the first Opportunity have a most woeful Figure painted on my Shield. O' my Word, quoth Sancho, you may e'en save the Money, and instead of having a woeful Figure painted, you need do no more but only shew your own. I'm but in jest, as a Body may say, but what with the want of your Teeth, and what with Hunger, you look so queerly and so woefully, that no Painter can draw you a Figure so fit for your Purpose as your Worship's. This merry Conceit of Sancho extorted a Smile from his Master's austere Countenance; However he persisted in his Resolution about the Name and the Picture; and after a Pause, a sudden



## 186 *The Life and Atchievements*

den Thought disturbing his Conscience, *Sancho*, cry'd he, I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent Hands upon a Man in holy Orders; *Juxta illud; si quis suadente Diabolo, &c. Can. 7, Distinct 134.* But yet, now I think better on't, I never touch'd him with my Hands, but only with my Lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with Priests, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholick and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took 'em to be evil Spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the *Cid Ruy-Dias* when he broke to Pieces the Chair of a King's Ambassador in the Pope's Presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy *Rodrigo de Vivar* from behaving himself that Day like a valorous Knight and a Man of Honour.

This said, *Don Quixote* was for visiting the Herse, to have seen whether what was in it were only dead Bones. But *Sancho* would not let him; Sir, quoth he, you are come off now with a whole Skin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but these same Fellows that are now scamper'd off, may chance to bethink themselves what a Shame it is for 'em to have suffer'd themselves to be thus routed by a single Man, and so come back and fall upon us all at once; then we shall have Work enough upon our Hands. The Ass is in good Case. There's a Hill not far off, and our Bellies cry Cup-board. Come, let's e'en get out of Harm's-way, and not let the Plough stand to catch a Mouse, as the Saying is; To the Grave with the Dead, and them that live to the Bread. With that he put on a Dog-trot with his Ass, and his Master, bethinking himself that he was in the right, put on after him without replying.

After

After they had rid a little Way, they came to a Valley that lay sculking between two Hills; there they alighted, and *Sancho* having open'd his Coat and spread it on the Grass, with the Provision which he had bundl'd up in it, our two Adventurers fell on; and their Stomachs being sharpen'd with the Sauce of Hunger, they eat their Breakfast, Dinner, Afternoon's Luncheon, and Supper all at one Time, feasting themselves with Variety of cold Meats, which you may be sure was the best that could be got, the Priests, who had brought it for their own eating, being like the rest of their Coat, none of the worst Stewards for their Bellies, and knowing how to make much of themselves.

But now they began to grow sensible of a very great Misfortune, and such a Misfortune as was bemoan'd by poor *Sancho*, as one of the saddest that ever could befall him; for they found they had not one Drop of Wine to wash down their Meat and quench their Thirst, which now scorch'd and choak'd 'em worse than Hunger had pinch'd 'em before. However, *Sancho* considering they were in a Place where the Grass was fresh and green, said to his Master — what you shall find in the following Chapter.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. VI.

*Of a wonderful Adventure Atchiev'd by the  
Valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha ;  
the like never compass'd with less Danger  
by any of the most famous Knights in the  
World.*

THE Grass is so fresh (quoth *Sancho*, half  
choak'd with Thirst) that I dare lay my  
Life we shall light of some Spring or Stream  
hereabouts ; therefore, Sir, let's look, I beseech  
you, that we may quench this confounded Drouth  
that plagues our Throats ten times worse than  
Hunger did our Guts. Thereupon *Don Quixote*  
leading *Roxinante* by the Bridle, and *Sancho* his  
Ass by the Halter, after he had laid up the Re-  
version of their Meal, they went feeling about,  
only guided by their Guess ; for 'twas so dark  
they scarce could see their Hands. They had not  
gone above two hundred Paces before they heard  
a Noise of a great Water-fall ; which was to them  
the most welcome sound in the World. But then  
listening with great attention to know on which  
side the grateful Murmur came, they on a sud-  
den heard another kind of Noise that strangely  
allay'd the Pleasure of the first, especially in  
*Sancho*, who was naturally fearful, and pusilanim-  
ous. They heard a terrible Din of obstreperous  
Blows, struck with Measure, and a more dread-  
ful rattling of Chains and Irons, which together  
with the roaring of the Waters, might have  
fill'd

fill'd any other Heart but Don Quixote's with Terror and Amazement. Add to this the Horrors of dark Night and Solitude, in an unknown Place, the loud rustling of the Leaves of some lofty Trees, under which Fortune brought 'em at the same unlucky Moment; and the whistling of the Wind, which concurr'd with the other dismaying Sounds; the fall of the Waters, the thundering Thumps, and the clinking of Chains. The worst too was, that the Blows were redoubled without ceasing, the Wind blow'd on, and Day-light was far Distant. But then it was, Don Quixote, secur'd by intrepidity his inseparable Companion, mounted his *Rozinante*, brac'd his Shield, brandish'd his Lance, and shew'd a Soul unknowing Fear, and superiour to Danger and Fortune. Know, *Sancho*, cry'd he, I was born in this Iron-Age, to restore the Age of Gold, or the Golden Age, as some chuse to call it. I am the Man for whom Fate has reserv'd the most dangerous and formidable Attempts, the most stupendious and glorious Adventures, and the most valorous Feats of Arms. I am the Man who must revive the Order of the Round-Table, the twelve Peers of *France*, and the nine Worthies. And efface the Memory of your *Platyrs*, your *Tablantes*, your *Olivantes*, and your *Tirantes*. Now must your Knights of the Sun, your *Belianis's*, and all the numerous Throng of vulgar Heroes, and Knights-Errant of former Ages, see the Glory of all their most dazzling Actions Eclips'd and darken'd by my more Illustrious Exploits. Do but observe. O thou my faithful Squire, what a *Multifarious Assemblage* of Terrours surrounds us! A horrid Darkness, a doleful Solitude, a confus'd rustling of Leaves, a dismal rattling of Chains, a howling of the Winds, an astonishing noise of  
Cataracts,

Cararacts, that seem to fall with a boist'rous Rapidity, from the steep Mountains of the Moon; a terrible sound of redoubl'd Blows, still wounding our Ears like furious Thunder-claps, and a dead and universal Silence of those things that might buoy up the sinking Courage of frail Mortality. In this extremity of Danger, *Mars* himself might tremble with the Affright. Yet I in the midst of all these unutterable Alarms, still remain undaunted and unshaken. These are but incentives to my Valour, and but animate my Heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my Breast, and leaps at the approach of this threat'ning Adventure, as formidable as 'tis like to prove. Come, girt *Roxinante* straighter, and then Providence protect thee: Thou may'st stay for me here; but if I do not return in three Days, go back to our Village; and from thence, for my sake, to *Toboso*, where thou shalt say to my incomparable Lady *Dulcinea*, That her faithful Knight fell a Sacrifice to Love and Honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be call'd her Adorer.

When *Sancho* heard his Master talk thus, he fell a weeping in the most pitiful manner in the World. Pray Sir, cry'd he, why will you thus run your self into Mischief? What need you go about this rueful Misventure? 'Tis main dark, and there's ne'er a living Soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of Harm's way, though we were not to drink a drop these three Days. Who is there to take notice of our Flinching? I've heard our Parson, whom you very well know, say in his Pulpit, That he who seeks Danger, perishes therein. And therefore we should not tempt Heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compass but  
by



by a Miracle. Is't not enough, think you, that it has preserv'd you from being toss'd in a Blanket, as I was, and made you come off safe and sound from among so many Goblins that went with the dead Man? If all this won't work upon that hard Heart of yours, do but think of me, and rest your self assur'd, that when once you've left your poor *Sancho*, he'll be ready to give up the Ghost for very Fear, to the next that will come for't: I left my House and Home, my Wife, Children, and all to follow you, hoping to be the better for't, and not the worse; but as Covetousness breaks the *Sack*, so has it broke me and my Hopes; for while I thought my self Cock-sure of that Unlucky and Accurs'd Island, which you so often promis'd me, you mean to drop me here in a strange Place. Dear Master, don't be so hard hearted; and if you won't be perswaded not to meddle with this ungracious Adventure, do but put it off till you can see: 'Tis but three Hours to Day-light; for, according to my little skill, the Muzzle of the lesser Bear is just over our Heads. How can'st thou see the Muzzle of the Bear, ask'd Don *Quixote*? There's not a Star to be seen in the Sky. That's true, quoth *Sancho*; but Fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under Ground, and much more in the Skies. Let Day come, or not come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd the Champion; it shall never be Recorded of Don *Quixote*, that either Tears or Entreaties could make him neglect the Duty of a Knight. Then *Sancho*, say no more; for Heaven that has inspir'd me with a Resolution of attempting this dreadful Adventure, will certainly take care of me and thee: Come quickly, girt my Steed, and stay here for me; for you will shortly hear of me again, either alive or dead.

*Sancho*

*Sancho* finding his Master Obstinate, and neither to be mov'd with Tears nor good Advice, resolv'd to try a Trick of Policy to keep him there till Day-light: And accordingly, while he pretended to fasten the Girths, he slyly ty'd *Roxinante's* hinder-Legs with his Ass's Halter, without being so much as suspected: So that when *Don Quixote* thought to have mov'd forwards he found his Horse would not go a step without leaping, though he Spurr'd him on smartly. *Sancho* perceiving his Plot took; look you, Sir, quoth he, Heaven's o'my side, and won't let *Roxinante* budge a Foot forwards; and now if you'll still be Spurring him, I dare Pawn my Life 'twill be but striving against the Stream; or, as the Saying is, but kicking against the Pricks. *Don Quixote* fretted and chaf'd, and rav'd, and was in a desperate Fury to find his Horse so stubborn; but at last, observing that the more he Spurr'd and gall'd his Sides, the more resty he prov'd, he though unwillingly resolv'd to have Patience till 'twas light. Well, said he, since *Roxinante* will not leave this Place, I must tarry in't till the Dawn, though its slowness will cost me some Sighs. You shall not need to sigh nor be Melancholy, quoth *Sancho*, for I'll undertake to tell you Stories till it be Day, unless your Worship had rather get off your Horse, and take a Nap upon the green Grass, as Knights-Errant are wont, that you may be the fresher and the better able in the Morning to go through that Monstrous Adventure that waits for you. What do'st thou mean by this Alighting and sleeping, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Think'st thou I am one of those Carpet-Knights that abandon themselves to Sleep and lazy Ease, when Danger is at hand? No, sleep thou, that art born to Sleep; or do what thou wilt. As for my self, I know  
what

what I have to do. Good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, don't put your self into a Passion, I meant no such Thing not I: Saying this, he clapp'd one of his Hands upon the Pummel of *Roxinante's* Saddle, and t'other upon the Crupper, and thus he stood embracing his Master's left Thigh, not daring to budge an Inch, for fear of the Blows that dinn'd continually in his Ears. Don *Quixote* then thought fit to claim his Promise, and desir'd him to tell some of his Stories to help to pass away the Time. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I'm woefully frightened, and have no heart to tell Stories, however, I'll do my best; and now I think on't there's one come into my Head, which if I can but hit on't right, and nothing happen to put me out, is the best Story you ever heard in your Life; therefore listen, for I'm going to begin. In the days of Yore, when it was as it was, Good betide us all, and Evil to him that Evil seeks. And here, Sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their Tales with ordinary Discourses; for 'twas a Saying of a wise Man whom they call'd *Cato Zonforin*, that said, Evil to him that Evil seeks, which is as pat for your purpose, as a Pudding for a Friar's Mouth; that you may neither meddle nor make, nor seek Evil and Mischief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for no Body forces us to run into the Mouth of all the Devils in Hell that wait for us yonder. Go on with the Story, *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and leave the rest to my Discretion. I say then, quoth *Sancho*, that in a Country-Town in *Esfremadura*, there liv'd a certain Shepherd, Goat-herd I should have said; which Goat-herd, as the Story has it, was call'd *Lope Ruyz*: And this *Lope Ruyz* was in Love with a Shepherdess, whose Name was *Toralva*. the which Shepherdess, whose Name was *Toralva*.

194 *The Life and Atchievements*

va, was the Daughter of a wealthy Grazier, and this Grazier—If thou goest on at this rate, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and mak'st so many needles Repe-titions, thou'lt not have told thy Story these two Days. Prethee tell it concisely, and like a Man of Sense, or let it alone. I tell it you, quoth *Sancho*, as all Stories are told in our Country, and I can't for the Blood of me tell it any other way, nor is it fit I should alter the Custom. Why then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd Don *Quixote*, since my ill Fortune forces me to stay and hear thee. Well then, Dear Sir, quoth *Sancho*, as I was saying, this same Shepherd, Goat-herd I should have said, was woundily in Love with that same Shepherdess *Toralva*, who was a well cruss'd, round, crummy, strapping Wench, Coy and Froppish, and somewhat like a Man, for she had a kind of Beard on her upper Lip; methinks I see her now standing before me. Then I suppose thou knew'st her, said Don *Quixote*. Not I, answer'd *Sancho*, I ne'er sat Eyes on her in my Life; but he that told me the Story said this was so true, that I might vouch it for a real Truth, and even swear I had seen it all my self. Well,—but, as you know, Days go and come, and Time and Straw makes Medlars ripe; so it happen'd, that after several Days coming and going, the Devil, who seldom lies dead in a Ditch, but will have a Finger in every Pye, so brought it about, that the Shepherd fell out with his Sweet-heart, insomuch that the Love he bore her turn'd into Dudgeon and Ill-will; and the cause was, by report of some mischievous Tale-carriers that bare no good Will to either Party, for that the Shepherd thought her no better than she shou'd be, and loose i'the Hilt, and free of her Hips. Thereupon being grievous in the  
Dumps

Dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he e'en resolv'd to leave that Country to get out of her Sight: For now, as every Dog has his Day, the Wench perceiving he came no longer a Suitering to her, but rather tofs'd his Nose at her, and shunn'd her, she began to Love him and doat upon him like any thing. That's the Nature of Women, cry'd Don *Quixote*, not to Love when we love them, and to Love when we Love them not. But go on—— The Shepherd then gave her the slip, continu'd *Sancho*, and driving his Goats before him, went trudging through *Estremadura*, in his way to *Portugal*. But *Toralva* having a long Nose soon smelt his Design, and then what does she do, think ye, but comes after him bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with a Pilgrim's Staff in her Hand, and a Wallet at her Back, wherein they say she carry'd a piece of a Looking-Glass, half a Comb, a broken Pot with Paint, and I don't know what other Trinkum Trankums to prink her self up. But let her carry what she wou'd, 'tis no Bread and Butter of mine; the short and the long is, That they say the Shepherd with his Goats got at last to the River *Guadiana*, which happen'd to be over-flow'd at that time, and what's worse than Ill-luck, there was neither Boat nor Bark to Ferry him over; which vex'd him the more because he perceiv'd *Toralva* at his Heels, and he fear'd to be teaz'd and plagu'd with her Weeping and Wailing. At last he spy'd a Fisher-man in a little Boat, but so little it was, that it would carry but one Man and one Goat at a time. Well, for all that, he call'd to the Fisher-man, and agreed with him to carry him and his three hundred Goats over the Water. The Bargain being struck, the Fisher-man came with his Boat, and



carry'd over one Goat ; then he row'd back and fetch'd another Goat, and after that another Goat. Pray Sir, quoth *Sancho*, be sure you keep a good Account how many Goats the Fisher-man Ferries over ; for if you happen but to miss one, my Tale's at an end, and the Devil a Word I have more to say. Well then, whereabouts was I ?—Ho ! I ha't—Now the Landing Place on the other side was very Muddy and Slippery, which made the Fisher-man be a long while in going and coming ; yet for all that, he took Heart o' Grace, and made shift to carry over one Goat, then another, and then another. Come, said Don *Quixote*, we'll suppose he has landed them all on the other side of the River ; for as thou goest on One by One we shall not have done these twelve Months. Pray, let me go on in my own Way, quoth *Sancho* : How many Goats are got over already ? Nay, how the Devil can I tell, reply'd Don *Quixote*. There it is ! quoth *Sancho* ; Did not I bid you keep Count ? On my Word the Tale is at an end, and now you may go whistle for the Rest. Ridiculous, cry'd Don *Quixote* : Prethee is there no going on with the Story unless I know exactly how many Goats are wafed over ? No marry is there not, quoth *Sancho* ; for as soon as you answer'd, that you could not tell, the rest of the Story quite and clean slipp'd out of my Head ; and Troth 'tis a thousand Pities, for 'twas a special one. So then, cry'd Don *Quixote*, the Story's ended. Ay marry is it, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis no more to be fetch'd to Life than my dead Mother. Upon my Honour, cry'd Don *Quixote*, a most extraordinary Story, and told and concluded in as extraordinary a manner ! 'Tis a None-such I dare engage ; though truly I expected no less from a Man of such uncommon Parts.

Alas !

Alas! poor *Sancho*, I am afraid this dreadful Noise has turn'd thy Brain. That may well be, quoth *Sancho*; but as for my Story I'm sure there's nothing more to be said, for where you lose the Account of the Goats there it ends. Let it be so, reply'd Don *Quixote*; but now let's try whether *Rozinante* be in Humour to March: With that he gave *Rozinante* two Spurs, and the high-mettl'd Jade answer'd with one Bound, and then stood stock still, not having the command of his hind Legs.

Much about this Time, whether it were the Coolness of the Night, or that *Sancho* had eaten some loosening Food at Supper, or, which seems more probable, that Nature by a regular Impulse gave him notice of her Desire to perform a certain Function that follows the third Concoction; it seems, honest *Sancho* found himself urg'd to do that which no body cou'd do for him: But such were his Fears that he durst not for his Life stir the breadth of a Straw from his Master; yet to think of bearing the intolerable Load that press'd him so, was to him as great an Impossibility. In this perplexing Exigency, (with leave be it spoken) he cou'd find no other Expedient but to take his Right Hand from the Crupper of the Saddle, and softly untying his Breeches, let 'em drop down to his Heels; having done this, he as silently took up his Shirt, and expos'd his Posteriours, which were none of the least, to the open Air. But the main Point was how to ease himself of this terrible Burden without making a Noise; to which purpose he clutch'd his Teeth close, screw'd up his Face, shrunk up his Shoulders, and held his Breath as much as possible. Yet see what Misfortunes attend the best projected Undertakings. When he had almost compass'd his

## 198 *The Life and Atchievements*

Design, he could not hinder an obstreperous Sound, very different from those that caus'd his Fear, from unluckily bursting out. Hark! cry'd Don *Quixote*, who heard it, what Noise is that, *Sancho*? Some new Adventure, I'll warrant you, quoth *Sancho*, for ill Luck, you know, seldom comes alone. Having pass'd off the Thing thus, he e'en ventur'd to'ther Strain, and did it so cleverly, that, without the least Report or Whisper, his Business was done effectually, to the unspeakable Ease of his Body and Mind.

But Don *Quixote* having the Sense of Smelling as perfect as that of Hearing, and *Sancho* standing so very near or rather joyn'd to him, certain Fumes that ascended perpendicularly began to regale his Nostrils with a Smell not so grateful as Amber. No sooner the unwelcome Steams disturb'd him but having Recourse to the common Remedy, he stopp'd his Nose, and then with a snuffling Voice, *Sancho*, said he, thou art certainly in great Bodily Fear. So I am, quoth *Sancho*; but what makes your Worship perceive it now more than you did before? Because, reply'd Don *Quixote*, thou smellest now more unfavourily than you did before. Hoh! that may be, quoth *Sancho*. But whose Fault's that? You may e'en thank your self for't. Why do you lead me a wild-Goose chace, and bring me at such unseasonable Hours to such dangerous Places? You know I a'n't us'd to't. Prethee, said Don *Quixote*, still holding his Nose, get thee three or four Steps from me; and for the future take more Care, and know your Distance; for I find, thou think'st my Familiarity with thee may privilege thee to want Respect. I warrant, quoth *Sancho*, you think

think I have been doing something I should not have done. Come, say no more, cry'd Don Quixote, the more thou'lt stir, the worse 'twill be. *Stirrk*

This Discourse, such as it was, serv'd them to pass away the Night; and now *Sancho* seeing the Morning arise thought it time to unty *Roxinante's* Feet, and do up his Breeches; and he did both with so much Caution that his Master suspected nothing. As for *Roxinante*, he no sooner felt himself at Liberty, but he seem'd to express his Joy by pawing the Ground; for, with his Leave be it spoken, he was a Stranger to Curvetting and Prancing. Don Quixote also took it as a good Omen that his Steed was now ready to move, and believ'd it was a Signal given him by kind Fortune, to animate him to give Birth to the approaching Adventure.

Now had *Aurora* display'd her rosy Mantle over the blushing Skies, and dark Night withdrawn her Sable Vail; all Objects stood confest to humane Eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under some tall Chesnut-Trees, whose thick spreading Boughs diffus'd an awful Gloom around the Place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal Sound of those incessant Strokes. Therefore, being resolv'd to find it out, once more he took his Leave of *Sancho*, with the same Injunctions as before; adding withal, that he should not trouble himself about the Recompence of his Services, for he had taken Care of that in his Will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this Adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratify'd with the Promis'd Island. *Sancho* could not forbear blubbering again to hear these tender Expressions of

his Master, and resolv'd not to leave him till he had finish'd this Enterprize. And from that deep Concern, and this nobler Resolution to attend him, the Author of this History infers, That the Squire was something of a Gentleman by Descent, or at least the Offspring of the old Christians. Nor did his good Nature fail to move his Master more than he was willing to shew, at a Time when he believ'd him to shake off all softer Thoughts; for now he rode towards the Place whence the Noise of the Blows and the Water seem'd to come, while *Sancho* trudg'd after him, leading by the Halter the inseparable Companion of his good and bad Fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasing Covert of Chesnut-Trees, they came into a Meadow adjoining to certain Rocks, from whose Top there was a great Fall of Waters. At the Foot of those Rocks they discover'd certain old ill-contriv'd Buildings, that rather look'd like Ruins than inhabited Houses; and they perceiv'd that the terrifying Noise of the Blows, which yet continued, issu'd out of that Place. When they came nearer, even patient *Roxinante* himself started at the dreadful Sound; but being hearten'd and pacify'd by his Master, he was at last prevail'd with to draw nearer and nearer with wary Steps; the Knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his *Dulcinea*, and now and then also to Heaven in short Ejaculations. As for *Sancho*, he stuck close to his Master, peeping all the way through *Roxinante's* Legs, to see if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When a little farther at the doubling of the Point of a Rock, they plainly discover'd (kind Reader, do not take it amiss)



Six huge Fulling-Mill-Hammers, which inexchangeably thumping several pieces of Cloth, made the terrible Noise that caus'd all Don Quixote's Anxieties and Sancho's Tribulation that Night.

Don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected Sight, and was ready to drop from his Horse with Shame and Confusion. Sancho star'd upon him, and saw him hang down his Head, with a desponding dejected Countenance, like a Man quite dispirited with this cursed Disappointment. At the same Time he look'd upon Sancho, and seeing by his Eyes, and his Cheeks swell'd with Laughter, that he was ready to burst, he could not forbear laughing himself in spite of all his Vexation; so that Sancho seeing his Master begin, immediately gave a Loose to his Mirth, and broke out into such a Fit of Laughing, that he was forc'd to hold his Sides with both his Knuckles for fear of bursting his aking Paunch. Four times he ceas'd, and four times renew'd his obstreperous Laughing; which Sauciness Don Quixote began to resent with great Indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering Tone, presum'd to ridicule him with his own Words, repeating part of the vain Speech he made when first they heard the Noise; Know, Sancho, I was born in this Iron-Age to restore the Age of Gold. I am the Man for whom Heaven has reserv'd the most dangerous and glorious Adventures, &c. Thus he went on, till his Master, dreadfully inrag'd at his Insolence, hit him two such Blows on the Shoulders with his Lance, that had they fallen upon his Head they had sav'd Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his Wages, whatever he must have done to his Heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his Jest turn'd to

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Earnest,

202 *The Life and Atchievements*

Earnest, begg'd Pardon with all Submission : Mercy, good your Worship, cry'd he, spare my Bones I beseech you ! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little. And because you joke, I do not, cry'd Don *Quixote*. Come hither, good Mr. Jester, you who pretend to rally, tell me, had this been a dangerous Adventure, as well as it proves only a false Alarm, have I not shewn Resolution enough to undertake and finish it ? Am I, who am a Knight, bound to know the meaning of every Mechanick Noise, and distinguish between Sound and Sound ? Besides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a Fulling-Mill before, tho' thou, like a base Scoundrel as thou art, wert born and brought up among such mean Implements of Drudgery. But let the six Fulling-Maces be transform'd into so many Giants, then turn 'em in my Face one by one, or all together ; and if I do not lay 'em all at my Feet with their Heels upwards, then I'll give thee Leave to exercise thy ill-bred Raillery as much as thou pleasest.

Good your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, talk no more on't, I beseech you ; I confess I carry'd the Jest too far. But now all's hush'd and well ; pray tell me in sober Sadness, as you hope to speed in all Adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, don't you think but that the Fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good Subject for People to make sport with ? I grant it, answer'd Don *Quixote*, but I would not have it told ; for all People are not so discreet as to place Things or look upon 'em in the Position in which they should be consider'd. I'll say that for you, quoth *Sancho*, you've shewn you understand how to place Things in their  
right

right Position, when aiming at my Head, you hit my Shoulders, had not I duck'd a little o' one side I had been in a fine Condition. But let that pass, 'twill wear out in the Bucking. I've heard my Granam say, That Man loves thee well, who makes thee to weep. Good Masters may be hasty sometimes with a Servant, but presently after a hard Word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast Breeches. What they give after a Basting, Heaven knows; all I can tell is, that Knight-Errants after Basting does give you some cast Island, or some old-fashion'd Kingdom upon the main Land.

Fortune, said Don *Quixote*, will perhaps order ev'ry thing thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, *Sancho*, I prithee think no more of my Severity; thou know'st a Man cannot always command the first Impulse of his Passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to be so saucy for the future, and not to assume that strange Familiarity with me which is so unbecoming in a Servant. I protest, in such a vast number of Books of Knight-Errantry as I have read, I never found that any Squire was ever allow'd so great a Freedom of Speech with his Master as thou takest with me; and truly I took upon it to be a great Fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making my self be more respected. *Gandalin*, *Amadis de Gaule's* Squire, tho' he was Earl of the Firm Island, yet never' spoke to his Master but with Cap in Hand, his Head bow'd, and his Body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of *Gasabal*, Don *Galaor's* Squire, who was such a strict observer of Silence, that to the Honour of this affected Taciturnity, he gave the Author occasion to mention his  
Name

Name but once in that voluminous authentick History? From all this, *Sancho*, I would have thee make this Observation, That there ought to be a Distance kept between the Master and the Man, the Knight and the Squire. Therefore once more I tell thee, let's live together for the future more according to the due Decorum of our respective Degrees, without giving one another any further Vexation on this Account; for after all, 'twill always be the worse for you on whatsoever Occasion we happen to disagree. As for the Rewards I promis'd you, they will come in due Time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your Salary to trust to, as I have told you.

You say very well, quoth *Sancho*; but now Sir, suppose no Rewards should come, and I should be forc'd to stick to my Wages, I'd fain know how much a Squire-Errant us'd to earn in the days of yore? Did they go by the Month, or by the Day like our Labourers? I don't think, reply'd Don *Quixote*, they ever went by the Hire, but rather that they trusted to their Master's Generosity. And if I have assign'd thee Wages in my Will, which I left seal'd up at home, 'twas only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what Success I may have in Chivalry in these miserable Times; and I would not have my Soul suffer in the other World for such a trifling Matter; for there is no state of Life so subject to Dangers as that of a Knight-Errant. Like enough, quoth *Sancho*, when meerly the Noise of the Hammers of a Fulling-Mill is able to trouble and disturb the Heart of such a valiant Knight as your Worship. But you may be sure I'll not hereafter so much as offer to  
open

open my Lips to jibe or joke at your Doings, but always stand in awe of you, and honour you as my Lord and Master. By doing so, reply'd Don *Quixote*, thou shalt live on the Face of the Earth; for next to our Parents we ought to respect our Masters, as if they were our Fathers.

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C H A P.



## C H A P. VII.

*Of the high and mighty Adventure and Conquest of Mambrino's Helmet, with other Events relating to our invincible Knight.*

**A**T the same Time it began to rain, and *Sancho* would fain have taken Shelter in the Fulling-Mills; but *Don Quixote* had conceiv'd such an Antipathy against 'em for the Shame they had put upon him, that he would by no Means be prevail'd with to go in; and turning to the right Hand he struck into a High-way, where they had not gone far before he discover'd a Horse-man, who wore upon his Head something that glitter'd like Gold. The Knight had no sooner spy'd him, but turning to his Squire, *Sancho*, cry'd he, I believe there's no Proverb but what is true; they are all so many Sentences and Maxims drawn from Experience, the universal Mother of Sciences: For Instance, that Saying, That where one Door shuts another opens; thus Fortune that last Night deceiv'd us with the false Prospect of an Adventure, this Morning offers us a real one to make us Amends; and such an Adventure *Sancho*, that if I do not gloriously succeed in it I shall have now no Pretence to an Excuse, no Darkeness, no unknown Sounds to impute my Disappointment to: In short, in all Probability yonder comes the Man who wears on his Head *Mambrino's* Helmet, and thou know'st the Vow I have made. Good Sir,  
quoth

quoth *Sancho*, mind what you say, and take heed what you do ; for I would willingly keep my Carcass and the Case of my Understanding from being pounded, mash'd, and crush'd with Fulling-Hammers. Hell take thee Blockhead ! cry'd Don *Quixote*, is there no Difference between a Helmet and a Fulling-Mill ? I don't know, quoth *Sancho* ; but I'm sure, were I suffer'd to speak my Mind now as I was wont, mayhaps I would give you such main Reasons, that you your self should see you're wide of the Matter. How can I be mistaken, thou eternal Misbeliever ? cry'd Don *Quixote* ; do'st thou not see that Knight who comes riding up directly towards us upon a Dapple-gray Steed with a Helmet of Gold on his Head ? I see what I see, reply'd *Sancho*, and the Devil of any thing I can spy but a Fellow upon such another gray Ass as mine is, with something that glisters o' Top of his Head. I tell thee that's *Mambrino's* Helmet, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and therefore stand at a Distance, and leave me to deal with him ; thou shall't see, that without trifling away so much as a Moment in needless Talk, I'll finish this Adventure, and possess my self of the desir'd Helmet. I shall stand at a Distance you may be sure, quoth *Sancho* ; but I wish this may'nt prove another blue Bout, and a worse Job than the Fulling-Mills. I have warn'd you already Fellow, said Don *Quixote*, not so much as to name the Fulling-Mills ; dare but once more to do it, nay but to think on't, and I vow to—— I say no more, but I'll full and pound your Dog's-ship into Jelly. These Threats were more than sufficient to padlock *Sancho's* Lips, for he had no Mind to have his Master's Vow fulfill'd at the Expence of his Bones.

Now the Truth of the Story was this: There were in that Part of the Country two Villages,  
on

one of which was so little, that it had not so much as a Shop in't, nor any Barber ; so that the Barber of the greater Village serv'd also the smaller. And thus a Person happening to have Occasion to be let Blood, and another to be shav'd, the Barber was going thither with his Brass Bason, which he had clapt upon his Head to keep his Hat, that chanc'd to be a new one, from being spoil'd by the Rain ; and as the Bason was new scow'r'd, it made a glittering Show a great way off. As *Sancho* had well observ'd, he rode upon a gray Ass, which *Don Quixote* as easily took for a Dapple gray Steed, as he took the Barber for a Knight, and his Brass Bason for a Golden Helmet ; his distracted Brain easily applying ev'ry Object to his romantick Ideas. Therefore when he saw the poor imaginary Knight draw near, he fix'd his Lance or Javelin to his Thigh, and without staying to hold a Parley with his thoughtless Adversary, flew at him as fiercely as *Rozinante* would gallop, resolv'd to pierce him through and through ; crying out in the Midst of his Career, *Caitiff, Wretch*, defend thy self, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my Due. The Barber who as he peaceably went along saw that terrible Apparition come thund'ring upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run thro' with the Lance but to throw himself off from his Ass to the Ground ; and then as hastily getting up, he took up his Heels and ran o'er the Fields swift as a hunted Deer, leaving his Ass and his Bason behind him. *Don Quixote* finding himself thus Master of the Field and of the Bason, The Miscreant, cry'd he, who has left this Helmet, has shewn himself as prudent as the Beaver, who finding himself hotly pursu'd by the Hunters, to save his Life tears and cuts off with his Teeth.

Teeth that for which his natural Instinct tells him he was follow'd Then he order'd *Sancho* to take up the Helmet. On my Word, quoth *Sancho*, having taken it up, 'tis a special Bason, and as well worth a Piece of Eight as a Thief is worth a Halter. With that he gave it to his Master, who presently clapt it on his Head, turning it every way to find out the Beaver or Vizor; and at last seeing it had none, Doubtless, said he, the Pagan for whom this famous Helmet was first made had a Head of a prodigious Size; but the worst is, that there's at least one Half of it wanting. *Sancho* could not forbear smiling to hear his Master call the Barber's Bason a Helmet, and had not his Fear dash'd his Mirth he had certainly laugh'd outright. What does the Fool grin at now? cry'd Don *Quixote*. I laugh, said he, to think what a hugeous Jolt-head he must needs have had who was the Owner of this same Helmet, that looks for all the World like a Barber's Bason. I fancy, said Don *Quixote*, this enchanted Helmet has fallen by some strange Accident into the Hands of some Person, who not knowing the Value of it, for the Lucre of a little Money, finding it to be of pure Gold, melted one Half, and of the other made this Head-piece, which, as thou say'st, has some Resemblance of a Barber's Bason: But to me, who know the Worth of it, the Metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come to some Town where there's an Armourer, I will have it alter'd so much for the better, that then even the Helmet which the God of Smiths made for the God of War shall not deserve to be compar'd with it. In the mean Time I'll wear it as it is; 'tis better than nothing, and will serve at least to save Part of my Head from the violent Encounter of a Stone. Ay that it will, quoth *Sancho*,

## 210 *The Life and Atchievements*

*Sancho*, so 'tis not hurl'd out of a Sling, as were those at the Battel between the two Armies, when they hit you that confounded Dowse o' the Chops, that bless'd your Worship's Cheek-Teeth, and broke the Pot about your Ears in which you kept that blessed Drench that made me bring up my Guts. True, cry'd *Don Quixote*, there I lost my precious Balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the Receipt in my Memory. So have I too, quoth *Sancho*, and shall have while I have Breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that Stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the Ghost with it: Besides, I mean never to thrust my self into any Fray that may endanger this sweet Corps of mine, but labour all that in me lies to hurt no Body, and let no Body hurt me. As to being toss'd in a Blanket again, I've nothing to say to that, for there's no Remedy for such an enchanted jolting but Patience it seems: So if it ever be my Lot to be serv'd so again, I'll e'en shrink up my Shoulders, hold my Breath, and shut my Eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the Blanket and Fortune e'en toss on to the End o'the Chapter.

Truly, said *Don Quixote*, I am afraid thou'rt no good Christian *Sancho*, thou never forget'st Injuries. Let me tell thee, 'tis the Part of noble and generous Spirits to pass by Trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy Ribs is broken? or what Part of thy Scull is bruise'd? that thou can'st never think on that Jest without Malice: For after all 'twas nothing but a Jest, a harmless Piece of Pastime; had I look'd upon it otherwise, I had return'd to that Place before this Time, and had made more noble Mischief in revenge of the Abuse, than ever the incens'd *Grecians* did at *Troy* for the Detention of their

*Helen,*



of the renown'd Don Quixote. 211

*Helen*, that fam'd Beauty of the ancient World, who however had she liv'd in our Age, or had my *Dulcinea* adorn'd her's, would have found her Charms outrivall'd by my Mistress's Perfections: And saying this, he heav'd up a deep Sigh. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, I'll not rip up old Sores; let it go for a Jest since there's no revenging it in Earnest. But what shall we do with this Dapple-gray Steed that's so like an Ass? you see that same poor Devil-Errant has left it to shift for it self, poor thing, and by his Haste to rub off I don't think he means to come back for it; and by my Beard the gray Beast is a special one. 'Tis not my Custom, reply'd Don *Quixote*, to plunder those whom I overcome; nor is it usual among us Knights, for the Victor to take the Horse of his vanquish'd Enemy and let him go afoot, unless his own Steed be kill'd or disabled in the Combat: Therefore *Sancho* leave the Horse or the Ass, whatever thou pleasest to call it, the Owner will be sure to come for't as soon as he'll see us gone. I've a huge Mind to take him along with us, quoth *Sancho*, or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What are the Laws of Knight-Errantry so strict, that a Man must not exchange one Ass for another? at least I hope they'll give me Leave to swop one Harness for another? Truly *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I am not so very certain as to this last Particular, and therefore, till I am better inform'd, I give thee Leave to exchange the Furniture if thou hast absolutely occasion for't. I've so much occasion for't, quoth *Sancho*, that tho' 'twere for my own very self I could not need it more: So without any more ado, being authoriz'd by his Master's Leave, he made *Mutatio Caprarum*, and his own Ass as fine as if it had had a hundred Holiday Cloaths on its Back. This done, they

they breakfasted upon what they left at Supper, having quenched their Thirst at the Stream that turn'd the Pulling-Mills, towards which Don *Quixote* took care not to cast an Eye, for he abominated the very Thoughts of 'em. Thus their Spleen being eas'd, their cholerick and melancholick Humours asswag'd, up they got again, and never minding their Way, were all guided by *Rosinante's* Discretion, the Depository of his Master's Will, and also of the Ass's, that kindly and sociably always follow'd his Steps where ever he went. Their Guide soon brought 'em again into the high Road, where they kept on a slow Pace, not caring which Way they went.

As they jogg'd on thus, quoth *Sancho* to his Master, Pray Sir will you give me Leave to talk to you a little? For since you have laid that bitter Command upon me, to hold my Tongue, I've had four or five quaint Conceits that have rotted in my Ghizzard, and now I've another at my Tongue's End that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Say it, cry'd Don *Quixote*, but be short, for no Discourse can please when too long.

Well then, quoth *Sancho*, I've been thinking to my self of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down these barren Woods and strange Places, where tho' you compass the hardest and most dangerous Jobs of Knight-Errantry, yet no living Soul sees or hears on't, and so 'tis every whit as good as lost; and therefore methinks 'twere better (with submission to your Worship's better Judgment be it spoken) that we e'en went to serve some Emperour, or other great Prince that's at War; for there you might shew how stout, and how wondrous strong and wise you be; which being perceiv'd by the Lord we shall serve, he must  
needs

needs reward us every one according to his Deserts; and there you'll not want a learned Scholar to set down all your high Deeds, that they may never be forgotten: As for mine I say nothing, since they are not to be nam'd the same Day with your Worship's; and yet I dare avouch, that if any Notice be taken in Knight-Errantry of the Feats of Squires, mine will be sure to come in for a Share. Truly *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is some Reason in what thou say'st; but first of all 'tis requisite that a Knight-Errant should spend some Time in various Parts of the World as a Probationer in quest of Adventures, that by achieving some extraordinary Exploits, his Renown may diffuse it self through neighbouring Climes and distant Nations: So when he goes to the Court of some great Monarch, his Fame flying before him as his Harbinger, secures him such a Reception, that the Knight has scarce reach'd the Gates of the Metropolis of the Kingdom, when he finds himself attended and surrounded by admiring Crowds, pointing and crying out, There, there rides the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent, or whatever other Title the Knight takes upon him; That's he, they'll cry, who vanquish'd in single Combat the huge Giant *Brocabuno*, surnam'd *Of the invincible Strength*; This is he that freed the great Sophy of *Persia* from the Incantment that had kept him confin'd for almost nine hundred Years together. Thus as they relate his Achievements with loud Acclamations, the spreading Rumour at last reaches the King's Palace, and the Monarch being desirous to be inform'd with his own Eyes, will not fail to look out of his Window. As soon as he sees the Knight, knowing him by his Arms, or the Devise on his Shield, he'll be oblig'd to say to his Attendants,

## 214 *The Life and Achievements*

dants, My Lords and Gentlemen, haste all of you, as many as are Knights, go and receive the Flower of Chivalry that's coming to our Court. At the King's Command away they all run to introduce him; the King himself meets him half way on the Stairs, where he embraces his valorous Guest, and kisses his Cheek: Then taking him by the Hand, he leads him directly to the Queen's Apartment; where the Knight finds her attended by the Princess her Daughter, who ought to be one of the most beautiful and most accomplish'd Damsels in the whole Compass of the Universe. At the same Time Fate will so dispose every thing, that the Knight shall gaze on the Princess and the Princess on the Knight, and each shall admire one another as Persons rather angelical than humane; and then by an unaccountable Charm they shall both find themselves caught and entangl'd in the inextricable Net of Love, and wond'rously perplex'd for want of an Opportunity to discover their amorous Anguish to one another.

After this, doubtless, the Knight is conducted by the King to one of the richest Apartments in the Palace; where having taken off his Armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet Vestment lin'd with Ermins; and if he look'd so graceful cas'd in Steel, how lovely will he appear in all the height'ning Ornaments of Courtiers! Night being come, he shall sup with the King, the Queen, and the Princess; and shall all the while be feasting his Eyes with the Sight of the Charmer, yet so as no Body shall perceive it; and she will repay him his Glances with as much Discretion, for, as I have said she is a most accomplish'd Person. After Supper a surprizing Scene is unexpectedly to appear: Enter first an ill-favour'd little Dwarf, and after him a fair Damsel between two  
Giants,

Giants, with the Offer of a certain Adventure so contriv'd by an ancient Necromancer, and so difficult to be perform'd, that he who shall undertake and end it with Success shall be esteem'd the best Knight in the World. Presently 'tis the King's Pleasure that all his Courtiers should attempt it; which they do, but all of them unsuccessfully, for the Honour is reserv'd for the valorous Stranger, who effects that with ease which the rest essay'd in vain; and then the Princess shall be over-joy'd, and esteem her self the most happy Creature in the World, for having bestow'd her Affections on so deserving an Object. Now by the happy Appointment of Fate, this King, or this Emperour, is at War with one of his Neighbours as powerful as himself; and the Knight being inform'd of this, after he has been some few Days at Court offers the King his Service; which is accepted with Joy, and the Knight courteously kisses the King's Hand in acknowledgment of so great a Favour. That Night the Lover takes his Leave of the Princess at the Iron Grate before her Chamber-Window looking into the Garden, where he and she have already had several Interviews by means of the Princess's Confident, a Damsel who carries on the Intrigue between them. The Knight sighs, the Princess swoons, the Damsel runs for cold Water to bring her to Life again, very uneasy also because the Morning-Light approaches, and she would not have them discover'd, lest it should reflect on her Lady's Honour. At last the Princess revives, and gives the Knight her lovely Hand to kiss; which he does a thousand and a thousand times, bathing it all the while with his Tears. Then they agree how to transmit their Thoughts with Secrecy to each other by a mutual Intercourse of Letters during this fatal



tal Absence. The Princess prays him to return with all the Speed of a Lover ; the Knight promises it with repeated Vows and a thousand kind Protestations. At last the fatal Moment being come that must tear him from all he loves, and from his very self, he seals once more his Love on her soft snowy Hand, almost breathing out his Soul, which mounts to his Lips, and even would leave its Body to dwell there ; and then he is hurry'd away by the fearful Confident.

After this cruel Separation he retires to his Chamber, throws himself on his Bed, but Grief will not suffer Sleep to close his Eyes. Then rising with the Sun, he goes to take his Leave of the King and of the Queen : He desires to pay his Compliment of Leave to the Princess, but he is told she is indispos'd ; and as he has Reason to believe that his departing is the Cause of her Disorder, he is so griev'd at the News, that he is ready to betray the Secret of his Heart ; which the Princess's Confident observing, she goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the lovely Mourner bath'd in Tears, who tells her, that the greatest Affliction of her Soul is her not knowing whether her charming Knight be of royal Blood : But the Damsel pacifies her, assuring her that so much Valour, so much Gallantry, and such noble Qualifications were unquestionably deriv'd from an illustrious and royal Original. This comforts the afflicted Fair, who does all she can to compose her Looks, lest the King or the Queen should suspect the Cause of their Alteration ; and so some Days after she appears in publick as before.

And now the Knight having been absent for some Time, meets, fights, and overcomes the King's Enemies, takes I don't know how many Cities,

Cities, wins I don't know how many Battels, returns to Court, and appears before his Mistress laden with Honour. He visits her privately as before, and they agree that he shall demand her of the King her Father in Marriage as the Reward of all his Services; but the King will not grant his Suit, as being unacquainted with his Birth: However, whether it be that the Princess suffers her self to be privately carry'd away, or that some other Means are us'd, the Knight marries her, and in a little Time the King is very well pleas'd with the Match; for now the Knight appears to be the Son of a mighty King of I can't tell you what Country, for I think 'tis not in the Map. Some Time after the Father dies, the Princess is Heiress, and thus in a Trice our Knight comes to be King. Having thus compleated his Happiness, his next Thoughts are to gratify his Squire, and all those who have been instrumental in his Advancement to the Throne: Thus he marries his Squire to one of the Princess's Damsels, and most probably to her Favourite who had been familiar to their Amours, and who is Daughter to one of the most considerable Dukes in the Kingdom.

That's what I've been looking for all this while, quoth *Sancho*; give me but that, and let the World rub, there I'll stick; for every Tittle o'this will come to pass, and be your Worship's Case as sure as a Gun, if you'll but take upon ye that same Nick-name of the *Knight of the woeful Figure*. Most certainly *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for by the same Steps, and in that very Manner Knight-Er-rants have always proceeded to ascend to the Throne: Therefore our chief Business is to find out some great Potentate either among the Christians or the Pagans that is at War with his Neigh-

## 218 *The Life and Achievements*

bours, and has a fair Daughter. But we shall have Time enough to enquire after that, for, as I have told thee, we must first purchase Fame in other Places before we presume to go to Court. Another thing makes me more uneasy : Suppose we have found out a King and a Princess, and I have fill'd the World with the Fame of my unparallel'd Achievements, what Hopes can I have of ever being discover'd to be of royal Blood, tho' it were but second Cousin to an Emperour ? For 'tis not to be expected that the King will ever consent that I shall wed his Daughter till I have made this out by authentick Proofs, tho' my Service deserve it never so much ; and thus for want of a Punctilio, I am in danger of losing what my Valour so justly merits. 'Tis true indeed I am a Gentleman, and of a noted ancient Family ; nay, perhaps the learned Historiographer who is to write the History of my Life, will so improve and beautify my Genealogy, that he will find me to be the fifth, or sixth at least, in Descent from a King : For *Sancho* there are two sorts of Originals in the World ; some who sprung from mighty Kings and Princes by little and little have been so lessen'd and obscur'd, that the Estates and Titles of the following Generations have dwindl'd to nothing, and ended in a Point like a Pyramid ; others who from mean and low Beginnings still rise and rise, till at last they are rais'd to the very Top of human Greatness : So vast the Difference is, that those who were Something are now Nothing, and those that were Nothing are now Something. And therefore who knows but that I may be one of those whose Original is so illustrious ; which being handsomly made out, after due Examination, ought undoubtedly to satisfy the King my Father-in-law. But even supposing he were still refractory, the  
Princess

Princess is to be so desperately in love with me, that she will marry me without his Consent tho' I were a Son of the meanest *Plebian*; and if her tender Honour scruples to bless me against her Father's Will, then it may not be amiss to put a pleasing Constraint upon her, by conveying her by force out of the Reach of her Father, to whose Persecutions either Time or Death will be sure to put a Period.

Ay, quoth *Sancho*, your rake-helly Fellows have a Saying that's pat to your Purpose, *Ne'er cringe nor creep, for what you by Force may reap*; tho' I think 'twere better said, *The Leap of a Shrub is worth more than good Mens Prayers*. No more to be said, if the King your Father-in-law won't let you have his Daughter by fair Means, ne'er stand Shall I, Shall I, but fairly and squarely run away with her. All the Mischief that I fear is only, that while you're making your Peace with him, and waiting after a dead Man's Shoes, as the Saying is, the poor Dog of a Squire is like to go long bare-foot, and may go hang himself for any Good you'll be able to do him, unless the Damsel *Go between*, who's to be his Wife, run away too with the Princess, and he solace himself with her till a better Time comes; for I don't see but that the Knight may clap up the Match between us without any more ado. That's most certain, answer'd Don *Quixote*. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, let's e'en take our Chance, and let the World rub. May Fortune crown our Wishes, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and let him be a Wretch who thinks himself one. Amen, say I, quoth *Sancho*; for I'm one of your old Christians, and that's enough to qualify me to be an Earl. And more than enough, said Don *Quixote*; for tho' thou wer't not so well descended, being a King I could bestow Nobility on thee, without putting

220 *The Life and Atchievements*

thee to the Trouble of buying it, or of doing me the least Service ; and making thee an Earl, Men must call thee My Lord, tho' it grieve 'em never so much. And do you think, quoth *Sancho*, I would not become my *Equality* main well ? Thou should'st say Quality, said Don *Quixote*, and not *Equality*. Ev'n as you will, return'd *Sancho* : But, as I was saying, I should become an Earldom rarely ; for I was once Beadle to a Brotherhood, and the Beadle's Gown did so become me, that every Body said I had the Presence of a Warden. Then how do you think I'll look with a Duke's Robes on my Back, all bedawb'd with Gold and Pearl like any foreign Count ? I believe we shall have Folks come a hundred Leagues to see me. Thou wilt look well enough, said Don *Quixote* ; but then thou must shave that rough bushy Beard of thine at least ev'ry other Day, or People will read thy Beginning in thy Face as soon as they see thee. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis but keeping a Barber in my House ; and if needs be, he shall trot after me where-ever I go like a Grandee's Master of the Horse. How cam'st thou to know, said Don *Quixote*, that Grandees have their Masters of the Horse to ride after 'em ? I'll tell you, quoth *Sancho* : Some Years ago I happen'd to be about a Month among your Court-folks, and there I saw a little Dandiprat riding about, who, they said, was a hugeous great Lord ; there was a Man a Horseback that follow'd him close where-ever he went, turning and stopping as he did, you'd have thought he had been ty'd to his Horse's Tail. With that I ask'd why that Hind-man did not ride by the other, but still came after him thus ? And they told me he was Master of his Horses, and that the Grandees have always such kind of Men at their Tail ; and I mark'd this so well, that I ha'n't forgot



got it since. Thou art in the right, said Don Quixote; and thou may'st as reasonably have thy Barber attend thee in this Manner. Customs did not come up all at once, but rather started up, and were improv'd by Degrees; so thou may'st be the first Earl that rode in State with his Barber behind him; and this may be said to justify thy Conduct, that 'tis an Office of more trust to shave a Man's Beard than to saddle a Horse. Well, quoth Sancho, leave the Business of the Cut-beard to me, and do but take Care you be a King and I an Earl. Never doubt it, reply'd Don Quixote; and with that looking about, he discover'd— what the next Chapter will tell you.

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## C H A P. VII.

*How Don Quixote set free many miserable Creatures, whom some Men were driving to a certain Place against their Wills.*

**C** I D Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian and Manchegan Author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, soft and humorous History, That after this Discourse between the renown'd Don Quixote, and his Squire Sancho Pança, which we have laid down at the end of the Sixth Chapter; the Knight lifting up his Eyes, saw about twelve Men a Foot trudging in the Road, all in a row one behind another, like Beads upon a String, being link'd together by the Neck to a huge Iron-Chain, and manacl'd besides. They were guarded by two Horse-men, arm'd with Carabines, and two Men a Foot, with Swords and Javelins. As soon as Sancho spy'd 'em, look ye, Sir, cry'd he, here's a Gang of Criminals hurry'd away by main Force to serve the King in the Gallies. How, reply'd Don Quixote! Is it possible the King will force any Body? I don't say so, answer'd Sancho; I mean these are Rogues whom the Law has sentenc'd for their Misdeeds, to row in the King's Gallies. However, reply'd Don Quixote, they are forc'd, because they do not go of their own free Will. Sure enough, quoth Sancho. If it be so, said Don Quixote, they come within the Verge of my Office, which is to hinder  
Violence

Violence and Oppression, and succour all People in Misery. Ay, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but neither the King nor the Law offer any Violence to such wicked Wretches, they have but their Deserts. By this, the Chain drew near, and then Don *Quixote*, in very civil Terms, desir'd the Guards to inform him why these poor People were led along in that manner? Sir, answer'd one of the Horse-men, they are Criminals condemn'd to serve the King in his Gallies. That's all I've to say to you, and you need enquire no further. Nevertheless, Sir, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I have a great desire to know in few Words the Cause of their Misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary Favour if you will let me have that Satisfaction. We've here the Copies and Certificates of their several Sentences, said the other Horse-man, but we can't stand to pull 'em out and read 'em now; you may draw nearer and examine 'em your self: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they were condemn'd; for they are such honest People, they are not asham'd to boast of their Rogueries. With this Permission, which Don *Quixote* would have taken of himself had they deny'd it him, he rode up to the Chain, and ask'd the first. For what Crimes he was in these miserable Circumstances? The Gally-Slave answer'd him, That 'twas for being in Love. What, only for being in Love, cry'd Don *Quixote*! Were all those that are in Love to be thus us'd, I my self might have been long since in the Gallies. Ay, but, reply'd the Slave, my Love was not of that sort which you conjecture: I was so desperately in Love with a Basket of Linnen, and embrac'd it so close, that had not the Judge taken it from me by Force, I would not have parted with it willingly. In short, I was taken in the

Fact, and so there was no need to put me to the Rack, 'twas prov'd so plain upon me. So I was committed, try'd, condemn'd, had the gentle Lash; and besides that, was sent for three Years to be an Element-Dasher, and there's an end of the Business. An Element-Dasher, cry'd Don *Quixote*, what do you mean by that? A Gally-Slave, answer'd the Criminal, who was a young Fellow, about four and twenty Years old, and said he was born at *Piedra Hita*.

Then Don *Quixote* examin'd the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer; however, the first Rogue inform'd the Knight of his Affairs: Sir, said he, this *Canary-Bird* keeps us Company for having sung too much. Is't possible, cry'd Don *Quixote*! Are Men sent to the Gallies for Singing? Ay, marry, are they quoth the arch Rogue; for there's nothing worse than to sing in Anguish. How, cry'd Don *Quixote*! That contradicts the Sayings, *Sing away Sorrow, cast away Care*. Ay, but with us, the Case is alter'd, reply'd the Slave, he that Sings in Disafter. Weeps all his Life after. This is a Riddle which I cannot unfold, cry'd Don *Quixote*. Sir, said one of the Guards, *Singing in Anguish*, among these Jail-Birds, means to confess upon the Rack; This Fellow was put to the Torture, and confess'd his Crime, which was stealing of Cattel; and because he squeek'd or *sung*, as they call it, he was condemn'd to the Gallies for Six Years; besides a Hundred Jirks with a Cat a' nine Tails, that have whisk'd and powder'd his Shoulders already. Now the Reason why he goes thus moapish and out o' sorts, is only because his Comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the Courage to deny: As if it had not been as easie for him to have said *No as*

*Yes*;

Yes; or as if a Fellow, taken up on Suspicion, were not a lucky Rogue, when there is no positive Evidence can come in against him but his own Tongue; and in my Opinion they're somewhat in the right. I think so too, said Don Quixote.

Thence addressing himself to the third, and you, said he, what have you done? Sir, answer'd the Fellow, readily and pleasantly enough, I must Mow the great Meadow for five Years together, for want of twice five Ducates. I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to deliver thee from that Misery. Thank you for nothing, quoth the Slave; 'tis just like the Proverb, *After Meat comes Mustard*; or, like Money to a starving Man at Sea, where there are no Victuals to be bought with it: Had I had the twenty Ducates you offer me before I was try'd, to have greas'd the Clerk's [or Recorder's] Fist, and have whetted my Lawyer's Wit, I might have been now at *Toledo* in the Place of *Zacodover*, and not have been thus led along like a Dog in a String. But Heaven is powerful, *Baka*; I say no more.

Then passing to the fourth, who was a venerable old Don, with a gray Beard that reach'd to his Bosom, he put the same Question to him; whereupon the poor Creature fell a weeping, and was not able to give him an Answer: So the next behind him lent him a Tongue. Sir, said he, this honest Person goes to the Gallies for four Years, having already taken his Progress through the Town in State, and rested at the usual Stations. I'll be whipp'd, quoth *Sancho*, if that ben't to do Penance at the Cross, and wear the wooden Ruff at the Pillory. Right, Gaffor, quoth the Slave; and all this he's condemn'd



to for being a Broker of Human Flesh; for to tell you the truth, the Gentleman is a Pimp, and besides that, he has a smack of Conjuring. If it were not for that addition of Conjuring, cry'd Don *Quixote*, he ought not to have been sent to the Gallies, purely for being a Pimp, unless it were to be General of the Gallies. For the Profession of a Bawd, Pimp, or Messenger of Love, is not like other common Employments, but an Office that requires a great deal of Prudence and Sagacity; an Office of Trust and Weight, and most highly necessary in a well regulated Common-wealth; nor should it be executed but by civil well descended Persons of good natural Parts, and of a liberal Education. Nay, 'twere requisite there should be a Controller and Surveyor of the Profession, as there are of others; and a certain and settled number of 'em as there is of Exchange-Brokers. This would be a means to prevent an infinite number of Mischiefs that happen ev'ry day, because the Trade or Profession is follow'd by poor ignorant Pretenders, silly waiting-Women, young giddy-brain'd Pages, shallow Foot-men, and such raw unexperienc'd sort of People, who in unexpected Turns and Emergencies suffer themselves to be surpriz'd, and spoil all for want of quickness of Invention either to conceal, carry on, or bring off a Thing artificially. Had I but time I would point out what sort of Persons are best qualified to be chosen Professors of this most necessary Employment in the Common-wealth; however, at some fitter Season I will inform those of it who may remedy this Disorder. All I have to say now, is, That the Grief I had to see these venerable gray Hairs in such Distress, for having follow'd that no less useful than ingenious Vocation

of Pimping, is now lost in my abhorrence of his additional Character of a Conjuror; tho' I very well know that no Sorcery in the World can affect or force the Will, as some ignorant credulous Persons fondly imagine. For our Will is a free Agent, and no Herb nor Charms can constrain it. As for the Philtres and such like Compositions, which some silly Women and designing Pretenders make, they are nothing but certain Mixtures and poisonous Preparations, that make those who take them run mad; tho' the Deceivers labour to perswade us they can make one Person love another; which, as I've said, is an impossible thing, our Will being a free uncontrollable Power. You say very well, Sir, cry'd the old Coupler; and upon my Honour, I protest I am wholly Innocent, as to the Imputation of Witchcraft. As for the Business of Pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a Criminal Function; for my Intention was, that all Mankind should taste the Sweets of Love, and enjoy each other's Society, living together in Friendship and in Peace, free from those Grievances and Jars that unpeople the World. But my harmless Designs has not been so happy as to prevent my being sent now to a Place whence I never expect to return; stooping as I do under the heavy Burden of old Age, and being grievously afflicted with the Strangury, which scarce affords me a Moment's respite from Pain. This said, the reverend Procurer burst out afresh into Tears and Lamentations, which melted *Sancho's* Heart so much, that he pull'd a piece of Money out of his Bosom and gave it to him as an Alms.

Then Don *Quixote* turn'd to the fifth, who seem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to serve

serve his Majesty, said he, for having been somewhat too familiar with two of my Cousin-Germans, and two other kind-hearted Virgins that were Sisters : by which means I have multiply'd my Kind, and begot so odd and intricate a Medley of Kindred, that 'twould puzzle a Convocation of Casuists to resolve their Degrees of Consanguinity. All this was proved upon me. I had no Friends, and what was worse, no Money, and so was like to have swung for't : However, I was only condemn'd to the Gallies for six Years, and patiently submitted to't. I feel my self yet young, to my Comfort ; so if my Life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleas'd to bestow something upon poor Sinners, Heaven will reward you ; and when we Pray, we will be sure to remember you, that your Life may be as long and prosperous as your Presence is goodly and noble. This brisk Spark appear'd to be a Student by his habit, and a Son of the Guards said was a fine Speaker and a good Latinist.

After him came a Man about thirty Years old, a clever, well set, handsom Fellow, only he squinted horribly with one Eye ; he was strangely loaded with Irons : A heavy Chain clogg'd his Leg, and was so long that he twisted it about his Waste like a Girdle ; he had a couple of Collars about his Neck, the one to link him to the rest of the Slaves ; and the other, one of those Iron-Ruffs which they call a *Keep-Friend*, or a *Friend's Foot* ; from whence two Irons went down to his Middle, and to their two Bars were rivetted a pair of Manacles that grip'd him by the Fists, and were secur'd with a large Pad-lock ; so that he could neither lift his Hands to his Mouth, nor bend down his Head towards his  
Hands,

Hands. Don *Quixote* enquiring why he was worse hamper'd with Irons than the rest? Because he alone has done more Rogueries than all the rest, answer'd one of the Guards. This is such a Reprobate, such a Devil of a Fellow, that no Goal nor Fetters will hold him; we are not sure he's fast enough, for all he's chain'd so. What sort of Crimes then has he been guilty of, ask'd Don *Quixote*, that he is only sent to the Gallies? Why, answer'd the Keeper, he is condemn'd to ten Years Slavery, which is no better than a Civil Death. But I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious Rogue *Gines de Passamonte*, alias *Genesillo de Parapilla*. Hark you, Sir, cry'd the Slave, fair and softly; what a pox makes you give a Gentleman more Names than he has? *Gines* is my Christian-name, and *Passamonte* my Sir-name; and not *Ginesillo*, nor *Parapilla* as you say. Blood, let every Man mind what he says, or it may prove the worse for him. Don't you be so saucy, Mr. Crack-rope, cry'd the Officer to him, or I may chance to make you keep a better Tongue in your Head. 'Tis a sign, cry'd the Slave, that a Man's fast and under the Lash, but one day or other some body shall know whether I'm called *Parapilla* or no. Why, Mr. Slip-string, reply'd the Officer, do not People call you by that Name? They do, answer'd *Gines*, but I'll make 'em call me otherwise, or I'll fleece and bite 'em worse than I care to tell you now. But, you, Sir, who are so inquisitive, added he, turning to Don *Quixote*, if you've a mind to give us any thing, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I don't like to stand here answering Questions, broil me! I am *Gines de Passamonte*, I am not ashamed of my Name. As for my Life and Conversation, there's an Account of 'em in  
Black

Black and White, written with this numerical Hand of mine. There he tells you true, said the Officer, for he has written his own History himself, without omitting a Tittle of his Roguish Pranks; and he has left the Manuscript in Pawn in the Prison for two Hundred *Reals*; Ay, said *Gines*, and will redeem it, burn me, tho' it lay there for as many Ducats. Then it must be an extraordinary Piece, cry'd Don *Quixote*. So, extraordinary, reply'd *Gines*, that it far out-does not only *Lazarillo de Tormes*, but whatever has been and shall be written in that kind. For mine's true every Word, and no invented Stories can compare with it for variety of Tricks and Accidents. What's the Title of the Book; ask'd Don *Quixote*? *The Life of Gines de Passamonte*, answer'd t'other. Is it quite finish'd, ask'd the Knight? How the Devil can it be finish'd and I yet living? reply'd the Slave. There's in it every material Point from my Cradle, to this my last going to the Gallies. Then it seems you have been there before, said Don *Quixote*. I was only some four Years there once before, reply'd *Gines*: I already know how the Bisket and the Bull's Pizzle agree with my Carcass: It does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing Stroak to my Book. I have the Devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish Gallies there is always Leisure and idle Time enough o' Conscience: Neither shall I want so much for what I've to insert, for I know it all by Heart.

Thou seem'st to be a witty Fellow, said Don *Quixote*. You should have said unfortunate too, reply'd the Slave; for the Bitch Fortune is still unkind to Men of Wit. You mean to such wicked Wretches as your self, cry'd the Officer. Look  
you.



you, Mr. Commissary, said *Gines*, I have already desir'd you to use good Language; the Law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the King has occasion for us. Let every Man mind his own Business, and give good Words or hold his Tongue; for by the Blood—I'll say no more, Murder will out; there will be a Time when some People's Rogueries may come to Light, as well as those of other Folks. With that the Officer, provok'd by the Slave's Threats, held up his Staff to strike him. But Don *Quixote* stepp'd between 'em, and desir'd him not to do it, and to consider that the Slave was the more to be excus'd for being too free of his Tongue, since he had ne'er another Member at Liberty. Then addressing himself to all the Slaves, My dearest Brethren, cry'd he, I find, by what I gather from your own Words, that tho' you deserve Punishment for the several Crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer Execution of the Sentence by Constraint, and meerly because you cannot help it. Besides, 'tis not unlikely but that this Man's want of Resolution upon the Rack, the other's want of Money, the third's want of Friends and Favour, and in short the Judges perverting and wresting the Law to your great Prejudice, may have been the cause of your Misery. Now, as Heaven has sent me into the World to relieve the Distress'd, and free suffering Weakness from the Tyranny of Oppression, according to the Duty of my Profession of Knight-Errantry, these Considerations induce me to take you under my Protection—But because 'tis the part of a prudent Man not to use Violence where fair Means may be effectual, I desire you, Gentlemen of the Guard, to release these poor Men, there being People enough to  
serve

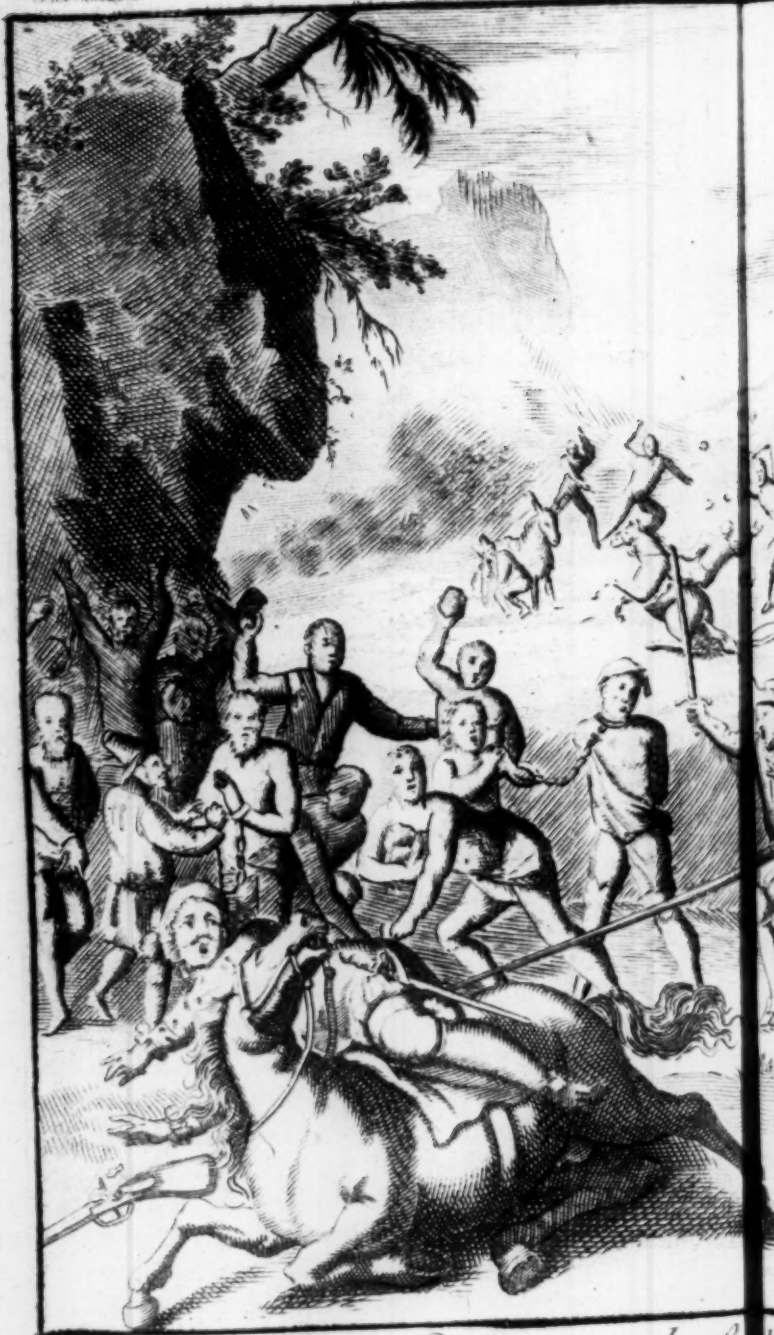
serve his Majesty in their Places ; for 'tis a hard Case to make Slaves of Men that were born free ; and you have the less Reason to use these Wretches with Severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let 'em answer for their Sins in the other World ; Heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the Wicked as 'twill certainly reward the Good. Consider besides, Gentlemen, that 'tis neither a Christian-like nor an honourable Action for Men to be the Butchers and Tormenters of one another ; principally when no Advantage can arise from it. I chuse to desire this of you, with so much Mildness and in so peaceable a manner, Gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful Acknowledgment, if you will be pleas'd to grant so reasonable a Request. But if you provoke me by Refusal, I must be oblig'd to tell ye, that this Lance and this Sword, guided by this invincible Arm, shall force you to yield that to my Valour which you deny to my civil Entreaties.

A very good Jest indeed, cry'd the Officer, what a Devil, makes you dote at such a Rate ? Would you have us set at Liberty the King's Prisoners, when we are leading 'em to due Punishment according to Law. Go, go about your Business, good Sir Errant, and set your Bason right upon your empty Pate ; and pray don't meddle any further in what does not concern you, for those who'll play with Cats must expect to be scratch'd.

Thou art a Cat, and Rat, and a Coward to boot, cry'd Don *Quixote* ; and with that he attack'd the Officer with such a sudden and surprizing Fury, that before he had any Time to put himself into a posture of Defence, he struck him down dangerously wounded with his Lance,  
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*Don Quixot released*



Case the Gally = Slaves. V. 1. Page 238



5 MA 59

and as Fortune had order'd it, this happen'd to be the Horse-man who was arm'd with a Carabine. His Companions stood astonish'd at such a bold and unlook'd for Action, then fell upon the Champion with their Swords and Darts, which might have prov'd fatal to him, had not the Slaves laid hold of this Opportunity to break the Chain in order to regain their Liberty. For the Guards perceiving their Endeavours to get loose, thought it more material to prevent 'em, than to be fighting a Mad-man. But as he press'd them vigorously on one side, and the Slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the Guards so perplex'd that they did nothing to the purpose. In the mean time *Sancho* was helping *Gines de Passamonte* to get off his Gives, which he did sooner than can be imagin'd, and then that active Desperado having seiz'd the wounded Officer's Sword and Carabine, he join'd with Don *Quixote*, and sometimes aiming at the one and sometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to shoot 'em, yet still without letting off the Piece, the other Slaves at the same time pouring Vollies of Stone-shot at the Guards; they betook themselves to their Heels, leaving Don *Quixote* and the Criminals Masters of the Field. *Sancho*, who was always for taking Care of the main Chance, was not at all pleas'd with this Victory; for he guess'd that the Guards who were fled, would raise a Hue and Cry and soon be at their Heels with the whole *Posse* of the Holy Brother-hood, and lay 'em up for a Rescue and Rebellion. This made him advise his Master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighbouring Mountains. I hear you, answer'd Don *Quixote*, to this motion of his Squire, and I know what I have

## 234 *The Life and Atchievements*

have to do. Then calling to him all the Slaves, who by this time had uncas'd the Keeper to his Skin, they gather'd about him to know his Pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner. 'Tis the part of generous Spirits to have a grateful Sense of the Benefits they receive, no Crime being more odious than Ingratitude. You see, Gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how highly you're oblig'd to me. Now all the Recompence I require is only that every one of you, loaden with that Chain from which I have freed your Necks, do instantly repair to the City of *Toboso*; and there presenting your selves before the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, tell her that her faithful Votary, the Knight of the *Woeful Countenance*, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound Veneration. Then you shall give her an exact Account of ev'ry Particular relating to this famous Atchievement, by which you once more taste the Sweets of Liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your Fortunes where you please.

To this the Ring-leader and Master-thief *Gines de Passamonte* made Answer for all the rest, What you would have us do, said he, our noble Deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen all together for the World. We must rather part and sculk some one way, some another, and lie snug in Creeks and Corners under Ground, for fear of those damn'd Man-hounds that will be after us with a Hue and Cry; therefore all we can and ought to do in this Case, is to change this Compliment and Homage which you'd have us pay to the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* into certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Creeds*, which we will say for your Benefit; and this  
may

may be done by Night or by Day, walking or standing, and in War as well as in Peace. But to imagine we shall take up our Chains again, and lug 'em the Devil knows whither, is as unreasonable as to think 'tis Night now at ten a Clock in the Morning. S'death, to expect this from us is to expect Pears from an Elm-Tree. Now, by my Sword, reply'd Don Quixote, Sir Son of a Whore, Sir *Genesillo de Parapilla*, or whatever be your Name, you shall go alone, creeping like a Dog under a Door, with all the Chain about your Shoulders. *Gines*, who was naturally very cholerick, judging by Don Quixote's Talk and last Exploit that he was not very wise, wink'd on his Companions, who, like Men that understood Signs, presently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with such a Shower of Stones, that all his Dexterity to cover himself with his Shield was now ineffectual, and poor *Rozinante* no more obey'd the Spur, than if he had been only the Statue of a Horse. As for *Sancho* he got behind his Ass, and there shelter'd himself from the Vollies of Flints that threaten'd his Bones, while his Master was so batter'd, that in a little time he was thrown out of his Saddle to the Ground. He was no sooner down, but the Student leap'd on him, took off the Bason from his Head, gave him three or four Thumps o' the Shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the Stones that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripp'd him of his Coat; and had robb'd him of his Horse too, but that his Greaves hinder'd them. They also eas'd *Sancho* of his upper Coat, and left him in *Cuerpo*; then having divided the Spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up and link'd again in the Chain, than  
of

## 236 *The Life and Atchievements*

of trudging with it to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Thus the *Afs*, *Rozinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remain'd indeed Masters of the Field, but in an ill Condition. The *Afs* hanging his Head and pensive, shaking his Ears now and then, as if the Volleys of Stones had still whizz'd about 'em: *Rozinante* lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knock'd down as well as his unhappy Rider; *Sancho* uncas'd to his Doubler, and trembling for fear of the Holy Brother-hood; and *Don Quixote* fill'd with sullen Regret to find himself so barbarously us'd by those whom he had so highly oblig'd.

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C H A P.



C H A P IX.

*What befell the renown'd Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena; being one of the rarest Adventures in this most authentick History.*

**D**ON Quixote finding himself so ungratefully requited, Sancho, said he to his Squire, I have often heard it said, Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll be the first shall hang you. Had I given ear to thy Advice, I had been excus'd this Misfortune: But since the thing is done, 'tis needless to repine; this shall be a Warning to me for the future. That is, quoth Sancho, when the Devil's blind. But since you say you had escap'd this Mischief had you believ'd me, good Sir, believe me now, and you'll scape a greater; for I must tell you that those of the holy Brotherhood don't stand in awe of your Chivalry, nor do they care a Straw for all the Knight-Er-rants in the World: Methinks I have 'em at my Heels already, and their rusty Weapons about my Ears. Thou art naturally a Coward Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; nevertheless, that thou may'st not say I am obstinate, and never follow thy Advice, I will take thy Counsel, and for once convey my self out of the Reach of this dreadful Brotherhood that so strangely alarms thee; but upon this Condition, that thou never tell any mortal Creature, neither while I live, nor after my Death, that I with-

withdrew my self out of this Danger thro' Fear, but meerly to comply with thy Entreaties : For if thou ever presume to say otherwise thou wilt belie me ; and from this Time to that Time, and from that Time to the World's End, I give thee the Lie, and thou liest, and shalt lie in thy Throat, as often as thou say'st, or but think'st to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply ; for should'st thou but surmise that I would avoid any Danger, and especially this which seems to give some Occasion or Colour for Fear, I would certainly stay here, tho' unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy Brotherhood, which thou dread'st so much, but also the Fraternity, or twelve Heads, of the Tribes of *Israel*, the seven *Macchabees*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, and all the Brothers and Brotherhoods in the Universe. An't please your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, to withdraw is not to run away, and to stay is no wise Action when there's more Reason to fear than to hope ; 'tis the Part of a wise Man to keep himself to Day for to Morrow, and not venture all his Eggs in one Basket. And for all I'm but a Clown or a Bumpkin as you may say, yet I'd have you to know I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main Chance ; therefore don't be asham'd of being rul'd by me, but e'en get o'Horse-back an you're able : Come I'll help you, and then follow me ; for my Mind plaguily misgives me, that now one Pair of Heels will stand us in more Stead than two Pair of Hands.

Don *Quixote* without any Reply made shift to mount *Roxinante*, and *Sancho* on his Afs led the Way to the neighbouring mountainous Desert call'd *Sierra Morena*, which the crafty Squire had a Design to cross over, and get out at the farthest End, either at *Viso*, or *Almadovar del Campo*, and in

in the mean Time to lurk in the craggy and almost inaccessible Retreats of that vast Wilderness, for fear of falling into the Hands of the holy Brotherhood. He was the more eager to steer this Course, finding that the Provision which he had laid on his Ass had escap'd plundering, which was a kind of a Miracle, considering how narrowly the Gally Slaves had search'd every where for Booty. 'Twas Night before our two Travellers got to the Middle and most desert Part of the Mountain; where *Sancho* advis'd his Master to stay some Days, at least as long as their Provisions lasted; and accordingly that Night they took up their Lodging between two Rocks among a great Number of Cork-trees. But Fate, which, according to the Opinion of those that have not the Light of Faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleases, directed *Gines de Passamonte* (that Master-Rogue, who, Thanks be to Don *Quixote's* Force and Folly, had been put in a Condition to do him a Mischief) to this very Part of the Mountain, in order to hide himself till the Heat of the Pursuit, which he had just Cause to fear, were over. He discover'd our Adventurers much about the Time that they fell asleep; and as wicked Men are always ungrateful, and urgent Necessity prompts many to do things, at the very Thoughts of which they perhaps would start at other Times, *Gines*, who was a Stranger both to Gratitude and Humanity, resolv'd to ride away with *Sancho's* Ass; for as for *Roxinante*, he look'd upon him as a thing that would neither sell nor pawn: So while poor *Sancho* lay snooring he spirited away his darling Beast, and made such Haste, that before Day he thought himself and his Prize secure from the unhappy Owner's Pursuit.

Now *Aurora* with her smiling Face return'd to enliven and cheer the Earth, but alas ! to grieve and affright *Sancho* with a dismal Discovery : For he no sooner open'd his Eyes but he miss'd his Ass ; and finding himself depriv'd of that dear Partner of his Fortunes, and best Comfort in his Peregrinations, he broke out into the most pitiful and sad Lamentations in the World, insomuch that he wak'd Don *Quixote* with his Moans. O dear Child of my Bowels, cry'd he, born and bred under my Roof, my Childrens Play-fellow, the Comfort of my Wife, the Envy of my Neighbours, the Ease of my Burdens, the Staff of my Life, and in a Word half my Maintenance, for with six and twenty *Marvedis*, which were daily earn'd by thee, I made shift to keep half my Family. Don *Quixote*, who easily guess'd the Cause of these Complaints, strove to comfort him with kind condoling Words, and learned Discourses upon the Uncertainty of human Happiness : But nothing prov'd so effectual to assuage his Sorrow, as the Promise which his Master made him of drawing a Bill of Exchange on his Niece for three Asses out of five which he had at home, payable to *Sancho Pança* or his Order ; which prevailing Argument soon dry'd up his Tears, hush'd his Sighs and Moans, and turn'd his Complaints into Thanks to his generous Master for so unexpected a Favour.

And now as they wand'red further in these Mountains, Don *Quixote* was transported with Joy to find himself where he might flatter his Ambition with the Hopes of fresh Adventures to signalize his Valour ; for these vast Desarts made him call to mind the wonderful Exploits of other Knight-Errants perform'd in such Solitudes. Fill'd with those airy Notions, he thought on nothing else : But *Sancho* was for more substantial Food ;  
and

and now thinking himself quite out of the Reach of the holy Brotherhood, his only Care was to fill his Belly with the Relicks of the clerical Booty, which *Roxinante* was now forc'd to carry; and so trudging on after his Master, he slyly took out now one Piece of Meat, then another, and kept his Grinders going faster than his Feet: Thus plodding on, he wou'd not have given a Rush to have met with any other Adventure.

While he was thus employ'd, he observ'd that his Master endeavour'd to take up something that lay on the Ground with the End of his Lance: This made him run to help him to lift up the Bundle, which prov'd to be a Portmanteau, and the Seat of a Saddle, that were half, or rather quite rotted with lying expos'd to the Weather. The Portmanteau was somewhat heavy; and Don *Quixote* having order'd *Sancho* to see what it contain'd, though it was shut with a Chain and a Padlock, he easily saw what was in it through the Cracks, and pull'd out four fine Holland Shirts, and other clean and fashionable Linnen, besides a considerable Quantity of Gold ty'd up in a Handkerchief. Bless my Eye-sight, quoth *Sancho*; and now Heaven I thank thee for sending us a lucky Adventure once in our Lives: With that, groping further in the Portmanteau, he found a Table-Book richly bound. Give me this, said Don *Quixote*, and do thou keep the Gold. Heav'n reward your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, kissing his Master's Hand, and at the same Time clapping up the Linnen and the other things into the Bag where he kept the Victuals. I fancy, said Don *Quixote*, that some Person, having lost his Way in these Mountains, has been met by Robbers, who have murder'd him, and bury'd his Body somewhere hereabouts. Sure your Worship's mistaken, answer'd *Sancho*;



242 *The Life and Atchievements*

for had they been Highway-Men, they would never have left such a Booty behind them. Thou art in the Right, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; and therefore I cannot imagine what it must be. But stay, I will examine the Table-Book, perhaps we shall find something written in that, which will help us to discover what I would know. With that he open'd it, and the first thing he found was the following rough Draught of a Sonnet, fairly enough written to be read with Ease ; so he read it aloud, that *Sancho* might know what was in it as well as himself.

The R E S O L V E.

A Sonnet.

*Love's God sure never knows our Pain,  
Or Cruelty's his darling Attribute ;  
Else he'd ne'er force me to complain,  
And to his Spite my raging Pains impute.*

*But sure if Love's a God, he must  
Have Knowledge equal to his Pow'r ;  
And 'tis a Crime to think a God unjust :  
Whence then the Pains that now my Heart devour ?*

*From Phyllis ? No : Why do I pause ?  
Such cruel Ills ne'er boast so sweet a Cause ;  
Nor from the Gods such Torments do we bear.  
Let Death then quickly be my Cure :  
When thus we Ills unknown endure,  
'Tis shortest to despair.*

The De'il of any thing can be pick'd out of this, quoth *Sancho*, unless you can tell who that same *Phyll* is. I did not read *Phyll*, but *Phyllis*, said Don *Quixote*. O then mayhap the Man has lost his Philly-foal. *Phyllis*, said Don *Quixote*, is the Name of a Lady that's belov'd by the Author of this Sonnet, who truly seems to be a pretty good Poet, or I've but little Judgment. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, belike your Worship understands how to make Verses too? That I do, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and better than thou imagin'st, as thou shalt see when I shall give thee a Letter written all in Verse to carry to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*: For I must tell thee, Friend *Sancho*, all the Knight-Errants, or at least the greatest Part of 'em, in former Times were great Poets, and as great Musicians; those two Qualifications, or to speak better, those two Gifts or Accomplishments, being almost inseparable from amorous Adventures; though I must confess the Verses of the Knights in former Ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorn'd with Words, as with Thoughts and Invention.

Good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, look again in the Pocket-Book, mayhap you'll find somewhat that will inform you of what you'd know. With that Don *Quixote* turning over-Leaf, here's some Prose, cry'd he, and I think 'tis the Sketch of a Love-Letter. O good your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, read it out by all Means; for I mightily delight in hearing of Love-Stories.

Don *Quixote* read it aloud, and found what follows.

**T**HE Falshood of your Promises, and my Despair, hurry me from you for ever; and you shall sooner hear the News of my Death, than the Cause of my Complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful Fair, for one

244 *The Life and Achievements*

*more wealthy indeed, but not more deserving than your abandon'd Slave. Were Virtue a Treasure esteem'd equal to its Worth by your unthinking Sex, I must presume to say I should have no Reason to envy the Wealth of others, and no Misfortune to bewail. What your Beauty has rais'd, your Infidelity has destroy'd; the first made me mistake you for an Angel, but the last convinc'd me you're a very Woman. However, O too lovely Disturber of my Peace, may uninterrupted Rest and downy Ease engross your happy Hours; and may forgiving Heaven still keep your Husband's Perfidiousness conceal'd, lest it should cost your repenting Heart a Sigh for the Injustice you have done to so faithful a Lover; and so I should be prompted to a Revenge which I do not desire to take. Farewel.*

This Letter, quoth Don Quixote, does not give us any further Insight into the things we would know; all I can infer from it is, that the Person who wrote it was a betray'd Lover: And so turning over the remaining Leaves, he found several other Letters and Verses, some of which were legible, and some so scribbl'd that he could not well peruse them. As for those he read, he could meet with nothing in 'em but Accusations, Complaints and Expostulations, Distrusts and Jealousies, Pleasures and Discontents, Favours and Disdain. And while the Knight was poring on the Table-Book, Sancho was rummaging the Portmanteau and the Seat of the Saddle, with that Exactness that he did not leave a Corner unsearched, nor a Seam unrip'd, nor a single Lock of Wooll unpick'd; for the Gold he had found, which was above an hundred Ducats, had but whetted his greedy Appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himself well paid for the more than

*Herculean*

*Herculean Labours* he had undergone; nor could he now repine at his being toss'd in a Blanket, the straining and griping Operation of the Balsam, the Benedictions of the Pack-staves and Leavers, the Fisticuffs of the lewd Carrier, the Loss of his dear Waller, of his Cloak, and of his dearer Ass, and all the Hunger, Thirst, and Fatigue which he had suffer'd in his kind Master's Service. On the other Side, the Knight of the woeful *Figure* strangely desir'd to know who was the Owner of the Portmanteau, guessing by the Verses, the Letter, the Linnen, and the Gold, that he was a Person of Worth, whom the Disdain and Infidelity of his Mistress had driven to Despair. At length however he gave over the Thoughts of it, discovering no Body through that vast Desert; and so he rode on, wholly guided by *Roxinante's* Direction, which always made the grave sagacious Creature chuse the plainest and smoothest Way; the Master still firmly believing, that in those woody uncultivated Fields he should infallibly start some wonderful Adventure.

And indeed while these Hopes possess'd him, he spy'd upon the Top of a stony Crag just before him a Man that skipp'd from Rock to Rock over Briers and Bushes with wonderful Agility. He seem'd to him naked from the Waste upwards, with a thick black Beard, his Hair long and strangely tangl'd, his Head, Legs, and Feet bare; on his Hips a Pair of Breeches, that seem'd to be of sad-colour'd Velver, but so tatter'd and torn, that they discover'd his Skin in many Places. These Particulars were observ'd by Don *Quixote* while he pass'd by; and he follow'd him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he presently guess'd this was the Owner of the Portmanteau. But *Roxinante*, who was naturally slow and phlegmatick, was in too

## 246 *The Life and Achievements*

weak a Case besides to run Races with so swift an Apparition; yet the Knight of the *woeful Figure* resolv'd to find out that unhappy Creature, though he were to bestow a whole Year in the Search; and to that Intent he order'd *Sancho* to beat one Side of the Mountain, while he hunted on the other. In good sooth, quoth *Sancho*, your Worship must excuse me as to that; for if I but offer to stir an Inch from you I'm almost frighted out of my seven Senses: And let this serve you hereafter for a Warning, that you may not send me a Nail's Breadth from your Presence. Well, said the Knight, I will take thy Case into Consideration; and it does not displease me, *Sancho*, to see thee thus rely upon my Valour, which I dare assure thee shall never fail thee, though thy very Soul should be scar'd out of thy Body. Follow me therefore Step by Step, with as much Haste as is consistent with good Speed; and let thy Eyes pry every where while we search every Part of this Rock, where 'tis probable we may meet with that wretched Mortal, who doubtless is the Owner of the Portmanteau.

Od'snigs Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I had rather get out of his Way; for should we chance to meet him, and he lay Claim to the Portmanteau, 'tis a plain Case I shall be forc'd to part with the Money: And therefore I think it is much better, without making so much ado, to let me keep it *bona fide*, till we can light on the right Owner some more easy way, and without dancing after him; which mayn't happen till we have spent all the Money, and in that Case I'm free from the Law, and he may go whistle for't. Thou art mistaken *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*; for seeing we have some Reason to think that we know who is the Owner, we are bound in Conscience to endeavour to find him out



out and restore it to him, the rather because should we not now strive to meet him, yet the strong Presumption we have that the Goods belong to him, would make us Possessors of 'em *mala fide*, and render us as guilty as if the Party whom we suspect to have lost the things were really the right Owner. Therefore, Friend *Sancho*, do not think much of searching for him, since if we find him out 'twill extremely ease my Mind. With that he spur'd *Rozinante*; and *Sancho*, not very well pleas'd, follow'd him, comforting himself however with the Hopes of the three Asses which his Master had promis'd him. So when they had rode over the greatest Part of the Mountain they came to a Brook, where they found a Mule lying dead, with her Saddle and Bridle about her, and her self half devour'd by Beasts and Birds of Prey; which Discovery further confirm'd them in their Suspicion, that the Man who fled so nimbly from them was the Owner of the Mule and Portmanteau. Now as they paus'd and ponder'd upon this, they heard a whistling like that of some Shepherd keeping his Flocks; and presently after, upon their left Hand, they spy'd a great Number of Goats, with an old Herdsman after them, on the Top of the Mountain. Don *Quixote* call'd out to him, and desir'd him to come down; but the Goatherd instead of answering him, ask'd 'em in as loud a Tone how they came thither into those Desarts, where scarce any living Creatures resorted except Goats, Wolves, and other wild Beasts? *Sancho* told him they would satisfy him as to that Point if he would come where they were. With that the Goatherd came down to 'em; and seeing them look upon the dead Mule, That Mule, said the old Fellow, has lain in that very Place this six Months; but pray tell me, good People, have

you not met the Master of it by the Way ? We have met no Body, answer'd Don *Quixote*; but we found a Portmanteau and a Saddle-Cushion not far from this Place. I have seen it too, quoth the Goatherd, but I never durst meddle with it, nor so much as come near it, for fear of some Misdemeanour, lest I should be charg'd with having stol'n somewhat out of it : For who knows what might happen ? the Devil is subtil, and sometimes lays Baits in our Way to tempt us, or Blocks to make us stumble. 'Tis just so with me Gaffer, quoth *Sancho* ; for I saw the Portmanteau to, d'ye see, but the Devil a bit would I come within a Stone's-throw of it ; no, there I found it and there I left it e'faith, it shall e'en lie there still for me. He that keeps another Man's Dog, shall have nothing left him but the String. Tell me honest Friend, ask'd Don *Quixote*, do'st thou know who is the Owner of those things ? All I know of the Matter, answer'd the Goatherd, is, that 'tis now some six Months, little more or less, since to a certain Sheepfold, some three Leagues off, there came a young well-featur'd proper Gentleman in good Cloaths, and under him this same Mule that now lies dead here, with the Cushion and Cloak-bag, which you say you met but touch'd not. He ask'd us which was the most desert and least frequented Part of these Mountains ? and we told him this where we are now ; and in that we spoke the plain Truth, for should you venture to go but half a League further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haste ; and I marvel how you could get even thus far, for there's neither High-way nor Foot-path that may direct a Man this Way. Now as soon as the young Gentleman had heard our Answer, he turn'd about his Mule, and made to the Place we shew'd him, leaving

leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his Comeliness, and strangely marvelling at his Demand, and at the Haste he made towards the Middle of the Mountain. After that we heard no more of him in a great while, till one Day by chance one of the Shepherds coming by, he fell upon him without saying why or wherefore, and beat him well-favour'dly; after that he went to the Ass that carry'd our Victuals, and taking away all the Bread and Cheese that was there, he tripp'd back again to the Mountain with wond'rous Speed. Hearing this, a good Number of us together resolv'd to find him out; and when we had spent the best Part of two Days in the thickest of the Forest, we found him at last lurking in the Hollow of a huge Cork-Tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was so alter'd, his Face was so disfigur'd, wan, and Sun-burnt, that had it not been for his Attire, which we made shift to know again tho' 'twas all in Rags and Tatters, we could not have thought it had been the same Man. He saluted us courteously, and told us in few Words, mighty handsomely put together, that we were not to marvel to see him in that Manner, for that it behov'd him so to do, that he might fulfil a certain Pennance enjoyn'd him for the great Sins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it: We likewise desir'd him to let us know where we might find him, that whensoever he wanted Victuals we might bring him some, which we told him we would be sure to do, for otherwise he would be starv'd in that barren Place; requesting him that if he did not like that Motion neither, he would at leastwise come and ask us for what he wanted, and not take it by force as he had done. He thank'd us

heartily for our Offer, and begg'd Pardon for that Injury, and promis'd to ask it henceforwards as an Alms, without setting upon any one. As for his Place of Abode, he told us he had none certain, but where-ever Night caught him there he lay. And he ended his Discourse with such bitter Moans, that we must have had Hearts of Flint had we not had a feeling of 'em, and kept him company therein; chiefly considering we beheld him so strangely alter'd from what we had seen him before; for, as I said, he was a very fine comely young Man, and by his Speech and Behaviour we could guess him to be well born, and a Court-like sort of a Body. Now as he was talking to us, he stopp'd of a sudden as if he had been struck dumb, fixing his Eyes stedfastly on the Ground; whereat we all stood in a Maze. After he had thus star'd a good while, he shut his Eyes, then open'd 'em again, bit his Lips, knit his Brows, clutch'd his Fists; and then rising from the Ground, whereon he had thrown himself a little before, he flew at the Man that stood next to him with such a Fury, that if we had not pull'd him off by main Force he would have bit and thump'd him to Death; and all the while he cry'd out, *Ah! Traitor Ferdinand, here, here thou shalt pay for the Wrong thou hast done me; I must rip up that false Heart of thine;* and a deal more he added, all in dispraise of that same *Ferdinand*. After that he flung from us without saying a Word, leaping over the Bushes and Brambles at such a strange rate, that 'twas impossible for us to come at him; from which we gather'd that his Madness comes on him by Fits, and that some one call'd *Ferdinand* had done him an ill Turn, that had brought the poor young Man to this pass. And this has been confirm'd since that many and many Times, for when he's in his right

right Senses he'll come and beg for Victuals, and thank us for it with Tears; but when he is in his mad Fit, he will beat us though we proffer him Meat civilly: And to tell you the Truth Sirs, added the Goatherd, I and four others, of whom two are my Men, and the other two my Friends, Yesterday agreed to look for him till we should find him out, and either by fair Means or by Force to carry him to *Almedovar* Town, that's but eight Leagues off; and there we'll have him cur'd if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is when he comes to his Wits, and whether he has any Friends to whom he may be sent back. This is all I know of the Matter; and I dare assure you that the Owner of those things which you saw in the Way is the self-same Body that went so nimbly by you, for Don *Quixote* had by this Time acquainted the Goatherd with his having seen that Man skipping among the Rocks.

The Knight was wonderfully concern'd when he had heard the Goatherd's Story, and renew'd his Resolution of finding out that distracted Wretch, whatever Time and Pains it might cost him. But Fortune was more propitious to his Desires than he could reasonably have expected; for just as they were speaking they spy'd him right against the Place where they stood, coming towards 'em out of the Cleft of a Rock, muttering somewhat to himself, which they could not well have understood had they stood close by him, much less could they guess his Meaning at that Distance. His Apparel was such as has already been said, only Don *Quixote* observ'd when he drew nearer, that he had on a Shamoy Wastecoat torn in many Places, which yet the Knight knew to be perfum'd with Amber; and by this, as also by the rest of his Cloaths, and other Conjectures, he judg'd him

to



to be a Man of some Quality. As soon as the unhappy Creature came near 'em, he saluted 'em very civilly, but with a hoarse Voice. Don Quixote return'd his Civilities, and alighting from *Roxinante* accosted him in a very graceful Manner, and hugg'd him close in his Arms as if he had been one of his intimate Acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call *the Knight of the ragged Figure*, as well as Don Quixote *the Knight of the woeful Figure*, having got loose from that Embrace, could not forbear stepping back a little, and laying his Hands on the Champion's Shoulders, he stood staring in his Face as if he had been striving to call to Mind whether he had known him before, probably wondering as much to behold Don Quixote's Countenance, Armour, and strange Figure, as Don Quixote did to see his tatter'd Condition. But the first that open'd his Mouth after this Pause was the ragged Knight, as you shall find by the Sequel of the Story.

C H A P. X.

*The Adventure in the Sierra-Morena continued.*

THE History relates that Don Quixote listen'd with great Attention to the disastrous Knight of the Mountain, who made him the following Compliment. Truly, Sir, whoever you be (for I have not the Honour to know you) I'm much oblig'd to you for your Expressions of Civility and Friendship; and I cou'd wish I were in a Condition to convince you otherwise than by Words of the deep Sense I have of 'em: But my bad Fortune leaves nothing to return for so many Favours, but unprofitable Wishes. Sir, answer'd Don Quixote, I've so hearty a Desire to serve you, that I was fully resolv'd not to depart from this Wilderness till I had found you out, that I might know from your self, whether the Discontents that have urg'd you to make choice of this unusual Course of Life, might not admit of a Remedy; for if they do, assure your self I will leave no Means untry'd, till I have purchas'd you that Ease which I heartily wish you. Or if your Disasters are of that fatal Kind, that excludes you for ever from the Hopes of Comfort or Relief, then will I mingle Sorrows with you, and by sharing your Load of Grief, help you to bear the oppressing Weight of Affliction: For 'tis the only Comfort of the Miserable to have Partners in their Woes. If then good Intentions may plead

plead Merit, or a grateful Requitall, let me entreat you Sir, by that generous Nature that shoots thro' the Gloom with which Adversity has clouded your graceful Out-side ; nay, let me conjure you by the darling Object of your Wishes, to let me know who you are, and what strange Misfortunes have urg'd you to withdraw from the Converse of your Fellow-Creatures, to bury your self alive in this horrid Solitude ; where you linger out a wretched Being, a Stranger to Ease, to all Mankind, and even to your very self. And I solemnly swear, added Don *Quixote*, by the Order of Knighthood, of which I am an unworthy Professor, that if you so far gratify my Desires, I will assist you to the utmost of my Capacity, either by remedying your Disaster, if 'tis not pass'd Redress ; or at least I will become your Partner in Sorrow, and strive to ease it by a Society in Sadness.

The Knight of the Wood hearing the Knight of the Woeful Figure talk at that rate, look'd upon him stedfastly for a long Time, and view'd and review'd him from Head to Foot ; and when he had gaz'd a great while upon him, Sir, cry'd he, if you have any thing to eat for Heaven's Sake give it me, and when my Hunger is abated I shall be better able to comply with your Desires, which your great Civilities and undeserv'd Offers oblige me to satisfy: *Sancho* and the Goat-herd hearing this, presently took out some Victuals, the one out of his Bag, the other out of his Scrip, and gave it to the ragged Knight to allay his Hunger, Who immediately fell on with that greedy Haste, that he seem'd rather to devour than feed ; for he us'd no Intermission between Bit and Bit, so greedily he chopp'd them up. When he had asswag'd his voracious Appetite, he beckon'd to Don *Quixote* and the rest to follow him ;

him; and after he had brought 'em to a neighbouring Meadow, he laid himself at his Ease on the Grass, where the rest of the Company sitting down by him, neither he nor they having yet spoke a Word since he fell to eating, he began in this Manner.

Gentlemen, said he, if you intend to be inform'd of my Misfortunes, you must promise me before-hand not to cut off the Thread of my doleful Narration with any Questions, or any other Interruption; for in the very Instant that any of you do it, I shall leave off abruptly, and will not afterwards go on with the Story. This Preamble put Don *Quixote* in mind of *Sancho's* ridiculous Tale, which by his Neglect in not telling the Goats, was brought to an untimely Conclusion. I only use this Precaution added the Ragged Knight, because I would be quick in my Relation; for the very Remembrance of my former Misfortunes proves a new one to me, and yer I promise you I'll endeavour to omit nothing that's material, that you may have as full an Account of my Disasters as I am sensible you desire. Thereupon Don *Quixote* for himself and the rest having promis'd him uninterrupted Attention, he proceeded in this Manner. My Name is *Cardenio*, the Place of my Birth one of the best Cities in *Andalusia*; my Descent noble, and my Parents wealthy. But my Misfortunes are so great, that they are not to be remedy'd with Wealth, and have doubtless fill'd my Relations with the deepest Sorrow. In the same Town dwelt the charming *Lucinda*, the most beautiful Creature that ever Nature fram'd, equal in Descent and Fortune to my self, bur more happy and less constant. I lov'd, nay ador'd her, almost from her Infancy; and from her tender Years she bless'd me with as kind a

Return

Return as is suitable with the innocent Freedom of that Age. Our Parents were conscious of that early Friendship; nor did they oppose the Growth of this inoffensive Passion, which they perceiv'd could have no other Consequences than a happy Union of our Families by Marriage; a thing which the Equality of our Births and Fortunes did indeed of it self almost invite us to: Afterwards our Loves so grew up with our Years, that *Lucinda's* Father either judging our usual Familiarity prejudicial to his Daughter's Honour, or for some other Reasons, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent Visits to his House. But this Restraint prov'd but like that which was us'd by the Parents of that loving *Thisbe*, so celebrated by the Poets, and but added Flames to Flames, and Impatience to Desires. As our Tongues were now debarr'd their former Privilege, we had recourse to our Pens, which assum'd the greater Freedom to disclose the most hidden Secrets of our Hearts, for the Presence of the beloved Object often heightens a certain Awe and Bashfulness that disorders, confounds and strikes dumb even the most passionate Lover. How many Letters have I writ to that lovely Charmer! How many soft moving Verses have I address'd to her! What kind yet honourable Returns have I receiv'd from her! The mutual Pledges of our secret Love, and the innocent Consolations of a violent Passion! At length languishing and wasting with Desire, depriv'd of that reviving Comfort of my Soul, I resolv'd to remove those Bars with which her Father's Care and decent Caution obstructed my only Happiness, by demanding her of him in Marriage. He very civilly told me, that he thank'd me for the Honour I did him, but that I had a Father alive, whose Consent was to be obtain'd



obtain'd as well as his, and who was the most proper Person to make such a Proposal. Thereupon going to my Father with a Design to beg his Approbation and Assistance, I found him in his Chamber with a Letter open'd before him, which, as soon as he saw me, he put into my Hand, before I could have Time to acquaint him with my Business. *Cardenio*, said he, you'll see by this Letter the extraordinary Kindness that Duke *Ricardo* has for you. I suppose I need not tell you, Gentlemen, that this Duke *Ricardo* is a Grandee of Spain, most of whose Estate lies in the best Part of *Andalusia*. I read the Letter, and found it contain'd so kind and advantageous an Offer, that my Father could not but accept of it with Thankfulness: For the Duke entreated him to send me to him with all Speed, that I might be the Companion of his eldest Son, promising withal to advance me to a Post answerable to the good Opinion he had of me. This unexpected News struck me dumb; but my Surprise and Disappointment were much greater, when I heard my Father say to me, *Cardenio*, you must get ready to be gone in two Days: In the mean time give Heaven Thanks for opening you a Way to that Preferment, which I am sensible you deserve. After this he gave me several wise Admonitions both as a Father and a Man of Business, and then he left me. The Day fix'd for my Journey quickly came; however the Night that preceeded it, I spoke to *Lucinda* at her Window, and told her what had happen'd. I also gave her Father a Visit, and inform'd him of it too; beseeching him to preserve his good Opinion of me, and defer the bestowing of his Daughter till I had been with Duke *Ricardo*, which he kindly promis'd me: And then *Lucinda* and I, after an Exchange of Vows and Protestations

258 *The Life and Achievements*

testations of eternal Fidelity, took our Leaves of each other, with all the Grief which two tender and passionate Lovers can feel at a Separation.

I left the Town, and went to wait upon the Duke, who receiv'd and entertain'd me with that extraordinary Kindness and Civility that soon rais'd the Envy of his greatest Favourites. But he that most endearingly caress'd me, was Don *Ferdinand*, the Duke's second Son, a young, airy, handsome, generous Gentleman, and of a very amorous Disposition; he seem'd to be overjoy'd at my coming, and in a most obliging Manner told me, he would have me be one of his most intimate Friends. In short, he so really convinc'd me of his Affection, that tho' his elder Brother gave me many Testimonies of Love and Esteem, yet could I easily distinguish between their Favours. Now, as 'tis common for Bosom-Friends to keep nothing secret from each other, Don *Ferdinand* relying as much on my Fidelity, as I had Reason to depend on his, reveal'd to me his most private Thoughts, and among the rest his being in Love with the Daughter of a very rich Farmer who was his Father's Vassal. The Beauty of that lovely Country-Maid, her Virtue, her Discretion, and the other Graces of her Mind, gain'd her the Admiration of all those who approach'd her; and those uncommon Endowments had so charm'd the Soul of Don *Ferdinand*, that finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her Chastity, since she would not yield to his Embraces as a Mistress, he resolv'd to marry her. I thought my self oblig'd by all the Ties of Gratitude and Friendship, to dissuade him from so unsuitable a Match; and therefore I made use of such Arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirm'd a Lover from such an unequal Choice. At last finding 'em all ineffectual,

effectual, I resolv'd to inform the Duke his Father with his Intentions: But Don *Ferdinand* was too clear-sighted not to read my Design in my great Dislike of his Resolutions, and dreading such a Discovery, which he knew my Duty to his Father might well warrant, in spite of our Intimacy, since I look'd upon such a Marriage highly prejudicial to 'em both; he made it his Business to hinder me from betraying his Passion to his Father's Knowledge, assuring me there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me effectually, he told me he was willing to try the Power of Abience, that common Cure of Love, thus to wear out and lose his unhappy Passion; and that in order to this, he would take a Journey with me to my Father's House, pretending to buy Horses in our Town, where the best in the World are bred. No sooner had I heard this plausible Proposal but I approv'd it, sway'd by the Interest of my own Love, that made me fond of an Opportunity to see my absent *Lucinda*. I have heard since that Don *Ferdinand* had then already been bless'd by his Mistress, with all that boundless Love allows, in the Quality of a Husband, and that he only waited an Opportunity to discover it with Safety, being afraid of incurring his Father's Indignation. But as that which we call Love in young People, is too often only an irregular Passion and boiling Desire, that has no other Object than sensual Pleasure, and vanishes with Enjoyment, while real Love fixing it self on the Perfections of the Mind, is still improving and permanent; as soon as Don *Ferdinand* had reap'd the Fruits of his Desires, his strong Affection slacken'd, and his hot Love grew cold: So that if at first his proposing to try the Power of Absence, was only a Pretence that he might possess his Wishes; there was nothing now  
which.

which he more heartily coveted, that he might avoid the former Object. And therefore having obtain'd the Duke's Leave, away we posted to my Father's House, where Don *Ferdinand* was entertain'd according to his Quality; and I went to visit my *Lucinda*, who by a thousand innocent Endearments, made me sensible that her Love, like mine, was rather heighten'd than weaken'd by Absence, if any thing could heighten a Love so great and so perfect. I then thought my self oblig'd by the Laws of Friendship not to conceal the Secrets of my Heart from so kind and intimate a Friend, who had so generously intrusted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal Ruin, I unhappily discover'd to him my Passion. I prais'd *Lucinda's* Beauty, her Wit, her Virtue, and prais'd 'em so like a Lover, so often and so highly, that I rais'd in him a great Desire to see so accomplish'd a Lady; and to gratify his Curiosity, I shew'd her to him by the Help of a Light, one Evening at a low Window, where we us'd to hold our amorous Interviews. She prov'd but too charming, and too strong a Temptation to Don *Ferdinand*; and her prevailing Image made so deep an Impression on his Soul, that 'twas sufficient to blot out of his Mind all those daily Beauties that had till then employ'd his wanton Thoughts: He was struck dumb with Wonder and Delight, at the Sight of the ravishing Apparition; and in short, to see her and to love her prov'd with him the same thing: And when I say to love her, I need not add to Desperation, for there's no loving her but to an Extreme. If her Face made him so soon take fire, her Wit quickly set him all in a Flame. He often importun'd me to communicate to him some of her Letters, which I indeed wou'd ne'er expose to any Eyes but my own; but  
 unhappily

unhappily one Day he found one, wherein she desir'd me to demand her of her Father, and to hasten the Marriage. It was penn'd with that Tenderness and Discretion, that when he had read it, he presently cry'd out, that the amorous Charms that were scatter'd and divided among other Beauties, were all divinely centur'd in *Lucinda*, and in *Lucinda* alone. Shall I confess a shameful Truth? *Lucinda's* Praises, tho' never so deserv'd, did not sound pleasantly to my Ears out of Don *Ferdinand's* Mouth. I began to entertain I know not what Distrusts and jealous Fears, the rather because he would still be improving the least Opportunity of talking of her, and insensibly turning the Discourse he had of other Matters to make her the Subject, tho' never so far fetch'd, of our constant Talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least Infidelity from *Lucinda*: Far from it; she gave me daily fresh Assurances of her inviolable Affection: But I fear'd every thing from my malignant Stars, and Lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

It happen'd one Day that *Lucinda*, who took great Delight in reading Books of Knight-Errantry, desir'd me to lend her the Romance of *Amadis de Gaul*—

Scarce had *Cardenio* mention'd Knight-Errantry, when Don *Quixote* interrupted him; Sir, said he, had you but told me when you first mention'd the Lady *Lucinda*, that she was an Admirer of Books of Knight-Errantry, there had been no need of using any Amplification to convince me of her being a Person of uncommon Sense; yet, Sir, had she not us'd those mighty Helps, those infallible Guides to Sense, tho' indulgent Nature had strove to bless her with the richest Gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whether



ther her Perfections could have gain'd her the Love of a Person of your Merit. But now you need not employ your Eloquence to set forth the Greatness of her Beauty, the Excellence of her Worth, or the Depth of her Sense : For, from this Account which I have of her taking great Delight in reading Books of Chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, nay, the most accomplish'd Lady in the Universe : And I heartily could have wish'd that with *Amadis de Gaul* you had sent her the worthy *Don Rugel of Greece* ; for I am certain the Lady *Lucinda* would have been extremely delighted with *Darayda* and *Garayda*, as also with the discreet Shepherd *Darinel*, and those admirable Verses of his *Bucolicks*, which he sung and repeated with so good a Grace. But a time may yet be found to give her the Satisfaction of reading those Master-pieces, if you will do me the Honour to come to my House ; for there I may supply you with above three hundred Volumes, which are my Soul's greatest Delight, and the darling Comfort of my Life ; though now I remember my self, I have just Reason to fear there's not one of 'em left in my Study, thanks to the malicious Envy of wicked Inchanters. I beg your Pardon for giving you this Interruption, contrary to my Promise ; but when I hear the least Mention made of Knight-Errantry, it is no more in my Power to forbear speaking, than 'tis in the Sunbeams not to warm, or in those of the Moon not to impart her natural Humidity ; and therefore, Sir, I beseech you to go on.

While *Don Quixote* was running on with this impertinent Digression, *Cardenio* hung down his Head on his Breast with all the Signs of a Man lost in Sorrow : Nor could *Don Quixote* with repeated Entreaties perswade him to look up, or answer

swer a Word. At last, after he had stood thus a considerable while, he rais'd his Head, and suddenly breaking Silence, 'I am positively convinc'd, cry'd he, nor shall any Man in the World ever persuade me to the contrary; and he's a Block-head who says, that great Villain, Mr. *Elizabat* the Barber, never lay with Queen *Madasima*.

'Tis false, cry'd Don *Quixote*, in a mighty Heat, by all the Powers above 'tis all Scandal and base Detraction to say this of Queen *Madasima*: She was a most noble and virtuous Lady; nor is it to be presum'd that so great a Princess would ever debase herself so far as to fall in love with a Quack. Whoever dares to say she did, lies like an arrant Villain; and I'll make him acknowledge it either a-foot or a-horseback, arm'd or unarm'd, by Night or by Day, or how he pleases. *Cardenio* very earnestly fix'd his Eyes on Don *Quixote* while he was thus defying him and taking Queen *Madasima*'s Part, as if she had been his true and lawful Princess; and being provok'd by these Abuses into one of his mad Fits, he took up a great Stone that lay by him and hit Don *Quixote* such a Blow with it, that it beat him on his Back. *Sancho* seeing his Lord and Master so roughly handl'd, fell upon the mad Knight with his clench'd Fists; but he beat him back at the first Onset, and laid him at his Feet with a single Blow; and then fell a trampling on his Guts, like a Baker in a Dough-trough. Nay, the Goatherd, who was offering to take *Sancho*'s Part, had lik'd to have been serv'd in the same Manner. So the Ragged Knight having tumbld 'em one over another, and beaten 'em handsomely, left 'em, and ran into the Wood without the least Opposition.

*Sancho* got up when he saw him gone, and being very much out of Humour to find himself so roughly

roughly handl'd without any Manner of Reason, began to pick a Quarrel with the Goatherd, railing at him for not fore-warning them of the Ragged Knight's mad Fits, that they might have stood upon their Guard. The Goatherd answer'd, he had given 'em Warning at first, and if he could not hear, 'twas no Fault of his. To this *Sancho* reply'd, and the Goatherd made a Rejoinder, till from Pro's and Cons they fell to a warmer way of Disputing, and went to Fifty-cuffs together, catching one another by the Beards, and tugging, halling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that had not Don *Quixote* parted 'em, they would have pull'd one another's Chins off. *Sancho* in great Wrath still keeping his Hold, cry'd to his Master, Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure: This is no dubb'd Knight, but an ord'nary Fellow like my self; I may be reveng'd on him for the Wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly Hand to Fist like a Man. Thou may'st fight him as he's thy Equal, answer'd Don *Quixote*, but thou oughtest not to do it since he has done us no Wrong. After this he pacify'd 'em, and then addressing himself to the Goat-herd, he ask'd him whether it were possible to find out *Cardenio* again, that he might hear the End of his Story. The Goatherd answer'd, that, as he had already told him, he knew of no settl'd Place he us'd, but that if they made any Stay thereabouts, he might be sure to meet with him, mad or sober, some time or other.

C H A P. XI.

*Of the strange things that happen'd to the Valiant Knight of La Mancha in the Mountain ; and of the Penance which he did there, in imitation of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure.*

**D**ON Quixote took leave of the Goat-herd, and having mounted *Rozinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him, which he did, but with no very good Will, his Master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the Mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while without speaking a Word to each other ; *Sancho* almost dead and ready to burst for want of a little Chat, waited with great Impatience till his Master should begin, not daring to speak first, since his strict Injunction of Silence. But at last not being able to keep his Word any longer, Good your Worship, quoth he, give me your Blessing and Leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my Wife and Children, where I may talk till I am weary, and no Body can hinder me ; for I must needs tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt over Hedge and Ditch, through Hills and Dales, by Night and by Day, without daring to open my Lips, is but to bury me alive. Could Beasts speak, as they did in *Giasopet's* Time, 'twould not have been half so bad with me ; for then should I have had one here to have talk'd

266 *The Life and Atchievements*

with ; but to trot on this fashion all the days of my Life after Adventures, and to light on nothing but Thumps, Kicks, Cuffs, and be tost in a Blanket, and after all forsooth to have a Man's Mouth sow'd up, without daring to speak one's Mind, I say't again, no living Soul can endure it. I understand thee, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, thou lingerest with Impatience to exercise thy talking Faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy Tongue from this Restraint that so cruelly pains thee, upon Condition, that the time of this Licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these Mountains. A Match, quoth *Sancho*, let's make Hay while the Sun shines. I'll talk whilst I may ; what I may do hereafter Heaven knows best ! And so beginning to take the benefit of his Priviledge, pray Sir quoth he, what Occasion had you to take so hotly the part of Queen *Magimasa*, or what d' ye call her ? What a Devil was it to you, whether that same *Master Abbot* were her Friend in a Corner, or No ? Had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing 'twas no Business of yours, the Mad-man would have gone on with his Story, you had miss'd a good Thump on the Breast, and I had scap'd some five or six good Dowses on the Chaps, besides the trampling of my Puddings. Upon my Honour, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, did'st thou but know, as well as I do, what a Vertuous and Eminent Lady Queen *Madasima* was, thou would'st say I had a great deal of Patience, seeing I did not strike that Profane Wretch on the Mouth out of which such Blasphemies proceeded : For in short, 'twas the highest piece of Detraction to say, That a Queen was scandalously Familiar with a Barber-Surgeon : For the truth of the Story is, that this

Master



Master *Elizabat*, of whom the Mad-man spoke, was a Person of extraordinary Prudence and Sagacity, and Physician to that Queen, who also made use of his Advice in Matters of Importance; but to say she gave him up her Honour, and Prostituted her self to the Embraces of a Man of an inferiour Order, was an Impudent, groundless, and Slandrous Accusation, worthy the severest Punishment: Neither can I believe that *Cardenio* knew what he said, when he Charg'd the Queen with that debasing Guilt; For 'tis plain, that his raving Fit had disorder'd the seat of his Understanding. Why, there it is, quoth *Sancho*; who but a Mad-man would have minded what a Mad-man said? What if the Flint that hit you on the Breast had pass'd out your Brains? We had been in a dainty Pickle for taking the part of that same Lady, with a Pease-cod on her. Nay, and *Cardenio* would have come off too had he knock'd you on the Head; for the Law has nothing to do with Mad-men. *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, we Knight-Errants are oblig'd to vindicate the Honour of Women of all Quality soever, as well against Mad-men as against Men in their Senses; much more of Queens of that magnitude and extraordinary Worth as was Queen *Madasima*, for whose rare Endowments I have a peculiar Veneration; for she was a most Beautiful Lady, Discreet and Prudent to Admiration, and behav'd her self with an exemplary Patience in all her Misfortunes. 'Twas then that the Company and wholesome Counsels of Master *Elizabat* prov'd very useful to alleviate the burden of her Afflictions; from which the ignorant and ill-meaning Vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour, that she was guilty of an unlawful Commerce with him. But I say once more, they lye, and lye a thousand times,

whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report, or hint, or so much as think or surmise so base a Calumny.

Why, quoth *Sancho*, I neither say, nor think, one way nor t'other, not I: Let them that say it eat the Lie, and swallow it with their Bread. If they lay together, they have answer'd for it before now. I never thrust my Nose into other Men's Porridge. I don't love to tell a Lie, and find the Truth; that were as bad as to buy and sell, and live by the Loss. Let him that owns the Cow, take her by the Tail. Naked I came into the World, and Naked must I go out. Many go out for Wooll, and come home Shorn themselves. Little said is soon amended. It's a Sin to belie the Devil: But misunderstanding brings Lies to Town, and there's no Padlocking of People's Mouths; for a close Mouth catches no Flies.

Bless me! cry'd Don *Quixote*, what a Catalogue of musty Proverbs hast thou run thorough! What a heap of frippery Ware hast thou threaded together, and how wide from the Purpose! Prithee have done, and for the future let thy whole Study be to serve thy Master; nor do thou concern thy self with things that are out of thy Sphere; and remember this, That whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature Consideration, and strictly conformable to the Laws of Chivalry, which I understand better than all the Knights that ever profess'd Knight-Errantry. Ay, ay, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but pray, is't a good Law of Chivalry that says we should wander up and down over Bushes and Briers, in this Rocky Wilderness, where there's neither Foot-path nor Way; running after a Mad-man who, if we light on him again, may chance to make an end of what  
he

he has begun; not of his Tale of a Roasted Horse I mean, but of Belabouring you and me thoroughly, and squeezing out my Guts at both ends. Once more I prithee have done, said Don Quixote: I have Business of greater Moment than the finding this Frantick Man; it is not so much that Business that detains me in this Barren and Desolate Wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain Heroick Deed that shall immortalize my Fame, and make it fly to the remotest Regions of the Habitable Globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm me the most Compleat and absolute Knight-Errant in the World. But is not this same Adventure very Dangerous, ask'd Sancho? Not at all, reply'd Don Quixote, though as Fortune may order it, our Expectations may be Baff'd by disappointing Accidents: But the main thing consists in thy Diligence. My Diligence? quoth Sancho; I mean, said Don Quixote, that if thou return'st with all the Speed imaginable from the Place whither I design to send thee, my Pain will soon be at an end, and my Glory will begin. And because I do not doubt thy Zeal for advancing thy Master's Interest, I will no longer conceal my Design from thee: Know then, my most faithful Squire, that *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the most accomplish'd Knight-Errants; nay I should not have said, he was one of them, but the most Perfect, the Chief, and Prince of 'em all. And let not the *Belianises*, nor any others pretend to stand in Competition with him for the honour of Priority; for, to my Knowledge, should they attempt it, they wou'd be egregiously in the Wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a Painter studies to excell and grow famous in his Art, he takes care to imitate the best Originals; which Rule ought likewise

## 270 *The Life and Achievements*

to be observ'd in all other Arts and Sciences that serve for the Ornament of well Regulated Common-wealths. Thus he that is Ambitious of gaining the Reputation of a Prudent and Patient Man, ought to propose to himself to imitate *Ulysses*, in whose Person *Homer* has admirably delineated a perfect Pattern and Prototype of Wisdom and heroick Patience. So *Virgil* in his *Aeneas*, has given the World a rare Example of filial Piety, and of the Sagacity of a Valiant and Experienc'd General; both the Greek and Roman Poets representing their Heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain Examples of Vertue to ensuing Ages. In the same manner, *Amadis* having been the Polar Star and Sun of Valorous and Amorous Knights, 'tis him we ought to set before our Eyes as our great Exemplar, all of us that fight under the Banner of Love and Chivalry; for 'tis certain that the Adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the Perfection of Knight-Erantry. Now *Sancho*, I find that among all other things which most display'd that Champion's Prudence and Fortitude, his Constancy and Love, and his other heroick Vertues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdainful *Oriana*, to do Penance on the Poor Rock, changing his Name into that of *Beltenebrós*, or *The Lovely Obscure*, a Title certainly most significant, and adapted to the Life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolv'd to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easie Task than it would be to copy his other Achievements, such as cleaving the Bodies of Giants, cutting off the Heads of Dragons, killing dreadful Monsters, routing whole Armies, dispersing Navies, and breaking the Force of Magick Spells.

Spells. And since these Mountainous Wilds offer me so fair an Opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I'll lay hold on it now. Very well, quoth *Sancho*; but pray, Sir, what is it that you mean to do in this Fag-end of the World? Have I not already told thee, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that I intend to Copy *Amadis* in his Madness, Despair, and Fury? At the same time I will Imitate the Valiant *Orlando Furioso's* Extravagance, when he run Mad, after he had found the unhappy Tokens of the Fair *Angelica's* dishonourable Commerce with *Medor* at the Fountain; at which Time in his frantick Despair, he tore up Trees by the Roots, troubl'd the Waters of the clear Fountains, slew the Shepherds, destroy'd their Flocks, fir'd their Huts, demolish'd Houses, drove their Horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other Extravagancies worthy to be Recorded in the Eternal Register of Fame. Not that I intend however in all things to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rotoland*, (for he had all those Names) but only to make choice of such frantick Effects of his Amorous Despair, as I shall think most Essential, and worthy Imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow *Amadis*, who without launching out into such destructive and fatal Ravings, and only expressing his Anguish in Complaints and Lamentations, gain'd nevertheless a Renown equal, if not superiour to that of the greatest Heroes. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I dare say the Knights who did these Penances had some reason to be Mad; but what need have you to be Mad too? What Lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? When did you ever find that my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, did otherwise than she should do, with either Turk or Christian?



## 272 *The Life and Atchievements*

Why, there's the Point cry'd Don *Quixote*, in this consists the singular Perfection of my Undertaking; for, mark me *Sancho*, for a Knight-Errant to run mad upon any just Occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the Rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity; *Sancho*, there's a refin'd and exquisite Passion for you, for thus my Mistress must needs have a vast Idea of my Love; since it drove me to such a state without any provocation, it must undoubtedly have carry'd me to the strangest Extremities, had I labour'd under any Amorous Misfortunes. But besides, I have but too just a Motive to give a loose to my raving Grief, considering the long date of my Absence from my ever Supreme Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for as the Shepherd in *Matthias Ambrosio* has it,

*Poor Lovers absent from the Darling Fair,  
All Ills not only dread, but bear.*

Then do not lavish any more Time in striving to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so singular an Imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, till thy return with an Answer to the Letter which thou must carry from me to the Lady *Dulcinea*; and if it be as favourable as my unshaken Constancy deserves, then my Madness and my Penance shall end; but if I find she repays my Vows and Services with ungrateful Disdain, then will I be emphatically Mad, and screw up my Thoughts to such an excess of Distraction, that I shall be insensible of the Rigour of my relentless Fair. Thus, what return soever she makes to my Passion, I shall be eas'd one way or other of the anxious Thoughts that now divide my Soul; either entertaining the welcome News of her re-  
viving

viving Pity with demonstrations of Sense, or else shewing my insensibility of her Cruelty by the height of my Distraction. But in the mean time, *Sancho*, tell me, hast thou carefully preserved *Mambrino's* Helmet? I saw thee take it up t'other Day, after that Monster of Ingratitude had spent his Rage in vain Endeavours to break it; which by the way, argues the most excellent Temper of the Metal. Body of me, quoth *Sancho*, Sir Knight of the *Woeful Figure*, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate: Why, this were enough to make any Man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your Knight-Errantry, your Winning of Kingdoms, and bestowing of Islands, and Heaven knows what upon your Squire, are meer flim-flam Stories, and nothing but Shams and Lies: For who the Devil can hear a Man call a Barber's Bason a Helmet, nay, and stand to't, and vouch it four days together; and not think him that says it, to be stark Mad, or without Guts in his Brains? I have the Bason safe enough here in my Pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own use, if ever I have the luck to get home to my Wife and Children. Now as I love bright Arms, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I swear thou art the shallowest, silliest, and most stupid Fellow of a Squire that ever I heard or read of in my Life. How is it possible for thee to be so dull of Apprehension, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been in my Service, that all the Actions and Adventures of us Knight-Errants seem to be meer Chimera's, Follies, and Imperinencies? Not that they are so indeed, but either through the officious Care, or else through the Malice and Envy of those Inchanters that always assist or persecute us unseen. and by their Fascinations change the appearance of our Acti-

ons into what they please, according to their love or hate. This is the very reason why that which I plainly perceive to be *Mambrino's* Helmet seems to thee to be only a Barber's Bason, and perhaps another Man may take it to be something else. And in this I can never too much admire the Prudence of the Sage who espouses my Interests, in making that inestimable Helmet seem a Bason; for did it appear in its proper Shape, its tempting value would raise me as many Enemies as there are Men in the Universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a Prize. Keep it safe then, *Sancho*, for I have no need of it at present; far from it, I think to put off my Armour, and strip my self as naked as I came out of my Mother's Womb, in case I determine to imitate *Orlando's* Fury, rather than the Penance of *Amadis*.

This Discourse brought 'em to the Foot of a high Rock that stood by it self, as if it had been hewn out and divided from the rest; by the skirt of it glided a purling Stream, that softly took its winding Course through an adjacent Meadow. The verdant freshness of the Grass, the number of wild Trees, Plants, and Flowers that feasted the Eyes in that pleasant Solitude, invited the Knight of the *Woeful Figure*, to make choice of it to perform his Amorous Penance; and therefore as soon as he had let his ravish'd Sight rove a while o'er the scatter'd Beauties of the Place, he took possession of it with the following Speech, as if he had utterly lost the small share of Reason he had left. Behold, O Heavens, cry'd he, the Place which an unhappy Lover has chosen to bemoan the deplorable State to which you have reduc'd him; here shall my flowing Tears swell the liquid Veins of this Crystal-Rill, and my deep Sighs perpetually move the Leaves of these shady

shady Trees, the ever-renew'd Instances of the Torments which my throbbing Heart endures. Ye Rural Deities, whoever ye be, that make these unfrequented Desarts your Abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate Lover, whom a tedious Absence, and some slight Impressions of a Jealous Mistrust have driven to these Regions of Despair, to bewail his Rigorous Destiny, and deplore the Distracting Cruelty of that ungrateful Fair, who is the Perfection of all Human Beauty. Ye pitying *Napæan* Nymphs and *Dryades*, silent Inhabitants of the Woods and Groves, assist me to lament my Fate, or at least attend the mournful Story of my Woes; so may no designing beastly Satyrs, those just Objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your Rest— Oh *Dulcinea del Toboso*! Thou Sun that turn'st my gloomy Nights to Day! Glory of my Pain! North-Star of my Travels, and reigning Planet that controll'st my Heart! Pity I conjure thee the unparallell'd Distress to which thy Absence has reduc'd the faithfullest of Lovers, and grant to my Fidelity that kind Return which it so justly claims! So may indulgent Fate shower on thee all the Blessings thou ever canst desire, or Heavens grant! — Ye lonesome Trees, under whose spreading Branches I come to linger out the gloomy shadow of a tedious Being; let the soft Language of your rustling Leaves, and the kind nodding of your springing Boughs, satisfy me that I am welcom to your shady Harbours. O thou my trusty Squire, the inseparable Companion of my Adventures, diligently observe what thou shalt see me do in this loanly Retreat, that thou may'st inform the dear Cause of my Ruin with every particular. As he said this, he alighted, and presently taking off his Horse's  
Bridle

Bride and Saddle, go, *Rozinante*, said he, giving the Horse a clap on the Posteriors, he that has lost his Freedom gives thee thine, thou Steed as Renown'd for thy extraordinary Actions as for thy Misfortunes; go rear thy awful Front where e'er thou pleasest, secure that neither the *Hippogryphon* of *Astolpho*, nor the Renown'd *Frontino* which *Bradamante* purchas'd at so high-a Price, could ever be thought thy Equals.

Well fare him, cry'd *Sancho*, that sav'd me the trouble of sending my Ass to Grass too; poor thing, had I him here, he shou'd not want two or three claps on the Buttocks, nor a fine Speech in his Praise neither, while I took off his Pannel. But stay, were he hear, what need would there be to strip him of his Harness? Alas, he never had any thing to do with these Mad Pranks of Love, no more than my self, who was his Master when Fortune pleas'd. But d'ye hear me, now I think on't Sir Knight of the *Woeful Figure*, if your Worship is resolv'd to be mad and send me away in good earnest, we must e'en clap the Saddle again on *Rozinante's* Back; for to tell you the Truth, I'm but a sorry Foot-man, and if I don't ride home I don't know when I shall be able to come back again. Do as thou think'st fit for that, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for I design thou shalt set forward about three days hence. In the mean while thou shalt be a Witness of what I will do for my Lady's sake, that thou may'st give her an Account of it. Bless my Eye-sight quoth *Sancho*, what can I see more than I've seen already? Thou hast seen nothing yet, answer'd Don *Quixote*, thou must see me throw away my Armour, tear my Cloaths, knock my Head against the Rocks, and do a thousand other things of that kind that will fill thee with Astonishment.



Astonishment. For Goodness-sake, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, take heed how you Quarrel with those ungracious Rocks, you may chance to get such a crack o' of the Crown at the very first Rap, as may spoil a rare Mad-man, and a special Penitent to boot, all at one dash. No, I don't like that way by no means; if you must needs be knocking your Noddle, to go through stitch with this ugly Job, seeing 'tis all but a Mock, or as it were between Jest and Earnest, why can't you as well play your Tricks on something that's foster than these unconscionable Stones; you may run your Head against the Water, or rather again Cotton, or the Stuffing of *Rozinante's* Saddle, and then let me alone with the rest: I'll be sure to tell my Lady *Dulcinea*, that you be-bump'd your Poll against the point of a Rock that's harder than a Diamond.

I thank thee for thy good-will, dear *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*. But I assure thee that all these seeming Extravagancies that I must run through, are no Jest. Far from it, they must be all perform'd seriously and solemnly; for otherwise we should transgress the Laws of Chivalry, that forbids us to tell Lies upon pain of Degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an Evasion, which I esteem to be as bad as Lying. Therefore the Blows which I must give my self on the Head ought to be real, substantial, sound ones, without any Trick or mental Reservation; for which Reason, I would have thee leave me some Lint and Salve, since Fortune has depriv'd us of the Sovereign Balsam which we lost 'Twas a worse loss to lose the Ass, quoth *Sancho*, for with him we've lost Bag and Baggage, Lint and all. But no more of your damn'd Drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on't are.

are enough not only to turn my Stomach, but my Soul, such a rumbling I feel in my Wem at the name on't. Then as for the three Days you'd have me loiter here to mind your mad Tricks, you had as good make account they're already over; for I hold 'em for done, unlight unseen; and will tell Wonders to my Lady: Wherefore write you your Letter, and send me going with all haste; for let me be hang'd if I don't long already to be back, to take you out of this Purgatory wherein I leave you.

Dost thou only call it Purgatory, *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*? call it Hell rather, or something worse, if there be in Nature a Term expressive of a more wretched State. Nay, not so neither, quoth *Sancho*, I would not call it Hell; because as I heard our Parson say, *There's no Retention out of Hell*. Retention, cry'd Don *Quixote*! what do'st thou mean by that Word? Why, quoth *Sancho*, Retention is Retention, it is, that whosoever is in Hell never comes, nor can come out of it: Which shan't be your Case this Bout, if I can stir my Heels, and have but Spurs to tickle *Rozinante's* Flanks, till I come to my Lady *Dulcinea*; for I will tell her such strange things of your Maggotty Tricks, your Folly and your Madneſs, for indeed they are no better, that I'll lay my Head to a Hazel-Nut, I'll make her as supple as a Glove; tho' I found her at first as tough-hearted as Cork; and when I've wheedl'd an Answer out of her, all full of sweet honey Words, away will I whisk it back to you, cutting the Air, as swift as a Witch upon a Broom-stick, and free you out of your Purgatory; for a Purgatory I will have it to be, in spite of Hell, nor shall you gainsay me in that fancy; for, as I've told you before, there's some hopes of your Retention out of this Place.

Well,

Well, be it so, said the Knight of the *Woeful Figure*; But how shall I do to write this Letter? And the Order for the three Asses, added *Sancho*? I'll not forget it, answer'd Don *Quixote*; But since we have here no Paper, I must be oblig'd to write on the Leaves or Bark of Trees, or on Wax, as they did in ancient Times; yet now I consider on't, we are here as ill provided with Wax as with Paper. But stay, now I remember, I have *Cardenio's* Pocket-Book, which will supply that want in this Exigence, and then thou shalt get the Letter fairly transcrib'd at the first Village where thou canst meet with a School-master; or for want of a School-master, thou may'st get the Clerk of the Parish to do it; but by no mean gives it to any Notary or Scrivener to be written out; for they commonly write such confounded Hands, that the Devil himself would scarce be able to read it. Well, quoth *Sancho*, but what shall I do for want of your Name to it? Why, answer'd Don *Quixote*, *Amadis* never us'd to subscribe his Letters. Ay, reply'd *Sancho*, but the Bill of Exchange for the three Asses must be sign'd, for should I get it copy'd out afterwards, they'd say 'tis not your Hand, and so I shall go without the Asses. I'll write and sign the Order for 'em in the Table-Book, answer'd Don *Quixote*; and as soon as my Niece sees the Hand, she'll never scruple the delivery of the Asses: And as for the Love Letter, when thou get'st it transcrib'd, thou must get it thus under-written; *Your's till Death, The Knight of the Woeful Figure*. 'Tis no matter whether the Letter and the Subscription be written by the same Hand or no; for as I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my Letters, nay not so much as any of my Writing in her Life:

Life: For my Love and her's have always been purely Platonick, never extending beyond the lawful Bounds of a modest Look; and that too so very seldom, that I dare safely swear, that tho' for these Twelve Years she has been dearer to my Soul than Light to my Eyes, yet I never saw her four times in my Life, and perhaps of those few times that I have seen her, she has scarce perceiv'd once that I beheld her: So strictly and so discreetly *Lorenzo Corchuelo* her Father, and *Aldonza Nogales* her Mother, have kept and educated her. Heigh-day, quoth *Sancho*! Did you ever hear the like! And is my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, at last the Daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, she that's otherwise call'd *Aldonza Lorenzo*? The same, answer'd Don *Quixote*; and 'tis she that merits to be the Sovereign of the Universe. Uds diggers, quoth *Sancho*, I know her full well; 'tis a strapping Wench y' Faith, and pitches the Bar with e'er a lusty young Fellow in our Parish. By the Mass 'tis a notable, strong-built, sizable, sturdy, manly Lass, and one that will keep her Chin out of the Mire, I warrant her; nay and hold the best Knight-Errant to't that wears a Head, if e'er he venture upon her. Body o' me, what a Voice she has when she sets up her Throat! I saw her one day pearch'd up o' top of our Steeple to call to some Plough-Men, that were at work in a fallow Field; and tho' they were half a League off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the Church-yard under her. The best of her is, that she's neither coy nor frumpish; she's a tractable Lass, and fit for a Courtier, for she'll play with you like a Kitten, and jibes and jokes at every body. And now in good truth, Sir Knight of the *Woeful Figure*, you may e'en play as many  
Gambols

Gambols as you please; you may run mad, you may hang your self for her Sake; there's no Body but will say you e'en took the wisest Course, tho' the Devil himself should carry you away a pick-apack. Now am I e'en wild to be gone, tho' 'twere for nothing else but to see her, for I have not seen her this many a Day: I fancy I shall hardly know her again, for a Woman's Face strangely alters by being always in the Sun, and drudging and moiling in the open Fields. Well, I must needs own I've been mightily mistaken all along: For I durst have sworn this Lady *Dulcinea* had been some great Princess with whom you were in love, and such a one as deserv'd those rare Gifts you bestow'd on her, as the *Biscayan*, the Galley-slaves, and many others that for ought I know you may have sent her before I was your Squire. I can't chuse but laugh to think how my Lady *Aldonza Lorenzo* (my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* I should have said) would behave herself should any of those Men which you have sent, or may send to her, chance to go and fall down o' their Marrow-bones before her: For 'tis ten to one they may happen to find her a combing of Flax, or threshing in the Barn, and then how finely balk'd they'll be; as sure as I'm alive they must needs think the Devil ow'd 'em a Shame; and she herself will but flout 'em, and may-hap be somewhat nettled at it.

I have often told thee, *Sancho*, said Don Quixote, and I tell thee again, that thou ought'st to bridle or immure thy sausy prating Tongue; for tho' thou art but a dull-headed Dunce, yet now and then thy ill-manner'd Jest's bite too sharp. But that I may at once make thee sensible of thy Folly and my Discretion, I will tell thee a short  
Story



## 282 *The Life and Atchievements*

Story. A handsom, brisk, young, rich Widow, happen'd to fall in love with a \* Motillon, a well-set, lusty, \* Lay-Brother. His Lay-Brother, Superiour hearing of it, took occasion or Servant in to go to her, and said to her, by a Convent or way of charitable Admonition, I College. mightily wonder Madam, how a Lady of your Merit, so admir'd for Beauty and for Sense, and withal so rich, could make so ill a Choice, and doat on a mean, silly, despicable Fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our House so many Masters of Art, Batchelors and Doctors of Divinity, among whom your Ladyship might pick and chuse. But she soon answer'd the officious grave Gentleman, Sir, said she with a Smile, you are much mistaken, and think altogether after the old out-of-fashion-way, if you imagine I have made so ill a Choice; for tho' you fancy the Man's a Fool, yet as to what I take him for, he knows as much, or rather more Philosophy than *Aristotle*. So, *Sancho*, as to the Use which I make of the Lady *Dulcinea*, she is equal to the greatest Princesses in the World. Prithee tell me, Dost thou think the Poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the Praises of some Lady or other, had all real Mistresses? Or that the *Amaryllis's*, the *Phyllis's*, the *Sylvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Galatea's*, and the like, which you shall find in so many Poems, Romances, Songs and Ballads, upon every Stage, and even in every Barber's Shop, were Creatures of Flesh and Blood? No, no, never think it, for I dare assure thee, the greatest Part of 'em were nothing but the meer Imaginations of the Poets, for a Ground-work to exercise their Wits upon, and to give the World Occasion to look on the Authors as Men of an amorous and gallant Disposition:  
And

And so 'tis sufficient for me to imagine that *Al-donza Lorenzo* is beautiful and chaste; as for her Birth and Parentage, they concern me but little; for there's no need to make an Enquiry about a Woman's Pedigree, as there is of us Men, when some Badge of Honour is bestow'd on us: And so she's to me the greatest Princess in the World: For thou ought'st to know, *Sancho*, if thou know'st it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a Woman, an attractive Beauty, and unspotted Fame. Now these two Endowments are happily reconcil'd in *Dulcinea*; for as for the one, she has not her Equal, and few can vie with her in the other: But to cut off all Objections at once, I imagine that all I say of her is really so, without the least Addition or Diminution: I fancy her to be just such as I would have her for Beauty and Quality. *Helen* cannot stand in Competition with her; *Lucretia* cannot rival her; and all the *Heroines* which Antiquity has to boast, whether *Greeks*, *Romans*, or *Barbarians*, are at once out-done by her incomparable Perfections. Therefore let the World say what it will; should the Ignorant and Vulgar foolishly censure me, I please my self with the Assurances I have of the Approbation of Men of the strictest Morals, and the nicest Judgment. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I knock under: You've Reason o' your Side in all you say, and I own my self an Ass. Nay, I'm an Ass to talk of an Ass; for 'tis ill talking of Halts i'th'House of a Man that was hang'd. But where's the Letter all this while, that I may be jogging? With that *Don Quixote* pull'd out the Table-Book, and retiring a little aside, he very seriously began to write the Letter; which he had no sooner finish'd but he call'd *Sancho*, and order'd him to listen while he read it over to him, that he might carry

## 284 *The Life and Achievements*

carry it as well in his Memory as in the Pocket-Book, in case he should have the ill Luck to lose it by the Way ; for he fear'd the worst of his malignant Fortune. But Sir, quoth *Sancho*, tear the Book, and give me two or three Copies, and then I'll be sure to deliver my Message safe enough I warrant ye : For 'tis a Folly to think I can ever get it by Heart ; alas my Memory is so bad, that many times I forget my own Name ! But yet for all that read it out to me, I beseech you, for I've a hugeous Mind to hear it, I dare say 'tis as fine as tho' 'twere in Print. Well then, listen, said *Don Quixote*.

### *Don Quixote de la Mancha, to Dulcinea del Toboso.*

High and Sovereign Lady !

**H**E that is stabb'd to the Quick with the Poignard of Absence, and wounded to the Heart with Love's most piercing Darts, sends you

\* *Dulcissima* that Health which he wants himself,  
*Dulcinea.* \* *sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso.* If your Beauty reject me, if your Virtue refuse to raise my fainting Hopes, if your Disdain exclude me from Relief, I must at last sink under the Pressure of my Woes, tho' much inur'd to Sufferings ; for my Pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty Squire *Sancho* will give you an exact Account of the Condition to which Love and you have reduc'd me, too beautiful Ingrate ! If you relent at last, and pity my Distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what's yours. But if you abandon me to Despair, I must patiently submit,

mit, and by ceasing to breath, satisfy your Cruelty and my Passion.

Yours till Death,  
The Knight of the Woeful Figure.

Now may I never stir, quoth *Sancho*, if I ever heard a finer thing in my born-days! How neatly and roundly you tell her your Mind, and how cleverly you brought in at last, *The Knight of the Woeful Figure*! Well, I say't again in good earnest, you're a Devil at every thing; there's no kind of thing in the versal World but what you can turn your Hand to. A Man ought to have some Knowledge of every thing, answer'd Don *Quixote*, if he would be duly qualify'd for the Employment I profess. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, do so much as write the Warrant for the three Asses, on the other Side of that Leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know 'tis your Hand at first Sight. I will, said Don *Quixote*, and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this Form.

My dear Niece,

UPON Sight of this my first Bill of Asses, be pleas'd to deliver three of the five which I left at home in your Custody, to *Sancho Pança*, my Esquire, for Value of him receiv'd here; and this, together with his Receipt, shall be your Discharge. Given in the very Bowels of *Sierra Morena*, the 22d. of August in the present Year.

'Tis as it should be, quoth *Sancho*, there only wants your Name at the Bottom. There's no need to set my Name, answer'd Don *Quixote*; I'll only set the two first Letters of it, and 'twill be as valid as if 'twere written at length, tho' 'twere not

not only for three Asses, but for three hundred. I dare take your Worship's Word, quoth *Sancho*; and now I'm going to faddle *Roxinante*, and then you shall give me your Blessing; for I intend to set out presently, without seeing any of your mad Tricks; for I am so sure of your going thorough-stitch with your Pennance, that I dare swear to more than will serve your Turn. Nay, said Don *Quixote*, I will have thee stay a while *Sancho*, and see me stark-naked; 'tis also absolutely necessary thou shouldst see me practise some twenty or thirty mad Gambols; I shall have dispatch'd 'em in less than Half an Hour: And when thou hast been an Eye-witness of that Essay, thou mayst with a safe Conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare assure thee for thy Encouragement, thou never canst exceed the Number of those I shall perform. Good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, as you love me don't let me stay to see you naked, 'twill grieve me so to the Heart, that I shall cry my Eyes out, and I have blubber'd and howl'd but too much since Yesternight for the Loss of my poor Ass; my Head's so sore with it, I a'n't able to cry any longer: But if you'll needs have me see some of your Anticks, pray do 'em in your Cloaths out of Hand, and the first that come into your Head; for the sooner I go the sooner I shall come back, and the Way to be gone is not to stay here. I long to bring you an Answer to your Heart's Content. And I'll be sure to do't, or let the Lady *Dulcinea* look to't; for if she does not do as she should do, and to my Mind, I protest solemnly I'll force an Answer out of her Guts, by Dint of good Kicks and Fisticuffs: For 'tis not to be endur'd, that such a notable Knight-Errant as your Worship is, should thus run out of his Wits without Rhime or Reason for such a—

Odsbobs,



Odsbobs, I know what I know, she had not best provoke me to say the rest ; if she does, I shall out with it, and tell her a Piece of my Mind.

I protest *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, I think thou art grown as mad as my self. Nay, not so mad neither, reply'd *Sancho*, but somewhat more angry. But talk no more of that: Let's see, how will you do for Viſtuals when I'm gone ? Do you mean to do like t'other mad Man yonder, rob upon the High-way, and snatch the Goatherds Viſtuals from 'em by main Force ? Never let that trouble thy Head, reply'd Don *Quixote* ; for tho' I had here all the Dainties that can feast a luxurious Palate, I would feed upon nothing but the Herbs and Fruits which this Wilderneck will afford me ; for the Singularity of my present Task consists in fasting and half starving my self, and in the Performance of some other Discipline. But there's another thing come into my Head, quoth *Sancho*: How shall I do to find the Way hither again, 'tis such a by-place ? Take good notice of it beforehand, said Don *Quixote*, and I'll endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy Return. Besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I'll be sure to watch on the Top of yonder high Rock for thy coming. But now I bethink my self of a better Expedient ; thou shalt cut down a good Number of Boughs, and strew 'em in the Way as thou rid'st along, 'till thou getst to the Plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy Return, like *Perſeus's* Clue to the Labyrinth of *Crete*.

I'll go about it out of Hand, quoth *Sancho* ; with that he went and cut down a Bundle of Boughs, then came and ask'd his Master's Blessing, and after a Shower of Tears shed on both Sides, mounted *Rozinante*, which Don *Quixote* very seriously recommended

Commended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent Steed as of his own Person. After that, he set forward towards the Plains, strewing several Boughs as he rid, according to Order. His Master had importun'd him to stay and see him do two or three of his antick Postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: However before he was got out of Sight he consider'd of it, and rode back. Sir, quoth he, I've thought better of it, and I believe I had best take your Advice, that I may swear with a safe Conscience I've seen you play your mad Tricks; therefore I would see you do one of 'em at least, tho' I think I've seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by your self in this Desert.

I had advis'd thee right, said Don *Quixote*, and therefore stay but while a Man may repeat the Creed, and I will shew thee what thou wouldst see. With that, slipping off his Breeches, and stripping himself naked to the Waste, he gave two or three Frisks in the Air, and then pitching on his Hands, he fetch'd his Heels over his Head twice together; and, as he tumbl'd with his Legs aloft, discover'd such Rarities, that *Sancho* e'en made Haste to turn his Horse's Head, that he might no longer see 'em, and rode away full satisfy'd that he might swear his Master was mad; and so we will leave him to make the best of his Way, till his Return, which will be more speedy than might be imagin'd.

C H A P. XII.

*A Continuation of the refin'd Extravagancies by which the gallant Knight of La Mancha chose to expreß his Love in the Sierra Morena.*

THE History relates, that as soon as the Knight of the woeful Figure saw himself alone, after this first Exercise of frisking and tumbling, the merry Prelude to his amorous Penance, he ascended to the Top of a high Rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what Resolution to take in that nice Dilemma which had already so perplex'd his Mind ; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his extraordinary Fury, or Amadis in his melancholick Extravagancies. To which Purpose, reasoning with himself, I do not much wonder, said he, at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a Manner, that he could not be slain but by the Thrust of a Pin thro' the Bottom of his Foot, which he sufficiently secur'd, always wearing seven Iron Soles to his Shoes ; and yet this avail'd him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who understanding his Inchantment squeez'd him to Death between his Arms at Roncevalles. But setting aside his Valour, let us examine his Madness ; for that he was mad is an unquestionable Truth, nor is it less certain that his Frenzy was occasion'd by the Assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resign'd

Vol. I. O

sign'd her self up to the unlawful Embraces of *Medor*, that young *Moer* with curl'd Locks, who was Page to *Agramant*. Now after all, seeing he was too well convinc'd of his Lady's Infidelity, tis not to be admir'd he should run mad ; but 'how can I imitate him in his Furies, if I cannot imitate him in their Occasion ? For I dare swear my *Dulcinea del Toboso* never saw a *Moer* since she first beheld the Light, and she's now the very same she was when her Mother bless'd the World with her Birth : So that I should do her a great Injury should I entertain any dishonourable Thoughts of her Behaviour, and fall into such a kind of Madness as that of *Orlando Furioso's*. On the other Side, I find that *Amadis de Gaul*, without punishing himself with such a Distraction, or expressing his Resentments in so boisterous and raving a Manner, got as great a Reputation for being a Lover as any one whatsoever : For what I find in History as to his abandoning himself to Sorrow is only this ; He found himself disdain'd, his Lady *Oriana* having charg'd him to get out of her Sight, and not to presume to appear in her Presence till she gave him Leave ; and this was the true Reason why he retir'd to the poor *Rock* with the Hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to Grief, and wept a Deluge of Tears, till pitying Heaven at last commiserating his Affliction, sent him Relief in the heighth of his Anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my Cloaths, to rend and root up these harmless Trees, or trouble the clear Water of these Brooks, that must give me Drink when I am thirsty ? No, long live the Memory of *Amadis de Gaul*, and let him be the great Exemplar which *Don Quixote de la Mancha* chuses to imitate in all things that will admit of a Parallel. So may it be

be said of the living Copy as was said of the dead Original, That if he did not perform great things, yet no Man was more ambitious of undertaking 'em than he; and tho' I am not disdain'd nor discarded by my *Dulcinea*, yet 'tis sufficient that I am absent from her. Then 'tis resolv'd! And now ye famous Actions of the great *Amadis* occur to my Remembrance, and be my trusty Guides to follow his Example. This said, he call'd to Mind that the chief Exercise of that Heroe in his Retreat was Prayer: To which Purpose our modern *Amadis* presently went and made himself a Rosary of Galls or Acorns instead of Beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of an Hermit to hear his Confession, and comfort him in his Affliction. However he entertain'd himself with his amorous Contemplations, walking up and down the Meadow, and writing some poetical Conceptions in the smooth Sand and upon the Bark of Trees, all of 'em expressive of his Sorrows and the Praises of *Dulcinea*; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these STANZAS that follow.

*Ye lofty Trees with spreading Arms,  
The Pride and Shelter of the Plain;  
Ye humbler Shrubs and flow'ry Charms,  
Which here in springing Glory reign!  
If my Complaints may Pity move,  
Hear the sad Story of my Love!  
While with me here you pass your Hours,  
Should you grow faded with my Cares,  
I'll bribe you with refreshing Show'rs,  
You shall be water'd with my Tears.  
Distant, tho' present in Idea,  
I mourn my absent Dulcinea*

Del Toboso.



## 292 *The Life and Achievements*

*Love's trueſt Slave deſpairing choſe  
 This lonely Wild, this deſart Plain,  
 The ſilent Witneſs of the Woes  
 Which he, tho' guiltleſs, muſt ſuſtain.  
 Unknowing why theſe Pains he bears,  
 He groans, he raves, and he deſpairs.  
 With lingring Fires Love racks my Soul,  
 In vain I grieve, in vain lament;  
 Like tortur'd Friends I weep, I howl,  
 And burn, yet never can repent.  
 Diſtant, tho' preſent in Idea,  
 I mourn my abſent Dulcinea*

*Del Toboſo.*

*While I thro' Honour's thorny Ways  
 In ſearch of diſtant Glory rove,  
 Malignant Fate my Toils repays  
 With endleſs Woes and hopeleſs Love.  
 Thus I on barren Rocks deſpair,  
 And curſe my Stars, yet bleſs my Fair.  
 Love arm'd with Snakes has left his Dart,  
 And now does like a Fury rave,  
 And ſcourge and ſting on ev'ry Part,  
 And into Madneſs laſh his Slave.  
 Diſtant, tho' preſent in Idea,  
 I mourn my abſent Dulcinea*

*Del Toboſo.*

This ridiculous Addition of *Del Toboſo*, made thoſe who had found theſe Verſes laugh heartily; and they imagin'd that when *Don Quixote* made them, he was afraid thoſe who ſhould happen to read 'em would not underſtand on whom they were made, ſhould he omit to mention the Place of his Miſtreſs's Birth and Reſidence. And this was indeed the true Reaſon, as he himſelf afterwards

wards confess'd. With this Employment did our disconsolate Knight beguile some tedious Hours ; sometimes also he express'd his Sorrows in Prose, sigh'd to the Winds, and call'd upon the *Sylvan* Gods, the *Fauns*, the *Naiades*, the Nymphs of adjoining Groves, and the mournful Eccho, imploring their Attention and Condolement with repeated Supplications : At other Times he employ'd himself in gathering Herbs for the Support of languishing Nature, which decay'd so fast, what with his slender Diet, and what with his study'd Anxiety and Intenseness of thinking, that had *Sancho* stay'd but three Weeks from him, whereas by good Fortune he stay'd but three Days, the Knight of the woeful Figure would have been so disfigur'd, that his Mother would never have known the Child of her own Womb.

But now 'tis necessary we should leave him a while to his Sighs, his Sobs, and his amorous Expostulations, and see how *Sancho Pança* behav'd himself in his Embassy. He made all the Haste he could to get out of the Mountain, and then taking the direct Road to *Toboso*, the next Day he arriv'd near the Inn where he had been toss'd in a Blanket. Scarce had he descry'd the fatal Walls, but a sudden Shivering seiz'd his Bones, and he fancy'd himself to be again dancing in the Air ; so that he had a good Mind to have rode farther before he baited, tho' 'twere Dinner-time, and his Mouth water'd strangely at the Thoughts of a hot Bit of Meat, the rather because he had liv'd altogether upon cold Victuals for a long while. This greedy Longing drew him near the Inn, in spite of his Aversion to the Place ; but yet when he came to the Gate he had not the Courage to go in, but stopp'd there, not knowing whether he had best enter or no. While he sat musing, two Men hap-

pen'd to come out, and believing they knew him, Look Master Doctor, cry'd one to the other, is not that *Sancho Pança* whom the Housekeeper told us her Master had inveigl'd to go along with him? The same, answer'd the other; and more than that he rides on Don *Quixote's* Horse. Now these two happen'd to be the Curate and the Barber who had brought his Books to a Tryal and pass'd Sentence on 'em; therefore they had no sooner said this but they call'd to *Sancho*, and ask'd him where he had left his Master? The trusty Squire presently knew 'em, and having no Mind to discover his Master's Condition, told 'em his Master was taken up with certain Business of great Consequence at a certain Place, which he durst not discover for his Life. No, no, *Sancho Pança*, cry'd the Barber, you must not think to put us off with a flim flam Story; if you won't tell us where he is, we shall believe you have murder'd him, and robb'd him of his Horse; therefore either satisfy us where you've left him, or we'll have you laid by the Heels. Look you Neighbour, quoth *Sancho*, I a'n't afraid of Words d'ye see; I am neither a Thief nor a Man-slayer; I kill no Body, so no Body kill me; I leave every Man to fall by his own Fortune, or by the Hand of him that made him. As for my Master, I left him a frisking and doing Penance in the Midst of yon Mountain, to his Heart's Content. After this, without any further Entreaty, he gave 'em a full Account of that Business, and of all their Adventures; how he was then going from his Master to carry a Letter to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, *Lorenzo Corchuelo's* Daughter, with whom he was up to the Ears in Love. The Curate and the Barber stood amaz'd hearing all these Particulars; and though they already knew Don *Quixote's* Madness but too well, they

they wondr'd more and more at the Encrease of it, and at so strange a Cast and Variety of Extravagance. Then they desir'd *Sancho* to shew them the Letter; He told 'em 'twas written in a Pocket-Book, and that his Master had order'd him to get it fairly transcrib'd upon Paper at the next Village he should come at. Whereupon the Curate promising him to write it out very fairly himself, *Sancho* put his Hand into his Bosom to give him the Table-Book; but though he fuml'd a great while for it he could not find it there; he look'd and look'd again, but it had been all in vain tho' he had search'd till Dooms-day, for he came away from Don *Quixote* without it. This put him into a cold Sweat, and made him turn as pale as Death; he fell a searching all his Cloaths, turn'd his Pockets Inside outwards, fuml'd in his Bosom again: But being at last convinc'd he had it not about him, he fell a raving, and stamping, and cursing himself like a Madman; he rent his Beard from his Chin with both Hands, besisted his own forgetful Skull and his blubber Cheeks, and gave himself a bloody Nose in a Moment. The Curate and the Barber ask'd him what was the Matter with him, and why he punish'd himself at that strange Rate? I deserve it all, quoth *Sancho*, like a Blockhead as I am, for losing at one Cast no less than three Asses, whereof the least was worth a Castle. How so? quoth the Barber. Why, cry'd *Sancho*, I've lost that same Table-Book wherein was written *Dulcinea's* Letter, and a Bill of Exchange drawn by my Master upon his Niece for three of the five Asses which he has at home; and with that he told 'em how he had lost his own. But the Curate cheer'd him up, and promis'd him to get another Bill of Exchange from his Master written upon Paper, whereas that in the Table-

## 296 *The Life and Achievements*

Book not being in due Form, would not have been accepted. With that *Sancho* took Courage, and told 'em if it were so he car'd not a Straw for *Dulcinea's* Letter, for he knew it almost all by Rote. Then prethee let's hear it, said the Barber, and we'll see and write it. In order to this *Sancho* paus'd, and began to study for the Words; presently he fell a scratching his Head, stood first upon one Leg, and then upon another, gaped sometimes upon the Skies, sometimes upon the Ground, and kept the Curate and the Barber a long while waiting to hear this rare Letter repeated. Before *George*, cry'd he, Mr. Doctor, I believe the Devil's in't; for may I be choak'd if I can remember a Word of this confounded Letter, but only that there was at the Beginning, *High and Subterranean Lady: Sovereign or Superhumane Lady* you would say, quoth the Barber. Ay, ay, quoth *Sancho*, you're in the right—but stay, now I think I can remember some of that which follow'd; ho! I have it, I ha't now—*He that is wounded and wants Sleep, sends you the Dagger—which he wants himself—that stabb'd him to the Heart—and the Hurman does kiss your Ladyship's Hands—and at last, after he had almost bit off the Top of one of his Fingers, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso: And thus he went on rambling a good while with I don't know what more of Fainting, and Relief, and Sinking, till at last he ended with Yours till Death, The Knight of the woeful Figure.* The Curate and the Barber were mightily pleas'd with *Sancho's* excellent Memory, insomuch that they desir'd him to repeat the Letter twice or thrice more, that they might also get it by Heart, and write it down; which *Sancho* did very freely, but every Time he made many odd Alterations and Additions as pleasant as the first. Then he told 'em.



'em many other things of his Master, but spoke not a Word of his own being toss'd in a Blanket at that very Inn. He also told 'em that if he brought a kind Answer from the Lady *Dulcinea*, his Master would forthwith set out to see and make himself an Emperour, or at least a King; for so they two had agreed between themselves, he said, and that after all 'twas a mighty easy Matter for his Master to become one, such was his Prowess and the Strength of his Arm: Which being done, his Master would marry him to one of the Empress's Damsels; and that fine Lady was to be Heiress to a large Country on the main Land, but not to any Island or Islands, for he was out of Conceit with them. Poor *Sancho* spoke all this so seriously, and so feelingly, ever and anon rubbing his Nose and stroaking his Beard, that now the Curate and the Barber were more surpriz'd than they were before, considering the prevalent Influences of Don *Quixote's* Folly upon that silly credulous Fellow. However they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, seeing this was only a harmless Delusion that might divert 'em a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his Master's Health and long Life, seeing it was no impossible thing but that he might in Time become an Emperour by his Valour, a Cardinal, or an Archbishop at least, by his Prudence.

But pray, good Mr. Doctor, ask'd *Sancho*, should my Master have no Mind to be an Emperour, and take a Fancy to be an Archbishop, I would fain know what your Archbishop-Errants are wont to give their Squires? Why, answer'd the Curate, they use to give 'em some Parsonage or Prebendary, or some such other Benefice or Church-Living, which with the Profits of the Altar and other

Fees brings them in a handsome Revenue. Ay, but, says *Sancho*, to put in for that, the Squire must be a single Man, and know how to answer and assist at Mass at least; and how shall I do then, seeing I have the ill Luck to be sped? Nay and besides I don't so much as know the first Letter of my Criss-cross-row. What will become of me should it come into my Master's Head to make himself an Archbishop, and not an Emperour, as 'tis the Custom of Knight-Errants? Don't let that trouble thee Friend *Sancho*, said the Barber; we'll talk to him about it, and advise him, nay urge it to him as a Point of Conscience to be an Emperour, and not an Archbishop, which will be better for him by reason he has more Courage than Learning.

Troth I'm of your Mind, quoth *Sancho*, though he's such a Head-piece that I dare say he can turn himself to any thing: Nevertheless I mean to make it the Burden of my Prayers, that Heaven may direct him to that which is best for him, and what may enable him to reward me most. You speak like a wise Man and a good Christian, said the Curate: But all we have to do at present is to see how we shall get your Master to give over that severe unprofitable Penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let's go in to consider about it, and also to eat our Dinner, for I fancy 'tis ready by this Time. Do you two go in if you please, quoth *Sancho*, but as for me I had rather stay without, and anon I'll tell you why I don't care to go in a Doors; however pray send me out a Piece of hot Victuals to eat here, and some Provender for *Rozinante*. With that they went in, and a while after the Barber brought him out his Dinner; and returning to the Curate, they consulted how to compass their Design. At last the latter

latter luckily bethought himself of an Expedient that seem'd most likely to take, as exactly fitting Don *Quixote's* Humour; which was, that he should disguise himself in the Habit of a Damsel-Errant, and the Barber should alter his Dress as well as he could, so as to pass for his Squire or Gentleman-Usher. In that Equipage, added he, we will go to Don *Quixote*, and feigning my self to be a distress'd Damsel I'll beg a Boon of him, which he, as a valorous Knight-Errant, will not fail to promise me. By this Means I will engage him to go with me to redress a very great Injury done me by a *false and discourteous* Knight, beseeching him not to desire to see my Face, nor to ask me any thing about my Circumstances, till he has reveng'd me on that wicked Knight. This Bait will take I dare engage, and by this Stratagem we'll decoy him back to his own House, where we'll try to cure him of his romantick Frenzy.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XIII.

*How the Curate and the Barber put their Design in Execution; with other things worthy to be recorded in this important History.*

**T**HE Curate's Project was so well lik'd by the Barber, that they instantly put it into Practice. First they borrow'd a compleat Woman's Apparel of the Hostess, leaving her in pawn a new Cassock of the Curate's; and the Barber made himself a long Beard with a grizzl'd Ox's Tail, in which the Inn-keeper us'd to hang his Combs. The Hostess being desirous to know what they intended to do with those things, the Curate gave her a short Account of Don Quixote's Distraction and their Design: Whereupon the Inn-keeper and his Wife presently guess'd this was their romantick Knight that made the precious Balsam; and accordingly they told 'em the whole Story of Don Quixote's lodging there, and of Sancho's being toss'd in a Blanket. Which done, the Hostess readily fitted out the Curate at such a Rate, that 'twould have pleas'd any one to have seen him; for she dress'd him up in a Cloth Gown trimm'd with Borders of black Velvet, every one the Breadth of a Span, all pink'd and jagg'd; and a Pair of green Velvet Bodice, with Sleeves of the same, and fac'd with white Sattin; which

Accoutrements

Accoutrements probably had been in fashion in old King *Bamba's* Days. The Curate would not let her incumber his Head with a Woman's Head-Geer, but only clapp'd upon his Crown a white quilted Cap which he us'd to wear a-nights, and bound his Forehead with one of his Garters that was of black Taffety, making himself a kind of Muffler and Vizard Mask with the other. Then he half bury'd his Head under his Hat, pulling it down to squeeze in his Ears; and as the broad Brim flapp'd down over his Eyes, it seem'd a kind of Umbrella. This done, he wrapp'd himself up in his long Cloak, and up he got upon his Side-Saddle like a Woman: Then the Barber clapt on his Ox-tail Beard, half red and half grizzl'd, which hung from his Chin down to his Waste; and having mounted his Mule, they took Leave of their Host and Hostess, as also of the good-condition'd *Maritornes*, who vow'd, though she was a Sinner, to tumble her Beads, and say a Rosary to their Intention.

But scarce were they got out of the Inn, when the Curate began to be troubl'd with a Scruple of Conscience about his putting on Woman's Apparel, being apprehensive of the Indecency of the Disguise in a Priest, though the Goodness of his Intention might well warrant a Dispensation from the Strictness of Decorum: Therefore he desir'd the Barber that they might change Dresses, thinking that in his Habit of a Squire he should less prophane his own Dignity and Character, to which, after all, he ought to have a greater Regard than to Don *Quixote*; withal assuring the Barber, that unless he consented to this Exchange he was absolutely resolv'd to go no farther. *Sancho* came up with 'em just upon this  
Demurr,



Demurr, and was ready to split his Sides with laughing at the Sight of these strange Masqueraders. In short, the Barber consented to be the Damsel, and to let the Curate be the Squire. Now while they were thus changing Sexes, the Curate offer'd to tutor him how to behave himself in that female Attire, so as to be able to wheedle Don *Quixote* out of his Penance. But the Barber desir'd him not to trouble himself about that Matter, assuring him that he was well enough vers'd in female Affairs to be able to act a Damsel without any Directions. However he said he would not now stand fiddling and managing his Pins to prink himself up, seeing it would be Time enough to do that when they came near Don *Quixote's* Hermitage; and therefore having folded up his Cloaths, and the Curate his Beard, they spurr'd on, while their Guide *Sancho* entertain'd 'em with a Relation of the mad tatter'd Gentleman whom they had met in the Mountain; however without mentioning a Word of the Portmanteau or the Gold, for, as much a Fool as he was, he lov'd to keep Money when he had it, and was wise enough to keep his own Counsel.

They got the next Day to the Place where *Sancho* had strew'd the Boughs to direct him to Don *Quixote*; and therefore he advis'd them to put on their Disguises, if 'twere as they told him, that their Design was only to make his Master leave that wretched kind of Life in order to become an Emperour. Thereupon they charg'd him on his Life not to take the least Notice who they were. As for *Dulcinea's* Letter, if Don *Quixote* ask'd him about it, they order'd him to say he had deliver'd it; but that by Reason she could neither write nor read, she had sent him her Answer

swer by Word of Mouth ; which was, that on Pain of her Indignation he should immediately put an End to his severe Penance, and repair to her Presence. This, they told *Sancho*, together with what they themselves design'd to say, was the only Way to oblige his Master to leave the Desert, that he might prosecute his Design of making himself an Emperour, assuring him they would take Care he should not entertain the least Thought of an Archbishoprick.

*Sancho* listen'd with great Attention to all these Instructions, and treasur'd 'em up in his Mind, giving the Curate and the Barber a World of Thanks for their good Intention of advising his Master to become an Emperour, and not an Archbishop ; for, as he said, he imagin'd in his simple Judgment that an Emperour-Errant was ten times better than an Archbishop-Errant, and could reward his Squire a great deal better.

He likewise added, That he thought it would be proper for him to go to his Master somewhat before 'em, and give him an Account of his Lady's kind Answer ; for perhaps that alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that Place without putting 'em to any further Trouble. They lik'd this Proposal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till he came back, to give them an Account of his Success. With that *Sancho* rode away, and struck into the Clefts of the Rocks in order to seek out his Master, leaving the Curate and the Barber by the Side of a Brook, where the neighbouring Hills and some Trees that grew along its Banks combin'd to make a cool and pleasant Shade. There they shelter'd themselves from the scorching Beams of the Sun, that commonly shines intolerably hot in those  
Parts

Parts at that Time, being about the Middle of *August*, and hardly three a Clock in the Afternoon. While they quietly refresh'd themselves in that delightful Place, where they agreed to stay till *Sancho's* Return, they heard a Voice, which, though unattended with any Instrument, ravish'd their Ears with its melodious Sound: And what encreas'd their Surprize and their Admiration, was to hear such artful Notes and such delicate Musick in so unfrequented and wild a Place, where scarce any Rusticks ever straggld, much less such skilful Songsters, as the Person whom they heard unquestionably was; for though the Poets are pleas'd to fill the Fields and Woods with Swains and Shepherdesses that sing with all the Sweetness and Delicacy imaginable, yet 'tis well enough known that those Gentlemen deal more in Fiction than in Truth, and love to embellish the Descriptions they make. Nor could our two list'ning Travellers think it the Voice of a Peasant when they began to distinguish the Words of the Song, for they seem'd to relish more of a courtly Style than of a rural Composition. These were the Verses.

5 MA 59

A SONG

## A S O N G.

### I.

**W**HAT makes me languish and complain?  
O 'tis Disdain!

What yet more fiercely tortures me?  
'Tis Jealousy.

How have I all my Patience lost?  
By Absence cross'd.

Then Hopes farewell, there's no Relief,  
I sink beneath oppressing Grief;  
Nor can a Wretch without Despair,  
Scorn, Jealousy, and Absence bear.

### II.

What in my Breast this Anguish drove?  
Intruding Love.

Who cou'd such mighty Ills create?  
Blind Fortune's Hate.

What cruel Pow'rs my Fate approve?  
The Powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan,  
'Tis glorious thus to be undone:  
When these invade who dares oppose?  
Heaven, Love, and Fortune are my Foes.

## III.

*Where shall I find a speedy Cure?*

*Death is a sure.*

*No milder Means to set me free?*

*Inconstancy.*

*Can nothing else my Pains asswage?*

*Distracting Rage.*

*What die or change? Lucinda lose?*

*O let me rather Madness chuse!*

*But judge, ye Gods, what we endure,*

*When Death or Madness are a Cure!*

The Time, the Hour, the Solitariness of the Place, the Voice and agreeable Manner with which the unseen Musician sung, so fill'd the Hearer's Minds with Wonder and Delight, that they were all Attention; and when the Voice was silent, they continu'd so too a pretty while, watching with list'ning Ears to catch the expected Sounds, and expressing their Satisfaction best by that dumb Applause. At last, suspecting it would sing no more, they resolv'd to find out the charming Songster; but as they were going to attempt it they heard the wish'd for Voice begin another Air, which fix'd 'em where they stood till it had sung the following Sonnet.



A S O N N E T.

O Sacred Friendship, Heaven's Delight,  
Which, tir'd with Man's unequal Mind,  
Took to thy native Skies thy Flight,  
While scarce thy Shadow's left behind!

From thee, diffusive Good, below,  
Peace and her Train of Joys we trace;  
But Falshood with dissembl'd Show  
Too oft usurps thy sacred Face.

Bless'd Genius, then resume thy Seat!  
Destroy Imposture and Deceit,  
Which in thy Dress confound the Ball!  
Harmonious Peace and Truth renew,  
Shew the false Friendship from the true,  
Or Nature must to Chaos fall.

This Sonnet concluded with a deep Sigh, and such doleful Throbs, that the Curate and the Barber now out of Pity, as well as Curiosity before, resolv'd instantly to find out who this mournful Songster was. They had not gone far, when by the Side of a Rock they discover'd a  
Man

### 308 *The Life and Achievements*

Man whose Shape and Aspect answer'd exactly to the Description *Sancho* had given 'em of *Cardenio*. They observ'd he stopp'd short as soon as he spy'd them, yet without any Signs of Fear; only he hung down his Head like one abandon'd to Sorrow, never so much as lifting up his Eyes to mind what they did. The Curate, who was a good and a well spoken Man, presently guessing him to be the same of whom *Sancho* had given them an Account, went towards him, and addressing himself to him with great Civility and Discretion, earnestly entreated him to forsake this Desert, and a Course of Life so wretched and forlorn, which endanger'd his Title to a better, and from a wilful Misery might make him fall into greater and everlasting Woes. *Cardenio* was then free from the Distraction that so often disturb'd his Senses; yet seeing two Persons in a Garb wholly different from that of those few Rusticks who frequented those Deserts, and hearing 'em talk as if they were no Strangers to his Concerns, he was somewhat surpriz'd at first; however, having look'd upon 'em earnestly for some time, Gentlemen, said he, whoever ye be, I find Heaven pitying my Misfortunes, has brought ye to these solitary Regions to retrieve me from this frightful Retirement, and recover me to the Society of Men. But because you do not know how unhappy a Fate attends me, and that I never am freed from one Affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a Man naturally endow'd with a very small Stock of Sense, and what's worse, for one of those Wretches who are altogether depriv'd of Reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such Thoughts of me; for even I myself am convinc'd,

convinc'd, that the bare Remembrance of my Disasters often distracts me to that Degree, that losing all Sense of Reason and Knowledge, I unman my self for the Time, and launch into those Extravagancies which nothing but Height of Frenzy and Madness would commit. And I am the more sensible of my being troubl'd with this Distemper, when People tell me what I have done during the Violence of that terrible Accident; and give me too certain Proofs of it. And after all, I can alledge no other Excuse but the Cause of my Misfortune which occasion'd that frantick Rage, and therefore tell the Story of my hard Fate to as many as have the Patience to hear it; for Men of Sense perceiving the Cause, will not wonder at the Effects; and though they can give me no Relief, yet at least they will cease to condemn me; for a bare Relation of my Wrongs must needs make 'em lose their Resentments of the Effects of my Disorder, into a Compassion of my miserable Fate. Therefore, Gentlemen, if you come here with that Design, I beg that before you give your selves the Trouble of reprov-ing or advising me, you will be pleas'd to attend to the Relation of my Calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think 'em past Redress, and so will save your selves the Labour you would take. The Curate and the Barber, who desir'd nothing more than to hear the Story from his own Mouth, were extremely glad of his Proffer; and having assur'd him they had no Design to aggravate his Miseries with pretending to remedy 'em, nor would they cross his Inclinations in the least, they entreated him to begin his Relation.

The

### 310 *The Life and Atchievements*

The unfortunate *Cardenio* then began his Story, and went on with the first Part of it almost in the same Words as far as when he related it to *Don Quixote* and the Goatherd, when the Knight, out of superstitious Niceness to observe the Decorum of Chivalry, gave an Interruption to the Relation by quarrelling about Master *Elizabat*, as we have already said. Then he went on with that Passage concerning the Letter sent him by *Lucinda*, which *Don Ferdinand* had unluckily found, happening to be by, and to open the Book of *Amadis de Gaul* first, when *Lucinda* sent it back to *Cardenio* with that Letter in it between the Leaves; which *Cardenio* told 'em was as follows.

*Lucinda*

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## Lucinda to Cardenio.

I discover in you every Day so much Merit, that I am oblig'd, or rather forc'd to esteem you more and more. If you think this Acknowledgment to your Advantage, make that use of it which is most consistent with your Honour and mine. I have a Father that knows you, and is too kind a Parent ever to obstruct my Designs when he shall be satisfy'd with their being Just and Honourable: So that 'tis now your Part to shew you love me, as you pretend, and I believe.

This Letter, continu'd *Cardenio*, made me resolve once more to demand *Lucinda* of her Father in Marriage, and was the same that increas'd Don *Ferdinand's* Esteem for her, by that discovery of her Sense and Discretion, which so inflam'd his Soul, that from that Moment he secretly resolv'd to destroy my Hopes e'er I could be so happy as to Crown 'em with Success. I told that Perfidious Friend what *Lucinda's* Father had advis'd me to do, when I had rashly ask'd her for my Wife before, and that I durst not now impart this to my Father, least he should not willingly consent I should marry yet.



312 *The Life and Achievements*

yet. Not but that he knew, that her Quality, Beauty, and Vertue were sufficient to make her an Ornament to the noblest House in *Spain*, but because I was apprehensive he would not let me marry till he saw what the Duke would do for me. Don *Ferdinand*, with a pretended Officiousness, proffer'd me to speak to my Father, and perswade him to treat with *Lucinda's*. Ungrateful Man! Deceitful Friend! Ambitious *Marius*! Cruel *Catiline*! Wicked *Sylla*! Perfidious *Galalon*! Faithless *Vellido*! Malicious *Julian*! Treacherous, miserable *Judas*! Thou all those fatal hated Men in one, false *Ferdinand*! What Wrongs had that fond confiding Wretch done thee, who thus to thee unbosom'd all his Cares, all the Delights and Secrets of his Soul? What Injury did I ever do thee? What Word did I ever utter or Advice did I ever give which were not all directed to advance thy Honour and Profit? But oh! I rave, unhappy Wretch, I should rather accuse the Cruelty of my Stars, whose fatal Influence pours Mischiefs on me, which no Earthly Force can resist or Humane Art prevent. Who would have thought that Don *Ferdinand*, whose Quality and Merit intitl'd him to the Lawful Possession of Beauties of the highest Rank, and whom I had engag'd by a thousand endearing Marks of Friendship and Services, should forfeit thus his Honour and his Truth, and lay such a Treacherous Design to deprive me of all the Happiness of my Life? But I must leave expostulating, to end my Story. The Traitor *Ferdinand* thinking his Project unpracticable while I stay'd near *Lucinda*, bargain'd for six fine Horses the same Day that he promis'd to speak to my Father, and presently desir'd me to ride away to his Brother for Money to pay for

em. Alas I was so far from suspecting his Treachery, that I was glad of doing him that piece of Service. Accordingly I went that very Evening to take my leave of *Lucinda*, and to tell her what Don *Ferdinand* had promis'd to do. She bid me return with all the haste of an expecting Lover, not doubting but our lawful Wishes might be crown'd as soon as my Father had spoke for me to her's. When she said this, I mark'd her trickling Tears, and a sudden Grief so obstructed her Speech, that though she seem'd to strive to tell me something more, she could not give it Utterance. This unusual Scene of Sorrow, strangely amaz'd and mov'd me; yet because I would not murder Hope, I chose to attribute this to the Tenderness of her Affection, and Unwillingness to part with me. In short, away I went, bury'd in deep Melancholy, and full of Fears and Imaginations, for which I could give no manner of Reason. I deliver'd Don *Ferdinand*'s Letter to his Brother, who receiv'd me with all the Kindness imaginable, but did not dispatch me as I expected. For to my Sorrow he enjoyn'd me to tarry a whole Week, and to take care the Duke might not see me, his Brother having sent for Money unknown to his Father. But this was only a Device of false *Ferdinand*'s; for his Brother did not want Money, and might have dispatched me immediately, had he not been privately desir'd to delay my Return.

This was so displeasing an Injunction, that I was ready to come away without the Money, not being able to live so long absent from my *Lucinda*, principally considering in what condition I had left her. Yet at last I forc'd my self to stay, and my respect for my Friend

314 *The Life and Achievements*

prevail'd over my Impatience. But e'er four tedious days were expir'd, a Messenger brought me a Letter, which I presently knew to be *Lucinda's* Hand. I open'd it with trembling Hands, and an aking Heart, justly imagining it was no ordinary Concern that could urge her to send thither to me. And before I read it, I ask'd the Messenger who had given it him; he answer'd me, that going by accidentally in the Street about Noon in our Town, a very Handsom Lady, all in Tears, had call'd him to her Window, and with great Precipitation, Friend, said she, if you be a Christian, as you seem to be, for Heaven's sake take this Letter, and deliver it with all speed into the Person's own Hand to whom 'tis directed: I assure you in this you'll do a very good Action, and that you may not want Means to do it, take what's wrapp'd up in this; and saying this, she threw me a Handkerchief, wherein I found a hundred Reals, this Gold Ring which you see, and the Letter I now brought you: Which done, I having made her Signs to let her know I would do as she desir'd, without so much as staying for an Answer, she went from the Grate. This Reward, but much more that beautiful Lady's Tears, and earnest Prayers, made me post away to you that very Minute, and so in sixteen Hours I have travell'd eighteen long Leagues. While the Messenger spoke, I was seiz'd with sad Apprehensions of some fatal News, and such a trembling shook my Limbs, that I could scarce support my fainting Body. However, taking Courage, at last I read the Letter; the Contents of which were these.

Don

**D**ON Ferdinand, according to his Promise, has desir'd your Father to speak to mine; but he has done that for himself which you had engag'd him to do for you; for he has demanded me for his Wife; and my Father, allur'd by the Advantages which he expects from such an Alliance, has so far consented, that two Days hence the Marriage is to be perform'd; and with such privacy, that only Heaven and some of the Family are to be Witnesses. Judge of the Affliction of my Soul by that Concern which I guess fills your own; and therefore haste to me my Dear Cardenio. The Issue of this Business will shew how much I love you: And grant propitious Heaven, this may reach your Hands e'er mine is in danger of being joyn'd with his who keeps his Promises so ill.

I had no sooner read the Letter, added Cardenio, but away I flew, without waiting for my Dispatch; for then I too plainly discover'd Don Ferdinand's Treachery, and that he had only sent me to his Brother to take the Advantage of my Absence. Revenge, Love, and Impatience gave me Wings, so that I got home privately the next Day, just when it grew duskish, in good time to speak with Lucinda; and leaving my Mule at the honest Man's House who brought me the Letter, I went to wait upon

### 316 *The Life and Achievements*

my Mistress, whom I luckily found at the \* Window, the only Witness of our Loves. She presently knew me, and I her, but she did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in such a Dress as I thought suitable to our Circumstances. But what Man of Assurance dares but pretend to know thoroughly the Riddle of a Woman's Mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable Nature? *Cardenio*, said *Lucinda* to me, my Wedding-Cloaths are on, and the perfidious *Ferdinand*, with my covetous Father, and the rest, stay for me in the Hall, to perform the Marriage-Rites; but they shall sooner be Witnesses of my Death than of my Nuptials. Be not troubled my Dear *Cardenio*; but rather strive to be present at that Sacrifice. I promise thee, if Entreaties and Words cannot prevent it, I have a Dagger that shall do me Justice; and my Death, at least, shall give thee undeniable Assurances of my Love and Fidelity. Do Madam, cry'd I to her with Precipitation, and so disorder'd that I did not know what I said, let your Actions verifie your Words: Let us leave nothing unattempted that may serve our common Interests; and I assure you, if my Sword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own Breast, rather than out-live

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\* *A la rexa, at the Iron-Grate. In Spain the Lovers make their Courtship at a low Window that has a Grate before it, having seldom Admission into the House till the old People and they have agreed.*



my Disappointment. I cannot tell whether *Lucinda* heard me, for she was call'd away in great haste, the Bride-groom impatiently expecting her. My Spirit forsook me when she left me, and my Sorrow and Confusion cannot be express'd. Methought I saw the Sun set for ever; and my Eyes and my Senses partaking of my Distraction, I could not so much as spy the Door to go into the House, and seem'd rooted to the place where I stood. But at last, the Consideration of my Love having rous'd me out of this stupifying Astonishment, I got into the House without being discover'd, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the Hall, I hid my self behind the Hangings, where two pieces of Tapestry met, and gave me liberty to see, without being seen. Who can describe the various Thoughts, the Doubts, the Fears, the Anguish that perplex'd and toss'd my Soul while I stood waiting there! Don *Ferdinand* enter'd the Hall, not like a Bride-groom, but in his usual Habit, with only a Cousin-German of *Lucinda's*, the rest were the People of the House: Some time after came *Lucinda* her self, with her Mother, and two Waiting-Women. I perceiv'd she was as richly dress'd as was consistent with her Quality, and the solemnity of the Ceremony; but the Distraction that possess'd me, lent me no time to note particularly the Apparel she had on. I only mark'd the Colours, that were Carnation and White, and the Splendor of the Jewels that enrich'd her Dress in many Places; but nothing equall'd the Lustre of her Beauty that adorn'd her Person much more than all those Ornaments. Oh Memory, thou fatal Enemy of my Ease, why dost thou now so

P 3

faithfully

## 318 *The Life and Atchievements*

faithfully represent to the Eyes of my Mind *Lucinda's* incomparable Charms? Why dost thou not rather shew me what she did then, that mov'd by so provoking a Wrong, I may endeavour to revenge it, or at least to die. Forgive me these tedious Digressions, Gentlemen! Alas, my Woes are not such as can or ought to be related with Brevity; for to me every Circumstance seems worthy to be enlarg'd upon!

The Curate assur'd *Cardenio*, that they attended every Word with a mournful Pleasure that made them greedy of hearing the least Passage. With that *Cardenio* went on. All Parties being met, said he, the Priest enter'd, and taking the young Couple by the Hands, he ask'd *Lucinda* whether she were willing to take Don *Ferdinand* for her wedded Husband? With that, I thrust out my Head from between the two pieces of Tapestry, list'ning with anxious Heart to hear her Answer, upon which depended my Life and Happiness. Dull, heartless Wretch that I was! Why did I not then shew myself? Why did I not call to her aloud, Consider what thou dost, *Lucinda*, thou art mine, and canst not be another Man's: Nor canst thou speak now the fatal Yes, without injuring Heaven, thy self, and me, and murdering thy *Cardenio*! And thou Perfidious *Ferdinand*, who daredst to violate all Rights, both Humane and Divine, to rob me of my Treasure: Canst thou hope to deprive me of the Comfort of my Life with Impunity? Or think'st thou that any Consideration can stifle my Resentments, when my Honour and my Love lie at stake? Fool that I am! Now that 'tis too late, and Danger

is far distant, I say what I should have done, and not what I did then: After I've suffer'd the Treasure of my Soul to be stolen, I exclaim against the Thief whom I might have punish'd for the base Attempt; had I had but so much Resolution to Revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me rather accuse my faint Heart that durst not do me Right, and let me die here like a Wretch, void both of Sense and Honour, the outcast of Society and Nature. The Priest stood waiting for *Lucinda's* Answer a good while before she gave it; and all that time I expected she would have pull'd out her Dagger, or unloos'd her Tongue to plead her former Engagement to me. But alas! to my eternal Disappointment I heard her at last with a feeble Voice pronounce the fatal Yes; and then *Don Ferdinand* saying the same, and giving her the Ring, the Sacred Knot was ty'd which Death alone can dissolve. Then did the faithless Bridegroom advance to embrace his Bride, but she laying her Hand upon her Heart, in that very Moment swoon'd away in her Mother's Arms. Oh what Confusion seiz'd me, what Pangs, what Torments rack'd me, seeing the falshood of *Lucinda's* Promises, all my Hopes Shipwrack'd, and the only thing that made me wish to live, for ever ravish'd from me! Confounded, and despairing, I look'd upon my self as abandon'd by Heaven to the cruelty of my Destiny; and the violence of my Griefs stifling my Sighs, and denying a passage to my Tears, I felt my self transfix'd with killing Anguish, and burning with jealous Rage and Vengeance. In the mean time the whole Company was troubled at *Lucinda's* Swooning; and as her Mother unclasp'd her Gown before,

to.

to give her Air, a folded Paper was found in her Bosom, which Don *Ferdinand* immediately snatch'd, then stepping a little aside, he open'd it and read it by the Light of one of the Tapers. And as soon as he had done, he as it were let himself fall upon a Chair, and there he sat with his hand upon the side of his Face, with all the signs of Melancholy and Discontent, as unmindful of his Bride as if he had been insensible of her Accident. For my own part, seeing all the House thus in an uproar, I resolv'd to leave the hated Place, without caring whether I were seen or not, and in case I were perceiv'd to act such a desperate Part in punishing the Traitor *Ferdinand*, that the World should at once be inform'd of his Perfidiousness, and the Severity of my just Resentment: But my Destiny that preserv'd me for more lasting Woes, allow'd me then the use of that small remainder of my Senses, which afterwards quite forsook me: So that I left the House, without revenging my self on my Enemies, whom I could easily have sacrific'd to my Rage in this unexpected Disorder; and I chose to inflict upon my self, for my Credulity, the Punishment which their Infidelity deserv'd. I went to the Messenger's House where I had left my Mule, and without so much as bidding him adieu, I mounted, and left the Town, like another *Lot*, without turning to give it a parting Look; and as I rode along the Fields, Darkness and Silence round me, I vented my Passion in Execrations against the treacherous *Ferdinand*, and in as loud Complaints of *Lucinda's* Breach of Vows and Ingratitude. Thus abandoning my self to these tempestuous Thoughts, I rode on all that Night, and about break of Day I struck into

into one of the Passes that lead into these Mountains ; where I wander'd for three Days together without keeping any Road, till at last coming to a certain Valley that lies somewhere hereabouts, I met some Shepherds, of whom I enquir'd the way to the most craggy and inaccessible part of these Rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haste I could to get thither, resolv'd to linger out my hated Life far from the Converse of false ungrateful Mankind. When I came among these Desarts, my Mule, through Weariness and Hunger, fell down Dead, and I my self was so weak, so tir'd and dejected, being almost famish'd, and withal destitute and careless of Relief, that I soon laid my self down, or rather fainted on the Ground, where I lay a considerable while, I don't know how long, extended like a Corpse. When I came to my self again, I got up, and cou'd not perceive I had any Appetite to eat: I found some Goat-herds by me, who, I suppose, had given me some Sustenance, tho' I was not sensible of their Relief. For they told me in what a wretched Condition they found me, staring, and talking so strangely, that they judg'd I had quite lost my Senses. I have indeed since that, had but too much cause to think that my Reason sometimes leaves me, and that I commit those Extravagancies which are only the Effects of senseless Rage and Frenzy ; tearing my Cloaths, howling through these Desarts, filling the Air with Curses and Lamentations, and idly repeating a thousand times *Lucinda's* Name ; all my Wishes at that time being to breathe out my Soul with the dear Word upon my Lips ; and when I come to my self, I am commonly so weak, and so weary, that

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I am scarce able to stir. As for my place of Abode, tis usually some hollow Cork-Tree, into which I creep at Night; and there those few Goat-herds, whose Cattle browse on the Neighbouring Mountains, out of Pity and Christian Charity, sometimes leave some Victuals for the Support of my miserable Life. For even when my Reason is absent, Nature performs its animal Functions, and Instinct guides me to satiate it. Sometimes these good People meet me in my lucid Intervals, and chide me for taking that from 'em by force and surprize, which they are always so ready to give me willingly; for which Violence I can make no other Excuse, but the extremity of my Distraction. Thus must I drag a miserable Being, till Heaven, pitying my Afflictions, will either put a Period to my Life, or blot out of my Memory perjur'd *Lucinda's* Beauty and Ingratitude, and *Ferdinand's* Perfidiousness. Could I but be so happy e'er I die; I might then hope to be able, in time, to compose my frantick Thoughts: But if I must despair of such a Favour, I have no other way but to recommend my Soul to Heaven's Mercy; for I am not able to extricate my Body or my Mind out of that Misery in which I have unhappily plung'd my self.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have given you a faithful Account of my Misfortunes. Judge now whether 'twas possible I should relate 'em with less Concern. And pray do not lose Time to prescribe Remedies to a Patient who will make use of none; I will, and can have no Health without *Lucinda*: Since she forsakes me, I must Die: She has convinc'd me by her Infidelity, that she desires my  
 Ruin;

of the renown'd Don Quixote. 323

Ruin; and by my unparallel'd Sufferings to the last, I will strive to convince her I deserv'd a better Fate. Let me then suffer on, and may I be the only unhappy Creature whom Despair could not relieve, while the Impossibility of receiving Comfort brings Cure to so many other Wretches.

Here *Cardenio* made an End of his mournful Story, and just as the Curate was preparing to give him some proper Consolation, he was prevented by the doleful Accents of another Complaint that engag'd 'em to new Attention. But the Account of that Adventure is reserv'd for the fourth Book of this History; for our Wise and Judicious Historian, *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, puts here a Period to the Third.

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*The End of the Third Book.*

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